BUTLER AND HIS CAVALRY

BROOKS

To My Two Sons

Robt Babcock Crawford

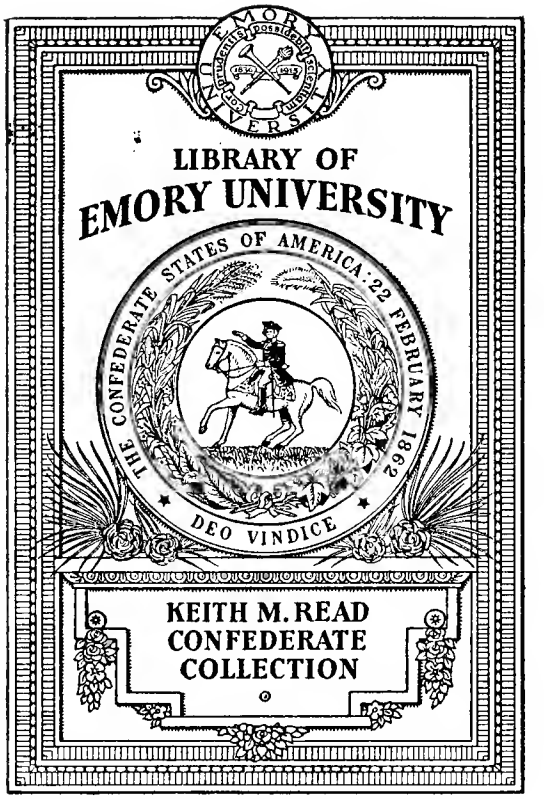
and

John Thompson Hubbard Crawford

From

Their Father

Sept 10th 1909.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Butler and His Cavalry

IN THE

War of Secession

1861-1865

BY

U. R. BROOKS

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

1909
THE STATE COMPANY
Columbia, S. C.

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THE STATE COMPANY

THE JACKET OF GRAY

By Ellie Brooks Jones

Gently and tenderly fold it away,
The tattered and faded jacket of gray;
Bloodstained are the buttons of "C. S. A."

We loved it so! when our hopes were brightest,
And their valor made our hearts the lightest,
And our Cause the purest and the whitest.

When we count the rosary of our years
For the Heroes who died—ah! saddest tears!
For the Knights in gray—oh! glorious cheers.

Of our dead, we'll sing in a minor song
And the sobbing low notes of woe prolong,
And we'll lay in a grave all thought of wrong.

Their honor untarnished—bright as the day,
Patriots so grand! we'll love them alway,
Oh! gallant Heroes of the C. S. A.

U. R. BROOKS

PREFACE

An old man living in Kentucky during the Secession War had two sons; one enlisted in the Confederate Army and the other in the United States Army. Within twelve months one was brought home dead, and within a short time the other was brought home like his brother, having also been killed in battle. Both were buried in his garden side by side and this inscription was placed upon the monument: "God alone knows which was right."

It is not left with me to decide who was right or who was wrong. I think that some one should write a history of the gallant deeds of the men who composed the brigade to which he belonged. I have attempted to write the history of "Butler and his Cavalry." Though very imperfectly done, I console myself because it was the best I could do.

"History is a brilliant illustration of the past, and leads us into a charmed field of wonder and delight. It reflects the deeds of men, and throws its rays upon the just and unjust, and leads us upward and onward to that mention of facts bearing directly upon a brilliancy surrounding our everyday life—as it was and as it is."

In the language of Gen. Johnson Hagood, "My comrades, it is a long time since we have looked into each other's eyes and grasped each other's hands. In the long ago we together toiled in the weary march and looked upon 'battle's magnificently stern array'; together we have felt the mad excitement of the charge, the glorious enthusiasm of victory, the sullen anger of defeat; and harder, sterner duties have been our lot. Together we have passed through the valley and the shadow of political reconstruction. We have seen civil rights, sacred from tradition and baptized in the blood of a patriotic ancestry, trampled in the dust. We have seen the accumulations of two centuries of thrift and industry swept away and the State plundered as a ship by a pirate crew. But 'God fulfills Himself in many ways.'"

U. R. BROOKS.

Dedicated

to the

Memory of my Brother

Whitfield Butler Brooks

Company B, Sixth S. C. Cavalry

21st July, 1845 12th June, 1864

Killed at the Battle of Trevillian, Virginia

Brief, Yet Brave and Glorious Was His Young Career

TO THE MEMORY OF WHITFIELD B. BROOKS

As it is our duty, so it is our sad pleasure, to entwine the laurel with the cypress above the tomb of those who, preferring glory and honor to shame and degradation,—sacrificing their ease and comfort for hardships and dangers, have offered up themselves willing sacrifices upon the bleeding altar of their country.

"Two years ago, with heart bounding high with hope, form elastic with health—eyes bright with the enjoyment of life, Whitfield B. Brooks left his parental roof for the tented field, a noble and patriotic ambition, gilding, like the dawning sun, the opening pathway of life. Alas! in the terrible ordeal, in the fierce collision and shock of battle, he has gone down,—while honor decks the turf that wraps his clay.

"He was a member of Company B, Sixth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, and, in the language of his captain, 'was ever at his post and never failing in his duty.' On the second day's fight at Trevillian Station, Va., June 12th, 1864, fell this noble boy, pierced through the head by a ball from the enemies of his country, and the despoilers of his native land, ere he had reached the age of nineteen years. His gentle, kind and unassuming manners that peculiarly endeared him to his parents, won for him the affection of his comrades in arms, and the confidence of his officers. Of quiet habit, energetic and ambitious in his studies, had he lived, and borne out the promise of his youth, he would have culminated an honor to his family, an ornament to society, and in usefulness to his country."

The above was written in June, 1864, by that gallant soldier and able lawyer, Colonel H. W Addison, who left a leg on the plains of Virginia.

Whitfield Butler Brooks, on his paternal side, descended from Captain James Butler, who was massacred by Bloody Bill Cunningham on Cloud's Creek, Lexington County, S. C., in 1781, who was the father of Elizabeth Butler (a sister of General William Butler, grandfather of General M. C. Butler), who married Zachariah Smith Brooks, whose only son was Whitfield Brooks, who married Mary Parsons Carroll, a sister of Chancellor Carroll,

in 1818, whose second son was James Carroll Brooks, who was the father of Whitfield Butler Brooks, whose uncles were Preston S. Brooks and Whitfield Butler Brooks, who fell mortally wounded at Cherubusco, Mexico, August 20, 1847, and Hon. John Hampden Brooks, now of Greenwood County, S. C. His only aunt was Ellen Brooks, who married General R. G. M. Dunovant.

On his maternal side he descended from Rev. Peter Robert, who was the first Huguenot minister of the Carolina Colony and settled in St. Johns, Berkeley, in 1690, who was father of John Robert. His son, James Robert, and grandson, John Robert, Jr., whose son, William H. Robert, fought in the Revolution and was the father of Ulysses Maner Robert, whose daughter was Sarah Crawford Robert, married James Carroll Brooks, November 20, 1843, and was the mother of Whitfield Butler Brooks, who was born July 21st, 1845.

"Whitfield B. Brooks, with other young Carolinians, tendered their young lives in obedience to the call of South Carolina, their native State, enlisted as volunteers in the Confederate army, in defense of their homes, and fell in battle, contending for a principle taught them by their fathers, transmitted from preceding generations, accepted, considered and believed by them to be truth eternal."

INTRODUCTION

It has been forty-four years since the Confederate sun sank behind the horizon at Appomatox never, never to rise again, and those of us who have survived the waste of time should write something to cherish the memories of our heroes who fell in battle by our side and to recall the gallant deeds that were displayed on the bloody fields in the War of Secession. Whether the deeds were crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensifying love of country and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood.

I had the honor to belong to Butler's Cavalry. The cavalrymen were proud of their leader and he was equally proud of them.

Shall we allow the heroic deeds of his brave followers to sink into oblivion? We are a people with memories of heroic suffering and sacrifices, so let us preserve our history and let it be written by eye-witnesses as the story of Butler and his Cavalry is now being told.

On the 20th November, 1843, Capt. James Carroll Brooks, of Edgefield, S. C., was happily married to Miss Sarah Crawford Robert, the eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. Ulysses Maner Robert, at Mt. Pleasant, Barnwell, S. C. This beautiful home was situated between Allendale, S. C., and the Savannah River, and was, by that "prince of incendiaries," Major-General W T. Sherman, burned to the ground in 1865 in his march of destruction and desolation.

To this happy couple was born on the 21st July, 1845, Whitfield Butler Brooks, who was killed in battle 12th June, 1864, in the second day's fight at Trevillian, Va. On the 27th October, 1846, Ulysses Robert Brooks was born to them. My mother of blessed memory—Almighty God be praised for creating such a woman—was well persuaded that the right or wrong state of human nature depends as necessarily upon the education of children as that of a plant upon proper culture, and that the whole

of this art consists not only in strengthening the body by suitable exercises, and opening and improving the faculties of the mind by proper studies, but, above all, by forming in youth strong and lasting habits, and inspiring them with the most noble sentiments of all virtues. Well do I remember the beautiful Bible stories she used to tell me. She taught me to fear nothing but to do wrong. She was blessed with a fine intellect and possessed of wonderful energy. She loved the poor and they loved her, no one in want ever left our house with an empty basket. On the 29th December, 1861, God's finger touched her, and she slept.

I attended school at the Edgefield Male Academy four years. My father served in Kershaw's Brigade in the Peninsula campaign in 1862, and in the same year was appointed enrolling officer for Edgefield District, and was elected Captain of Co. I, State Troops. On the 21st May, 1899, he went to his reward, full of years and honors.

In 1862 my brother, Whitfield Butler Brooks, and myself wanted to have a good time and joined the Confederate Cavalry, and incidents of the different battles that our Cavalry participated in are as fresh to me as though they had been fought only last week. There is to me a fascination about a battle that cannot be explained or described. Among other things I learned in the army was that a smooth sea never made a skillful mariner; neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

On the 26th April, 1865, when Joe Johnston surrendered his army to Sherman, who had 17 to 1, I thought the war was over. Well, it was, collectively, but individually it was still on, and is yet. The battle of life honestly fought is a struggle that requires courage and fortitude. While in the ranks you get lots of encouragement, but when you climb up the hill above the level, oh, how slippery and steep. Those in the ranks will cheer you for a while, and then jealousy will crop out and you will soon discover that for every Cæsar there is a Brutus who will, in the absence of his dirk, use his tongue which is keener and a shade more dangerous. Yet I have had, and still have, some friends tried and true, and thank God, I cling to the memory of those that are gone and to the living ones with hooks of steel.

In the War of Secession Butler's Cavalry fought some of all nationalities and captured a few of each. I say, without fear of contradiction, that the most cruel of human beings when aroused is the pure white man, and yet the bravest, most enduring, most patient and superior to all races.

In December, 1864, some of the white men of Grant's Army outraged some of our women and burnt the houses over their heads in Virginia. The ground was frozen and covered with sleet. Gen. M. C. Butler, as soon as apprised of it, at once ordered his men to catch these people and throw them into the flames of the houses. Some had their throats cut before being put into the flames. The most imitative people on earth hail from Africa. Some of them ape the men who committed these outrages and invite their own destruction.

On the 24th January, 1883, when I hung up my hat in the State House, I said to myself, "This beats plowing," especially if you have to plow on bread and water, as I did on one occasion in the absence of meat. I plowed in the day and studied law at night. Lawyers don't plow, you know.

I wrote my good friend General Butler not to worry about me, that I liked my surroundings and would stay as long as I could without embarrassing my friends. I am confident that they are not embarrassed, and I am still at my post. "Duty," General Lee said, "was the sublimest word in the English language." My motto is, "Glory be to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." Let us pray that the others will be good, too. Let us throw the veil of charity over all mankind, for charity is the noblest of all virtues and undoubtedly the rarest practiced. And yet it is a virtue especially loved by God, without which it is impossible to win His favor, and after our duty to Him, He commands us to practice it. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Here is a Confederate permit:

Confederate States of America,
Provost Marshal's Office,
First Military District S. C.,
Charleston, 3d December, 1862.

Permission is granted to W. B. Brooks and horses to visit Adams Run upon honor not to communicate, in writing or verbally for publication, any

fact ascertained, which, known to the enemy, might be injurious to the Confederate States of America.

Good for two days.

WM. J. GAYER, Provost Marshal.

In 1863 the Conferedate Government had all the horses of our regiment appraised. Here is the form:

Muster roll of horses and equipments of U. R. Brooks: Bay stallion, 12 years old, $1,600.00; equipments, etc. We certify on oath that the figures opposite the name on this roll for the valuation of horse and horse equipments represent and shows the true cash value of the horse and equipments of U. R. Brooks at the place of muster, according to our honest, impartial judgment.

I.

2 W. D. Evins, First Lieutenant Co. E, 6 S. C. C.
3 J. Taggart, First Lieutenant Co. G, 6 S. C. C. } Appraisers.

Sworn to and subscribed before

J. J. GREGG, Captain Co. B, Sixth S. C. C.,
Mustering Officer.

I certify on honor that I have carefully examined the above mentioned horse and equipments and have accepted them into the Confederate States service for the term of war from this first day of September, 1863.

J. J. GREGG, Captain Co. B, Sixth S. C. C.,
Mustering Officer.

SOLDIER'S PASSPORT.

Confederate States of America War Department,
Richmond, July 17, 1864.

Permission is granted U. R. Brooks, Co. B, Sixth Cavalry Regiment State of South Carolina, to pass to Edgefield, S. C., (subject to the discretion of the military authorities.

J. H. CARRINGTON,
Major and Provost Marshal.

Description: Age, 17 years and eight months; eyes, gray; hair, light brown; height, 5 feet 7 inches; complexion, fair.

J. H. C.

Although I had a short furlough signed by Butler, Hampton and R. E. Lee, so strict were the orders that the above passport had to be issued before I could leave Richmond. My wound was soon healed and within a short time I was again with the Cavalry.

U. R. BROOKS.

SURVIVORS OF BUTLER'S BRIGADE FORM ORGANIZATION

U. R. BROOKS MADE HISTORIAN

Pursuant to notice, there was a meeting of the survivors of Butler's Brigade in the State House at 11 o'clock. Gen. M. C. Butler called the meeting to order and nominated Col. T. J. Lipscomb, of Columbia, as chairman of the meeting. On motion of Col. U. R. Brooks, Col. Wade H. Manning was requested to act as secretary.

On motion of Gen. M. C. Butler, a committee on organization, consisting of three members, was appointed as follows: Wade Hampton Manning, U. R. Brooks, J. N. Fowles.

Gen. M. C. Butler then nominated Comrade U. R. Brooks as the historian of the Association. The nomination was seconded, and Comrade U. R. Brooks was declared elected.

Comrade Wade H. Manning offered a resolution that the papers throughout South Carolina request members of the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Cavalry to send to Comrade U. R. Brooks, historian, at Columbia, S. C., their names and postoffice addresses at the earliest date possible. The resolution was adopted.

The survivors present at this meeting were as follows: Maj. Gen. M. C. Butler, Col. T. J. Lipscomb, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; E. A. Bethea, Co. I, 6th S. C. Cavalry; N. B. Eison, Co. K, 5th S. C. Cavalry; J. Newton Fowles, Co. I, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; J. W Quarles, Co. I, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; J. G. Graham, Co. C, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; T. H. Dick, Co. A, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; J. P Rawls, Co. C, 2nd S. C. Cavalry: Chas. M. Calhoun, Co. C, 6th S. C. Cavalry; John T. Langston, Co. B, 1st S. C. Cavalry; S. T. McKeown, Co. K, 1st S. C. Cavalry; W W Miller, Co. C. 1st S. C. Cavalry; U. R. Brooks, Co. B, 6th S. C. Cavalry; Wade Hampton Manning, Co. K, (Charleston Light Dragoons) 4th S. C. Cavalry; H. W Richardson, Co. K, 4th S. C. Cavalry; G. M. Cordes, Co. D, 4th S. C. Cavalry; J. H. Blackwell, Co. A, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; J. C. Blackwell, Co. A, 2nd S. C. Cavalry; E. Lide Law, Co. I, 6th S. C. Cavalry; T. G. Douglass, Co. C, 6th S. C. Cavalry.

During the session of the old brigade Mrs. M. C. Robertson, a daughter of Col. Hugh K. Aiken, was presented to the survivors by Gen. M. C. Butler.

The members deeply regretted the absence of Mrs. Hugh K. Aiken, who is now in the city, and by a unanimous vote Mrs. Aiken was elected an honorary member of the Association.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chair.

WADE HAMPTON MANNING, Secretary.

Wednesday, October 25th, 1905.

GENERAL M. C. BUTLER

BUTLER'S CAVALRY

"Eternal right though all things fail
Can never be made wrong."

"Cheerful and merciful in victory, hopeful even in defeat, they rode to death dauntlessly and won many a field. Equaled by some, surpassed by none."

The cavalryman's life was one of constant danger, sleepless vigil, unending fatigue, and ceaseless activity. He did not flood the soil with offerings of his blood on the great battlefields of the war, but day by day and night by night, in the skirmish, in the picket charge, in the wild dash and on the long raid he hourly laid down his all a sacrifice for the common cause, and when, at the end of the war, he called the roll and the troops rode out for review, the shattered ranks, the star which betokened death, showed a mortality none the less dreadful than among the men who walked in their marches and who on great occasions made great sacrifices at war's demand.

Let us now describe briefly some events which are in the highest degree typical of what the war demands of the cavalrymen.

Survivors of the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Cavalry, who rode by Butler's side, have you forgotten the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th of October, 1862, when you forded the Potomac on the morning of the 10th at early dawn and proceeded to Mercersburg and thence to Chambersburg, and how you housed yourselves in the quiet and quaint old town, well up in the boundaries of the Quaker State? Twenty hours and eighty-one miles, No sleep; no rest; galloping, fighting, scouting and ready to assail any enemy, with human endurance tested to the greatest possible limit.

Have you forgotten the 9th of June, 1863, at Brandy Station, where the gallant Col. Frank Hampton was killed and Butler lost his leg? Have you forgotten Gettysburg, on the 2nd day of July, when General Hampton was so badly wounded by the sabres of the enemy? Have you forgotten the 28th of May, 1864, at Hawe's Shop, 30th May, 1864, at Cold Harbor, and the 3rd of June, 1864, at Second Cold Harbor, where Grant lost thirteen thousand men

in one hour? Have you forgotten the hard fighting at Trevillian on the 11th and 12th of June, 1864, where Butler's Division, consisting of 2,224 men, fought and routed Sheridan with ten thousand of the best equipped cavalry that ever drew sabre; and the 28th of June at Sappony Church, where Butler took one hundred men and surprised and routed Wilson with three thousand fresh troops; and how you were in the saddle for twenty-one days and nights, and how you fought at Lee's Mill? Have you forgotten the 23rd of August, at Monck Neck Bridge, and Ream's Station 25th of August, where the sabre and bayonet shook hands on the enemy's breastworks and Butler won his spurs as Major-General, and on the 16th September at City Point you helped to capture all of Grant's cattle; and the battle of the 1st day of October, McDowells Farm, where General John Dunnovant was killed leading the charge; and the Battle of Burgesse's Mill, 27th October, 1864; and Warren's raid to Stoney Creek, and from thence to Columbia in January, 1865, and how we harassed Sherman's Army; and the surprise on Kilpatrick's camp, 10th March, near Fayetteville; and the Battle of Averysboro and Bentonville, N. C.

"Fate denied us victory, but it crowned us with a glorious immortality."

Shall we preserve the history that we made or not? The best way to keep the record straight is by Companies and Regiments. Will you, comrades, write what you remember of our glorious cause and forward this information to me, as your historian, to be handed down to future generations? Tell us of the days when all was lost. There were those even in such an hour who made declaration of their constancy and devotion to that cause to which they had already sacrificed their fortunes, and now anew tendered their lives. And the history of that moment glorifies the manly courage and gives those who participated in it a place in the brightest pages which perpetuate human heroism.

Butler's Cavalry was easily distinguished from other commands. They rode with military primness and were mounted on steeds of delicately-shaped limbs, with glistening eyes and full of fire and motion. At their head rode M. C. Butler, then in the full bloom of manhood and looking every inch the soldier that he was by nature.

Fraternally,

U. R. BROOKS.

THE WAR HORSE SNIFFS THE BATTLE AFAR OFF

Every man who served in the Army of Northern Virginia remembers "Old Traveler," General Lee's famous war horse, and all the soldiers who fought under Stonewall Jackson never can forget "Old Sorrel," which was the only horse the great flanker rode during the War of Secession. He rode "Old Sorrel" to the very death. Where is the cavalryman who followed Wade Hampton that has forgotten his beautiful charger "Butler"? It was with this horse that General Hampton made the charges at Gettysburg and Trevillian Station.

General Butler could not keep a horse long at a time, because nearly every fight that he led his cavalry into his horse was shot. I am confident that he had more horses shot under him than any general in Lee's Army. He had some splendid mounts, but the Yankees took great pleasure in shooting them.

Jack Shoolbred loved his beautiful horse "Don" almost as much as Prioleau Henderson was devoted to his admirable little gray "Arab" that he rode through the war in Butler's Cavalry. General Hampton rode him in 1876 at Green Pond. "Arab" lived to be twenty-seven years old.

Job says: "Hast thou given the horse strength; hast thou clothed his neck with thunder; canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder and the captains and the shouting." Job goes on to say, "the snorting of his horses was heard from Dan; the whole land trembled at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones." Wherever the horse is introduced into Biblical history, it is readily seen that he is second only to the pretty woman in the estimation of man. It is only in these cold, selfish, grasping, mercenary generations that the horse is sacrificed upon the altar of cruelty and greed with as little regard for his comfort and sensibilities as though he was a piece of inanimate machinery. Drive him, starve him, lash him, spur him, kill him, he is nothing but a horse. Some are guilty of this bad treatment to this, the

noblest of animals, through ignorance, and some through unadulterated "cussedness."

The trough from which the horse takes his feed should not be raised higher than his knees, because the muscles of his throat are so constructed that he swallows with difficulty when his head is elevated. When you water your horse from a bucket, don't hold it up to him, but put it on the ground. If you hold it up high he makes a noise in drinking and his ears jerk every time he swallows because of the spasmodic action of the muscles of deglutition.

GENERAL BUTLER'S LAST WAR HORSE

At a meeting of "The Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution," held in the city of New York on June 3, 1898, Vice-President John C. Calhoun presiding, the following action was taken:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are hereby extended to Compatriot William McKinley, President of the United States, for the patriotic action and discernment which he has manifested in appointing Matthew C. Butler, of the State of South Carolina, to be a Major-General in the United States Army, Volunteer service, and Frederick Dent Grant, of the State of New York, to be a Brigadier-General in the United States Army, Volunteer service.

Resolved, That this Society directs that a horse, with appropriate accoutrements for army service, be presented to Major-General Matthew C. Butler, and that a sword, with appropriate belongings, be presented to Brigadier-General Frederick Dent Grant.

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of John C. Calhoun, Edward Payson Cone, James Marcus King, Thomas Wilson, and Horatio C. King, be appointed to carry out the action here ordered, and that the Treasurer of the Society be instructed to honor the draft of the committee for the requisite amount of funds.

Resolved, That the "Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution," a purely patriotic Society, with membership based on lineal descent from the participants in the American Revolution, and among whose objects are "the fostering of patriotism, maintaining and extending the institutions of American freedom," takes this action for the purpose of recognizing and expressing its gratitude for the unmistakable evidences that sectionalism is at an end under the government our fathers founded, and that we are an undivided nation facing a foreign foe, with a common patriotism uniting all our hearts as citizens of the great American Republic.

Resolved, That engrossed copies of this action, signed by the committee, be presented to President McKinley, to Major-General Butler and to Brigadier-General Grant.

JOHN C. CALHOUN, Chairman,
EDW. PAYSON CONE,
JAMES MARCUS KING,
THOMAS WILSON,
HORATIO KING,
Committee.

New York City, N. Y., June 3, 1898.

Presentation to General Butler

"General Butler was presented with a horse and accoutrements at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, 5 July, 1898, by a committee from the Sons of the American Revolution. At the same time the committee, through a letter, presented General Grant, at Chickamauga, with a sword and belt. Previous to either of the presentations, President McKinley was presented by the same commitee with a set of resolutions bound in morocco. The presentation address was made by Rev. James M. King. He said:

"'Major-General Butler: I am honored by a commission from the members of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution to present to you a horse with accoutrements for your use in leading such forces of the United States as shall be subject to your command. You are to command troops from States against which you contended in past years, and among them will be found the sons of sires whom you then faced in battle, and they will be glad to follow where you lead. It must be a gratificatoin to you to know that the veterans of the Civil War, both North and South, approve on military grounds the fitness of your appointment as Major-General in the United States volunteer army. The press, with great unanimity, and thoughtful citizens with entire unanimity, commend the President's wisdom and patriotism in selecting you. You made a brilliant and historic military record in the Confederate Army. When peace and union were restored, you ably represented your State for many years in the senate of the United States. You are of a Revolutionary lineage that founded the republic and fought on sea and land for its perpetuation. You bear an honored name in American history and you have honored the name. Your fellow-citizens recognize the skill, valor and courage which won for you military renown, leaving their abiding marks upon your person, in a cause in which you believed, and now gratefully recognize the patriotism which leads you to loyally place that tried skill, valor, and courage at the service of our united country in a contest which has already reconstructed the map of the world, in the interests of civil liberty and Christian civilization. When at the head of your forces, mounted on this noble charger, you enter battle, remember that the eyes of the American people are not only upon you, but their hearts are with you; that you are con-

tending for the principles for which your Revolutionary sires contended, and that the nations of the entire world are watching for the results of a war waged by this republic, now mighty in its oneness of strength, for the most unselfish purpose which ever stirred the heart of a nation. May this horse carry you fearlessly in battle at the head of victorious legions, while you remember, and we remember that your 'safety is of the Lord' "

Address of Major-General M. C. Butler

Dr. King and Gentlemen of The Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution: It is impossible for me to convey to you an adequate expression of my profound gratitude for the honor you do me today. To be selected by a society of such distinguished citizens for so conspicuous a testimonial of your approbation and good will is a compliment to be cherished by any man.

The occasion, the environments, the day, are all significant of a new departure, a new epoch in our national history,—not that this quiet, informal ceremony is itself an epoch, but an incident of a gratifying condition in our national life.

Such a scene as this could not occur in any other country on earth. In casting about for an explanation, I think it is to be found under two heads. 1st, We are the same race of people; 2nd, We are brought up under the same system of popular government,—and I might add a third,—we are a people of eminently strong, practical, common sense. With us there is no question of Anglo-Saxon or Celt, Teuton or Latin, Slav or anti-Slav. We are all Americans, and have always been devoted to the principles of a constitutional republic. So that when our family quarrel was settled, usually the most bitter of all quarrels, we agreed to disagree, and each put his shoulder to the wheel for the general welfare of all the people and for the perpetuity of popular government, after eliminating, in blood and sorrow, the institution of slavery. No sensible man anywhere wants it restored.

Now that we are at war with a foreign power, provoked by a half century of irritating provocations on the part of Spain, neither one of which, taken singly, would be a fair cause of war, but taken in the aggregate left no other alternative for us, there is no difference of opinion anywhere in this great family of

seventy odd millions of American people. We are all of one mind as to the general policy, differing, perhaps, as we have a right to differ under this free government of ours, as to details.

It is proper in this connection that I should say, no man in our generation has had such an opportunity to drive the last spike into the coffin of sectional estrangement and cement the bonds of national fraternity as the present distinguished Chief Magistrate of the United States. And no man could have availed himself of that opportunity more effectually. Doing all that he could, like a man of sense, and a patriotic American that he is, with the great powers of his office, to avert hostilities with Spain, he has met the dire alternative with a firmness, tact, consideration and respect for the opinions of others worthy of the highest praise. He has set his face steadily and unflinchingly to the maintenance of our national honor and character, and deserves, as he will receive, the cordial support of the American people.

But, gentlemen, I am about to be betrayed into saying much more than I intended. Never in our history have the American people been so united in heart and purpose as they are today, the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of our Independence. Let us re-subscribe to the oath of allegiance taken by our fathers one hundred and twenty-two years ago, and see to it that no harm shall come to our constitutional government.

In return for your very great compliment to me, I can only promise to perform every duty that may devolve upon me, if not with ability, at least faithfully and conscientiously. The best of us can do no more.

I can safely promise for the splendid body of American soldiers in this camp, that when the opportunity presents itself they will not allow themselves to be eclipsed by their immortal comrades who, in front of Santiago, have so gloriously sustained the character of the American soldier for courage, dash and invincible audacity. All honor to their splendid bravery and heroism! We only await an opportunity to emulate their glorious example.

Pardon one word more. With that go-ahead-ativeness, don't-stop-to-count-the-costs for which we have become somewhat famous, we are inclined to anticipate events and jump to conclusions, before those events are ripe for final judgment. We hear an occasional wail of the dangers of conquest, imperialism,

militarism, what ought to be done with this territorial acquisition and all that. Let us possess our souls in patience, with the well-grounded assurance that all these questions will be justly settled when we reach them, settled in accordance with the best interests of the American people, without regard to the wishes or whims or caprices of any other nation.

The cry of imperialism has no terrors for me. We are not made of the stuff that tolerates imperialism. The military arm of the government will be the last of our institutions to imperil popular liberty or jeopardize constitutional government. The military is held subordinate to the civil power, and will continue so until the civil power is sapped and mined by demoralization. We can only do our duty under the constitution and laws as soldiers, at the same time holding on to our rights and duties as citizens of a free republic.

Gentlemen, I accept this superb horse and splendid trappings with a sense of my deepest gratitude and with the solemn promise that I shall endeavor always to keep his head to the front, in the direction of the national honor and welfare. To you, individually and collectively, I extend my most cordial obeisance and respect.

GENERAL WILLIAM BUTLER

(By T. P Slider, A. D. 1877.)

The subject of this memoir was born in Prince William county, Va., in 1759. His father, Captain James Butler, emigrated with his family to South Carolina, and settled in what was called then, the District of "96," a few years before the opening of the Revolution. The circumstances of the times, pregnant then with the seeds of revolution, were such that every loyal-minded Whig was deeply interested in the affairs of the colonies. To doubt and waver was characteristic of the Tories. Captain Butler and his four sons were true patriots, imbued with the principle that—come what would—they would battle for the rights of the colonies to the death. The times grew warmer and warmer politically, and they prepared to take an active part in the scenes that were approaching. Actuated by a desire to put his house in order before the fury of the storm was upon him, he commenced to arange his domestic affairs; but before he had completed his arrangements, he was earnestly called upon to engage in the public concerns of the country. Without a moment's hesitation, he entered cheerfully in the snow-camp expedition under General Richardson. After this, he was with General Williamson in his expedition against the Cherokee Indians in 1779.

When the conflict which had been raging in the North was transferred by a new movement, as a change of base in warlike operations, of from North to South, the war may be said to have been inverted. Then it was the North was abandoned by the British for a time, and South Carolina and the adjacent settlements became the principal theatre of offensive operations. Upon the call for General Lincoln, who had been placed in command of the Southern forces, Captain Butler repaired at once to headquarters, which was located near Augusta, Ga. Unfortunately he was taken sick, and became unable to follow the army in the subsequent campaign. From this period few events of revolutionary interest occurred in the upper districts of the State until after the fall of Charleston. The capitulation of the forces in the city, and the dispersion or retreat of the small detached corps which had

kept the field during the siege, was regarded by the royal commander as a restoration of British authority, and both civil and military organizations were arranged to maintain it. The inhabitants of the State were called upon to swear allegiance to British authority and take British protection. The village of Ninety-Six was designated as a place for the citizens of the surrounding country to appear at for this purpose. The proclamation was considered delusive, and many persons appeared on the specified day without fully understanding its import. Among them was Captain James Butler, who, when informed of what was demanded of him, positively refused to conform to the terms of the proclamation. The British officer in command immediately put him in irons and threw him in Ninety-Six jail, from whence he was transferred to Charleston, where he was confined in the "provost" for eighteen months. Upon his release from this severe and lengthened imprisonment, which occurred in the latter part of December, 1781, he returned once more to his home, where he remained about three weeks; when he was called on to seal with his life his devotion to the cause, for which he had already suffered so much. The incidents of the bloody tragedy in which he died can be paralleled only in the annals of civil strife.

From the beginning of the contest with the mother country, a difference of opinion had existed in the State upon the subject. South Carolina had been a province of the Crown. The grievances complained of by the commercial colonies were unfelt by her. The Tories, or *scouilites*, insisted that the King had laid no new burdens or taxes on the people, and that, therefore, their opposition to the royal government was groundless. The act as it respected South Carolina was true, but the conclusion drawn from it did not follow. No new burdens had been laid on the inhabitants of the province of Carolina, but the most grievous had been laid on Massachusetts, in pursuance of principles which equally applied to Carolina, and struck at the foundation of her boasted rights. The fact is, a strong conservative feeling pervaded a large class of her people. This feeling was strongest in the up-country. There the inhabitants took arms from the beginning. Upon both sides of the question there were to be found rash, hard-headed, impulsive, ignorant, prejudiced men, and the contest became fierce, merciless and bloody. Outrage and

tyranny, producing reprisals, assumed a savage, guerrilla character, in which says General Greene: "The inhabitants pursued each other like wild beasts, killing each other, robbing each other without regard to age, condition or sex, as well as plundering and firing barns, houses and whatever came to hand."

A marauding party of royalists made an incursion into the neighborhood of Mount Willing, in Edgefield District, near which Captain Butler lived, carrying off considerable booty. The result was, a band of Whigs was formed immediately for the pursuit and punishment of the bandits. Captain Butler was called upon to take command of the party. At first he positively refused to do so, alleging that the hardships and sufferings he had endured in prison had rendered him at that time utterly unfit to take charge of such an expedition, and therefore should exempt him from the undertaking.

The majority of the men excused him on these grounds, but his son, James Butler, one of the party, refused to continue with the expedition, unless his father assumed the command. Captain Butler yielded to the appeal of his son, and consented to go at his request, but simply as an adviser; the active command being in a man by the name of Turner. Pursuit being instituted, the Royalists were overtaken, defeated and dispersed at Farrar's Spring, in Lexington District, S. C., and the horses and cattle, which they had captured, recaptured. On their return with the captured booty, being highly exhilarated with their success, and rendered more particularly so by an improper use of peach brandy, which they had captured in the fight, they concluded to stop at a place on Cloud's Creek for the night and encamp, notwithstanding the appeals and urgent remonstrances of Captain Butler, who insisted on moving forward all night. Finding his advice disregarded as to advancing, he counseled the necessity of the ordinary military precautions against surprise, of placing out sentinels, but they turned a deaf ear to all advice. They were mostly young men, of but little experience, yet confident, as youth is, and then the worst of it, under the influence of liquor. Their success and indulgence had rendered them overweeningly reckless, conceited and careless, just as we find them today. It was not known then exactly who were the Loyalists, as they were sometimes called, they had pursued and whom they had discomfited; but the next

morning demonstrated the wisdom and sagacity of the advice given by the gray-headed counselor, Captain Butler. They proved to have been a detached party connected with a larger band, for about sunrise this band, amounting to some three hundred men, guided by some of the escaped, discomfited party, under the lead, too, of one of the bravest and most skillful partisans of the Royal side, yet sanguinary, vindictive, relentless, and unforgiving, to-wit: Bloody Bill Cunningham, was seen approaching, who at once attacked the camp. Taken almost by surprise, and by this time to a certain degree disorganized, the little squad of imprudent Whigs, about thirty in number, nevertheless rallied for a moment and took refuge in an unfinished log house without doors or windows. In the meantime the house was surrounded by Cunningham's men when firing commenced. After a few moments of rapid discharges, a demand of surrender peremptorily was made. Its terms were inquired of by the Whigs, and the response was of the Tory leader, "they were unconditional," but that he would receive a communication from them. Upon this Smallwood Smith, one of the party, was selected to perform the duty. Upon presenting himself, Cunningham's first inquiry was, "Who are of your party?"

Upon learning that young James Butler, the son of Captain Butler, who had been engaged in an affair in which one Radcliff, a noted Tory, was killed, was among them, he determined at once to give no terms that would exempt this young man from his vengeance. Cunningham was well acquainted with the father, having served with him in the expedition against the Indians, to which allusion has already been made. It is said that Cunningham had rather a strong liking and partiality for him, and would have entertained terms of friendly capitulation with the party had it not been for the presence of the son. Captain James Butler sent Cunningham a message that if he would spare the life of his son, he would make an unconditional surrender of himself. Young Butler, however, learning Cunningham's animosity to himself, and entertaining the impression that his father and himself would be sacrificed in the event of any surrender, determined to run all hazards of a contest of arms, and fearlessly informed his father that he would settle the terms of capitulation. So on the first opportunity that presented itself, he commenced the com-

bat anew by killing a Tory by the name of Stewart. It is said that negotiations had been entered into to save the officers and sacrifice the privates; but be this as it may, this demonstration of courage concluded the parley, and young Butler (but nineteen years of age,) received a mortal wound in the fierce conflict that followed, while kneeling to pick his flint for a discharge. The gallant but expiring boy called his father, who had come upon the expedition at his request, unarmed, simply as a counselor, to his side, handed him his rifle and told him there were yet a few bullets in his pouch and to revenge his death. The father took the gun and discharged it against the enemy until the ammunition was expended. The death of young Butler produced a panic in the little party, contending against such hopeless odds, and the result was unconditional surrender. After a formal meeting and consultation of the officers of the Tory squad, under the guidance of the bloodthirsty and execrable chieftain Cunningham, the terrific order was issued to put them all to the unsparing sword of retaliation and revenge. Two of the number managed to escape; the balance were shot down and slaughtered where they stood. Captain James Butler caught up a pitchfork that was lying around and defended himself until his right hand was severed by a sabre stroke, and his life ended by a rifle ball. The tragedy did not cease here. A detachment of the Tories under the command of Prescott, a subordinate leader, was left to meet any burying party that might be sent to inter the bodies of the mangled victims, and especially to meet the subject of our memoir, then a Captain of Rangers, who it was expected would hasten to the spot. But William Butler was too far from the sad locality to be present even at the funeral ceremonies.

In those days, when population was sparse and when the passions of men, like as today, embittered by fierce political strife, swelled to uncontrollable heights, smothering every kindly feeling and engendering hate and animosity of the most malignant nature, it seemed utterly impossible for them to act upon the principles of mercy, love and charity. Under the circumstances and excitement of the times, it would have been madness and sheer folly for the Whigs, unless strongly supported, to have undertaken the burial of their dead without an agreement. In this crisis, when headstrong passion got the reins of reason, like a

ship dashed by fierce encountering tides becomes the sport of wind and wave, and there seemed no prospect or way of coming to any terms; for the Tories were relentless and determined, and the Whigs powerless to act, there appeared on the arena of strife a new actor; one who has played a prominent part in the history of the world; in the plucking of an apple in the Garden of Eden; the mothership of the Saviour, and the appropriation of gorgeous jewelry when kings refused to act; thereby aiding to develop and lay open to view by degrees along the shores of the unremitting stream of the centuries, that have glided into the present in the universe of God, for the benefit of man—a new continent and a new world that stands today at the head of nations. This actor was woman. Aye! it was woman who stepped between the combatants and advanced with more than Spartan courage and devotion to perform the rites of interment. It was woman with her wisdom who carried and decided the difficulty. Souls know no difference of sexes; though man may be said to be the lord, it does not follow he has the monopoly of brain or courage or patriotism. Many a masculine heart and more than masculine has been found in a female breast; nor is the treasure of wisdom, or any of the nobler characteristics, the less valuable for being lodged in the weaker vessel. Truthfully has the poet said

> "'Tis woman's hand that smooths affliction's bed,
> Wipes the cold sweat and stays the sinking head."

Sages may teach, poets may sing, and philosophers reason, but nature made woman to temper man. Without her man would have been a brute—a savage—influenced by passions and appetites, living serpents that would have wound like the gorgons round him; strangling those virtues which constitute his happiness and cheers him on to a happier shore. In the darkest hour of man's earthly ills, her affection and her courage rises and glows

> "Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every thrill."

Mrs. Sarah Smith, a sister of Captain James Butler, the father, (whose wife at this time was confined to her bed) with a number of other ladies, wives, mothers and sisters of the dead, hastened to the bloody scene to engage in their burial; Captain Butler's

body was recognized by his severed hand. The mangled and unmercifully beaten bodies of the rest were so disfigured that it was impossible to recognize them. However, young Butler was supposed to be identified by his female relatives present. To the honor of the women present be it said, that with spade and hoe in hand they set to work, dug the trench and consiged to their resting-place the bodies of the murdered Whigs, save Captain Butler and his son, who were placed in a separate grave, prepared by his sister and relatives, which was marked at the time, and over which, in after years, was reared an humble monument, the tribute of filial piety.

"And though the mound that mark'd their names,
Beneath the wings of time,
Has worn away! Their's is the fame
Immortal and sublime,
For who can tread on Freedom's plain
Nor wake her dead to life again."

It was about the time of this sad event that General Lincoln issued a proclamation from his camp at Black's Swamp, near Augusta, that William Butler, the subject of this memoir, repaired to his standard as lieutenant of militia. The American leader's purpose was with the view, Ramsay says, of limiting the British to the sea coast of Georgia, as well as of its reclamation. Leaving a corps of observation at Purysburg, under Moultrie, he marched with the main army up the Savannah river, that he might impart confidence to the country, and crossed high up; but he had scarcely done so, when his sagacious adversary, Prevost, availing himself of the critical time, and finding his way open to Charleston, made a brilliant dash for the capture of that city, and had nearly succeeded. When Prevost crossed the Savannah river, Charleston was almost wholly defenceless. Such a move as an invasion on the land side was unexpected. Lincoln, nevertheless Prevost's move, pursued his original intention, from an idea that Prevost meant nothing more than to divert him from his intended operations in Georgia, by a feint of attempting the capital of South Carolina. In the meantime Moultrie threw himself in his path, met him at Willisling and Coosawhatchee, and by a defensive, masterly retreat, delayed his advance until field works sufficient to withstand an assault could be thrown up for defence

of the city. During these events Lincoln hastily marched back from the interior of Georgia, recrossed the Savannah river, and pushed on after Prevost with hasty strides, while Governor Rutledge, with 600 militia from Orangeburg, and Colonel Harris, with 300 Continental troops from the vicinity of Augusta, were striving to get ahead of Prevost and reinforce Moultrie. Having a knowledge of these things, Prevost advanced to Watson's, about a mile from the lines. As the garrison were unprepared for a siege, they stood to their arms all night. Presuming that Lincoln was close behind Prevost, to gain time for his coming up, they sent a message to Prevost, requesting to know on what terms a capitulation would be granted; this was a ruse. Whatever was the presumption of the Whigs, as to what effect this trick might have, on the next morning Prevost and his army were gone, retreating by way of the islands, to Savannah. The militia of the up-country were then discharged; but William Butler, who was connected with the detachment engaged in the action at Stono, remained and attached himself to Pulaski's legion, in which he served the remainder of the campaign of 1779. He was with the gallant Pole until his death at the siege of Savannah, and always spoke of him as a bold, dashing dragoon officer, and complimented his memory by naming one of his grandsons after him.

During the captivity of his father in Charleston, already narrated, all the responsibilities of family obligations devolved on William Butler. It was at this time, too, the time immediately succeeding the fall of Charleston, when sprang into existence that brilliant roll of partisan leaders—Marion, Sumter, Butler, Gandy, the Postells, Benson, Greene, Conyers, McCauley, McCottry, Ryan, Watson, and others of South Carolina, whose achievements threw such a halo of glory and gorgeous chivalry over the war in the South, that—

> "The tilt, the tournament, the vaulted hall,
> Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye,
> And fancy's bright and gay creation—all
> Sinks into dust, when reason's searching glance
> Unmasks the age of Knighthood and romance."

It was about this time that Washington appointed, at the request of Congress, General Greene to take command of the

forces in the Southern District, which he did in August, 1780. From this time the depression and gloominess, which had settled like a funeral pall over the minds of many of the people upon the fall of Charleston, began to disappear, until it was entirely removed from public sentiment, and South Carolina rose like a Phœnix from the ashes and became one of the most heroic and warlike colonies of the Revolutionary league.

General Greene's movements on Ninety-Six is a matter of history. At that time William Butler was serving under General Pierson on the Carolina side of the Savannah river near Augusta. He was present at the siege of Augusta, and after the fall of that place, having been detailed by General Pickens to attend Colonel Lee to Ninety-Six, then being besieged also, he had the honor of being present at the interview between Greene and Lee, in which the latter suggested the attack upon the stockade. General Butler always expressed himself with much emphasis when speaking of this interview, repeating the words of Lee, "That the spring must be taken." To which Greene replied by saying, "How can it be done without a general assault?" Lee responded, "Allow me to take the stockade on the opposite side, and my guns will soon drive them from the water." The stockade was taken, and the garrison deprived of the use of the spring. An operation which it has been contended by military critics, if accomplished at a certain period of the siege, would have resulted in the fall of the place before it could have been relieved. As it was, Cruger, commanding the garrison, managed to prolong his defense by sinking wells in the star redoubt. Terms of capitulation had been proposed, which Greene refused, believing he could still take the place by pushing the sap against the star redoubt. The approach of Lord Rawdon with a relieving force blasted his hopes. A corps was detached to meet Rawdon, while an assault upon an incomplete breach was hazarded. Some skirmishing between Rawdon's advance guard and this corps took place near Saluda Old Town, in which some were killed and several wounded. A young lieutenant from Virginia, by the name of Wade, was shot, and as he fell from his saddle, for he was mounted—with a genuine trooper's care for his steed—forgetting himself—he exclaimed to his comrades, "Don't let my horse, boys, fall into the hands of the enemy." Fortunately there was a settler close by, by the name of Sam Savage, to whose house he was removed.

The American forces fell back, and marched toward the Enoree river. But a short time after this little skirmish, a young dragoon officer who was in pursuit of Greene, with a white plume and the cockade of the Whigs in his hat, accompanied by an orderly, rode up to Savage's, where the wounded young lieutenant was lying, made inquiries, and learned from his stepdaughter in the house, who had just returned from the vicinity of Ninety-Six, that the siege was raised, and that Greene's forces had fallen back in full retreat, crossed Saluda at the Island Ford, with Lee's legion bringing up the rear. This young officer was Captain William Butler, and, strange to say, this was his first meeting with the lady, whom he subsequently married. He had been detached from the army at Ninety-Six some weeks before, upon some separate service under General Henderson, from whom he derived his commission as captain in 1781. He determined in his mind at once to join the retreating army, and being told that two stragglers from Rawdon's command were down in Savage's low grounds taking the plantation horses, he took them prisoners, and, mounting one of them behind himself and the other behind his orderly, swam the Saluda river near what is now called Bozeman's Ferry, and joined Lee about ten miles from the Island Ford on the Newberry side. He learned from the prisoners that Rawdon had pushed forward a strong light corps, embracing cavalry and infantry, in hot pursuit of the retreating Americans.

When William Butler came up with Lee, he informed him of the pursuit, and the information came none too soon. Lee had halted his command, and was lying on his saddle blanket, making a pillow of the saddle. His prompt direction to Armstrong, one of his captains, as soon as he received the information, was, "Form your troop in the rear and fight while we run." The legion was barely on the march when the enemy appeared, but Armstrong made the required demonstration with such gallantry and confidence that the enemy, apprehending an engagement with a stronger force, paused for reinforcements, and Lee was enabled to put himself in closer communication with the main body, which was then halted at Bush Creek. After this time, William Butler became a partisan, sometimes serving as second in command under Ryan, and sometimes in the same position under Watson, both partisan leaders of local distinction. At a subse-

quent period he raised and commanded a company of mounted rangers, under a commission from General Pierson, confirmed by the Governor of the State. While serving under Watson, he was engaged in an expedition against a band of Tories, who had organized themselves on the Edisto. The expedition rendezvoused at the ridge in Edgefield District. Michael Watson, the leader, was a determined, resolute, yet revengeful man, and controlled too much by the influences which these feelings suggested. When they met the Tories at Drow Swamp, the latter were stronger than had been expected, and occupied a well fortified position. Nettled and somewhat exasperated at finding he had been entrapped, instead of being governed by discretion, he pushed on, disdaining a retreat. The consequence was, his men fell back at the first fire, with symptoms of panic, and made a faltering response to his order to charge. But few obeyed with the ready alacrity with which they were wont to welcome it. Many obeyed not at all. The result was a second order, and they were driven back again; then the stern old warrior, maddened, and shouting in stentorian tones his "rally," ordered his men to charge, or woe to the man who failed to do his duty; but only about fifteen men came up to the call. They had gone into the fight against superior numbers, strongly posted in the swamp; which position they still maintained. Watson now became furious, and losing his judgment, persisted in his attempts. At length, while loading his rifle behind a tree, he was mortally wounded by a ball through his hip. William Butler, at this decisive moment, assumed the command, giving his lieutenancy to a man by the name of John Corley. The extreme danger in which the party had been placed by the rashness of Watson required a resort to desperate measures, so he placed Corley in the rear, with an order to cut down the first man who gave way. It so happened that Joseph Corley, a brother of the one first spoken of, with others was seen to fall back, which, if it had been overlooked, would have doomed the fate of the balance to certain destruction. John Corley, true to the orders of his leader, drew his pistol, and placing the muzzle at the head of his brother, ordered him back to his post. Joseph returned without a dissenting word, and conducted himself afterward gallantly throughout the fight. During the affray, a man by the name of Vardell

was mortally wounded, and before the breath left him, begged his comrades not to let his body fall into the hands of the Tories. Watson, lying between the contending parties, made a similar request, especially to William Butler. "Billy, my brave boy," exclaimed the wounded partisan chief, "Do not let the cussed Tories take my body."

Desperate and reckless, Butler and his men, with a wild, demoniac shout that rang out on the welkin as from so many furies, made a terrible charge that bore down everything before it, scattering the Tories on the right and left, and succeeded also in bringing off their dead and wounded comrades. As they retreated, they found time to bury the body of Vardell, concealing it under the roots of a large oak which had fallen, covering it over with dirt and leaves by the use of their swords. At some little distance from the scene of the conflict, they took refuge in a log house, which answered the purpose of a block-house and resting place. Watson, though sorely wounded, and under the apprehension of death, still maintained a determined resolution. A woman happened to be found in the house in which they had taken shelter, whose infant, five weeks old, was in a dwelling house some little distance off. Watson insisted that she should be detained, as their peculiar condition and weakness required concealment if possible, as he said, she might betray them; but she, finding this out, hooted at the idea of betraying her Whig friends. Through her they found means, however, to convey information of their whereabouts, and their perilous situation, to Orangeburg, where there was a detachment. Captain (subsequently General) Rumph, as soon as apprised, hastened to their relief. Under his escort Watson was carried upon a litter, in a dying condition, to Orangeburg Court House, where he expired, and was buried with military honors, Captain Butler superintending.

After this, we find the subject of this memoir acting as lieutenant with Ryan. Here he engaged in another expedition against the Tories in Orangeburg District. The Whigs were in force near the court house. A number of Tories, believing their condition perilous, and their cause on the wane, deserted to the Whig force. Ryan, distrusting them, gave orders in an engagement to place them in front, with positive instructions if they wavered for his men to shoot them down. In a fight that occurred they proved

true, but Ryan was disabled by a shot, and Lieutenant Butler assumed the command. The Tories here were signally defeated.

In 1782, Cunningham, the celebrated Tory partisan, made a second incursion into the Ninety-sixth District. Perfectly familiar with the country from his youth, possessed of great sagacity and fertility of genius in military expedients, wary and strategetic, endowed with all the physical qualities so essential to a partisan, withal bold, dashing and reckless, he was even, if a Tory, a dangerous as well as a formidable adversary to contend with. A favorite manœuvre of his was to divide his command upon the march into small detachments, to be concentrated after the Napoleonic plan by different routes, meeting, as near as could be calculated upon, close to or at the point at which his blow was aimed. In this manner he had concentrated his forces at Corrodine's Ford on the Saluda. William Butler, who was then commanding a company of rangers under the authority of General Pickens, with a portion of his men, manœuvered to come upon him, if possible, and take him by surprise. With a view to ascertain Cunningham's position, he resorted to a ruse. Approaching the residence of Joseph Cunningham, near the junction of the little Saluda and big Saluda, he sent forward his brother, Thomas Butler, with Abner Corley, to the house in the night. Thomas Butler was an excellent mimic, so when he came in hailing distance of the house, he called aloud, imitating the voice of one of William Cunningham's men, named Niblett, and asked where our friend Cunningham was? The wife of Joseph Cunningham, coming to the door, replied, "That he had crossed Corrodine's Ford." With this information, William Butler himself rode up to the house, and finding Joseph Cunningham there, compelled him, on peril of his life, to guide the party across the ford. They crossed the ford at 12 M. that night, and next morning halted in a peach orchard, near Bouknight's Ferry, on the Saluda. The horses were unbitted with saddles on, and were feeding upon peas out of a caddy, when a gray mare, which Cunningham was known to have taken from the neighborhood, was observed passing back, having escaped from the camp. This incident disclosed, in some measure, the state of affairs, and the Rangers received the orders to march. The Rangers numbered

some thirty, and Cunningham's men some twenty. The bloody transaction of Cloud's Creek,

"Feeding its torch with the thought of wrong,"

aroused the passion, stirred up the blood and enthused the chivalrous spirit of Butler, to grapple with the bloody fiend and wreak if possible vengeance for the deed. It was not the vengeance as sought for by an assassin. It was not to be taken in a dastardly manner; no midnight shotgun from behind a tree, or the sudden plunge of a sharp knife; the coward's virtue, through the heart—no! It was an encounter to be like as between the knights of old; an encounter rather with the feelings of the duello than the battlefield. Approaching the partisan's position, John Corley was detailed with eighteen men to gain the rear, and upon a concerted signal to commence the attack. While the main body advanced under cover of a hedge, the Tories were drying their blankets by their camp fires, and Cunningham himself was at a little distance off from his band. As it afterwards appeared, Butler's person being at one time exposed, in advancing before the signal was given, he was observed by the Tories, but taken for their own leader, for it is said there was a strong personal resemblance between the two men. Upon the giving of the signal, Corley made a furious and dashing assault, himself foremost, like another Murat in leading the charge.

"Thus joined the band, whom mutual wrong,
And fate and fury drove along."

This was the first intimation to the Tories that their exasperated foes were at hand. Cunningham was promptly at his post; but although taken by surprise, his eyes were open, and he saw at a glance that his foes were superior in numbers; but so wary was he,

"By trial of his former harms and cares,"

governed, too, by the adage that "discretion is the better part of valor," that he shouted out to his men to take care of themselves, and hastened to his saddleless steed, released the bridle reins, and then on her bare back nimbly leaped astraddle, with a trained partisan's quickness, and went bounding through the wild woods

like another Mazeppa. Close behind him dashed Butler in hot pursuit. Nothing could have been more exciting, and more to have been desired by him.

"Away!—away! and on they dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash."

Both men were remarkably fine riders, and tradition has preserved the names of the two horses they rode on that occasion. Cunningham was mounted on a stylish, splendidly formed black mare having glossy skin, trim legs, with three white feet.

"Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in her limbs,"

that had become celebrated in his service as "Silver Heels," while Butler rode a noble-looking, broad-breasted, long-hoofed, straight-legged, passing-strong steed, a dark bay, with full eyes and nostrils wide, called "Ranter," who possessed great powers of endurance. Butler carried only a sabre, and Cunningham pistols which had been rendered useless by the rain of the previous night, for he snapped them both repeatedly over his shoulders at his adversary as the gallant mare went thundering on

"With flowing tail and flying mane
With nostrils never stretched by pain."

Life or death to both hung upon the fleetness of their horses. As long as the chase was in the woods, Ranter maintained his own; but when they struck an open trail, in which the superior stride of Cunningham's thoroughbred could tell, turning his body, with his head thrown round, looking over his left shoulder askance at Butler, holding tightly the reins in his left hand, while a triumphant smile played over his countenance, he patted the shoulders of the noble animal that bore him, tauntingly exclaiming, as he threw out his right hand behind him, shaking his forefinger—"Damn you, Bill Butler, I'm safe; but mark, the next chase will be mine!" when

"Away! away! dashed Silver Heels
Upon the pinions of the wind,
Leaving Ranter far behind;
She sped like a meteor thro' the sky
When with its crackling sound the night,
Is chequer'd with the northern light,"

and soon was seen with her rider on her back swimming Saluda river near Lorick's Ferry. Sullenly Butler returned from the pursuit of Cunningham. At the Tory camp he found a portion of his command assembled under circumstances which gave him great concern. Turner, one of the Tory prisoners, had been deliberately shot through the heart after he had surrendered. Alas!

"There's was the strife
That neither spares nor speaks for life."

Upon inquiry he ascertained one Seysin had done the deed, who justified himself by reciting an outrage the unfortunate man had inflicted upon his mother, to wit: Turner had stripped Mrs. Seysin to the waist, then tied her hard and fast, and whipped her severely to force her to disclose where was concealed a party of Whigs, among whom was her son. Butler sternly rebuked the act as cruel and contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. Though warring against a savage, relentless foe, yet he was high-toned and chivalrous to a fault. Seysin was brought to trial before the corps. The verdict was in his favor and no court-martial was held. The deed was certainly savage and cruel, but the strong, palliating circumstances of the whipping of his mother was in his favor.

A pursuit of Cunningham's men was ordered immediately by Butler for the purpose of capturing or finally dispersing them. Some were overtaken while crossing the river and some in the forest. Butler was disposed to be lenient and merciful, but he soon saw that his men, rough, illiterate and prejudiced, were ungovernable. Such is, and has ever been, the result of civil strife. Alas! the horrors of war when a common country is divided.

"All that the Devil would do, if run stark mad,
Is then let loose."

No threats or orders could deter them from shooting the fleeing Tories. He ordered one DeLoach, who was in the act of firing his rifle, to desist; while another by the name of Sherwood Corley, who was just behind him in the river, snapped his pistol at one of the retreating Tories, and though he was ordered to cease from

firing, yet deliberately reprimed his rifle afresh, fired and killed a Tory by the name of Davis as he was ascending the Edgefield bank.

"In vain he did whatever a chief may do
To check the headstrong fury of that crew.
In vain their stubborn ardor he would tame,
But, alas!
The hand that kindled could not quench the flame."

The result of this action was the breaking up and final dispersion of Cunningham's famous band. He himself retired to Cuba, where he was awarded after his arrival something like an ovation by the British for his traitorous services. After the war, Major Gandy, a gallant partisan of the Revolution, visited Cuba on account of his health. Cunningham, in the true spirit of hospitality, called upon him, and while chatting with him about the war, told him that on one occasion he had ridden up with an escort at his back to a house near Ninety-Six, in which Gandy and others were playing cards, with a view of ascertaining if William Butler was among them.

"Why did you not fire upon us?" asked Gandy.

"I had no desire to kill you," replied Cunningham, "but if Bill Butler had been there, the floor of that house would have been flooded with blood."

Cunningham, before he left, extended an invitation to the Major to dine with him. Whether he did so or not tradition does not say. Here he died. He was a man born to command, of an unyielding and independent obstinacy of character, possessed of splendid military ability, bold, courageous, yet revengeful and vindictive. He might have won for himself an imperishable name of honor, but by his treason he wiped it out in the betrayal of his country, and his name remains to the ensuing age abhorred.

From the conclusion of this skirmish and the blotting out of Cunningham's band, until the close of the war, Butler continued at the head of the Rangers under the command of General Pickens, and was considered his favorite captain. He had, however, now very little duty to do, other than patrol to perform, consequently—

"The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
Grew rusty."

His company of Rangers was not discharged until after 1784, a year after the peace.

With the resumption of peace and the pursuits of civil life, the soldiers' thoughts turned from—

"The burning shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
The charge, the shout, the tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade,"

and reverted to the young girl of the Saluda—the star of his worship—

"Whose gentle ray
Beam'd constant o'er his lonely way,"

whom he saw at Savage's house during Greene's retreat from Ninety-Six, which has already been narrated; nor had she forgotten the young officer of the cockade and plume, for when the mother and family bitterly opposed his attentions, and her stepfather forbade him to visit her at his house, she boldly and fearlessly proved by her determination and pluck that—

"Love is not reasoned down or lost;
It grows into the soul,
Warms every vein and beats in every pulse,"

for she told him to come and she would meet him. The result of it was they were married in the latter part of 1784. Miss Bethethland Foote Moore, whom William Butler had selected as his partner, as the wife of his bosom, was a woman of strong, and in many respects remarkable, traits of character. She always exercised great influence over him, and he relied upon her judgment and advice. He seemed to have inspired her with a deep and profound feeling of respect, almost amounting to fascination, which of itself is one of the highest tributes that could be paid his memory.

In 1794, William Butler was elected by the Legislature of South Carolina, which was then the custom, to be the sheriff of Ninety-sixth District. He discharged few of the ministerial duties, however, leaving these to be carried out by his brothers, Thomas and Stanmore, who were his deputies; but, as to one thing, he always conducted the military escort of the judge

during the sitting of the courts. The sheriffalty of that day was an office of high distinction. It was esteemed as an office of honor, which could only be obtained by men of virtue, merit, honesty and worth, but now it hath lost its lustre and reputation, and resolved itself into a mercenary purchase.

William Butler, as sheriff of Ninety-sixth District, received General Washington when upon his Southern tour, from the authorities of Georgia, and conducted him by the Pine House to the Ridge in Edgefield District, which was near the termination of his territorial jurisdiction. At the Ridge, General Hampton, then sheriff of what was called Camden District, received and conducted him to Granby, situated on the Congaree river, about one mile and a half below Columbia, through by Camden, and thence to Charlotte, North Carolina, where the authorities of that State received the illustrious patriot and Father of his Country.

In 1798 General Pickens resigned the office of Major-General of the Upper Division of South Carolina militia, and through his recommendation William Butler was elected by the State Legislature to fill the vacancy In 1800, General Butler became a candidate for Congress against Goodloe Harper, the incumbent from the Ninety-sixth District. Mr. Harper had been a Republican, but from conscientious motives joined the Federals, and supported what was peculiarly unpopular at the South, "Jay's treaty." This raised opposition to him at home, and General Butler was elected as the opposition candidate, his old commander, John Ryan, moving the nomination. He succeeded in the election, and took his seat in 1801. When the resolution charging General Wilkinson with complicity with Burr in his attempted treason was moved and adopted in the House of Representatives, the occasion gave rise to great sensation. A discussion took place upon the floor of the House as to the Chairman of the Committee of Investigation. A ballot was called for by Wilkinson's friends. The motion was overruled, and the duty of making the appointment devolved on the Speaker. He appointed General Butler. Wilkinson at the time made some offensive remarks, something of this kind, "That he was not only to be tried by a militia general, but that he was condemned before he was tried." This being reported to General Butler, he resigned his position on the committee. Roger Bacon was appointed to

succeed him. Owing to the remarks, unfriendly communication passed between him and Wilkinson. They, however, in course of time, became reconciled.

In 1813 General Butler resigned his seat in Congress, distinctly and conclusively, in preference of all others, to Mr. John C. Calhoun, the great Southern statesman, saying to him, "You can meet Randolph in debate—I cannot." How few would acknowledge so candidly their inferiority today, and resign their seat in Congress to put in even a Clay, Webster or another Calhoun. That was the age of giants and men. Verily, the days of nobleness of soul and pure integrity have passed away. Each one at the present thinks he is the observed of the observers. Cicero, Demosthenes, Patrick Henry, aye, Solomon, the wise man, was a fool beside them.

Butler's admiration for Randolph was very high, and notwithstanding they differed in opinion as to the war of 1812, they continued to entertain friendly relations. Butler on a certain occasion spent some time with him at his homestead, by invitation, in returning from Congress. In 1814, General Butler was called by Governor Alston, in a very complimentary manner, now on record in Washington, to command the troops of South Carolina at Charleston. President Madison had in 1812 offered to him the commission of Brigadier-General in the United States army, but he declined it, saying, "He was a Major-General at home." General Jackson was appointed to command the forces at New Orleans, while General Butler was in command at Charleston. They had been comrades in early life, and Jackson sent him word, "That they were both called militia generals, but that he knew whichever was attacked first would do his duty." General Pickens, who was a man of some military ability, had an idea that he knew exactly how, as unfortunately was the case during the late civil strife, by a goodly lot of persons, to prescribe the mode of defense for Charleston, which was this: To allow the enemy to land and then fight them through the streets from behind barricades. Butler's response to him was, "That when he assumed the command, he expected to consult the dictates of his own judgment, and he should meet them at the water." An incursion was made upon one of the islands for the purpose of supplying provisions to the fleet off the coast, and a slight affair

occurred, in which Captain Dent, of the navy, was principally engaged. The incursion was repelled. This was the only engagement with the enemy of any portion of General Butler's command. It had fallen to the lot of his friend to vindicate the ability of militia generals. The war terminated with the battle of New Orleans, and General Butler became a private citizen. From this period to the close of his life, he confined himself principally to the business of superintending his farm. During the time he was in Congress, his seat was twice contested. First, by Dr. Seriren, a man of high character, and afterward by Edmond Bacon, a man of decided ability. The last contest gave rise to the unfortunate issue known as "old and new parties of Edgefield." It was bitter and acrimonious, and led to many painful contentions. Mr. Bacon, however, became not only reconciled with, but afterwards a warm friend of General Butler and others, whose names are to be found upon the journal to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and they voted against it. He was subsequently a member of the convention which formed the State Constitution, that held its own until changed by the Republican party of 1868.

General Butler's brothers were first, Thomas, who was regarded a man of considerable military talent; second, Sampson, who was sheriff of Edgefield, and for many years a representative from that district in the State Legislature; Stanmore, who was a captain in the United States army during the time war was expected with France, and was also clerk of the court of Edgefield when he died; and last, was James, who was killed during the Revolution in the skirmish on Cloud's Creek. He had two sisters, Nancy and Elizabeth. The first married Elisha Brooks, who was a lieutenant in the Revolution; the latter married *Z. Smith Brooks, who was also a lieutenant in the Revolution, and subsequently a colonel of State cavalry. He had eight children, to-wit: James, who was sheriff of Edgefield District and a colonel of State cavalry at his death. George Butler was a lawyer, and during the war of 1812 served as major in the regular army. William was a physician, and was a surgeon in the army at New Orleans; he

*Zachariah Smith Brooks, father of Whitfield Brooks, who was father to James Carroll Brooks, who was father to U. R. Brooks.

also served one term as a representative in Congress. Frank Butler was a lawyer. Pierce M. Butler was an officer in the regular army, was president of the Bank of the State of South Carolina—was Governor of South Carolina, and fell in the battle of Churubusco, in Mexico, at the head of the gallant Palmetto regiment; Emmela, the only daughter, was married to General Waddy Thompson, who was a lawyer, a member of Congress, and Minister to Mexico. Leontine died young. Andrew Pickens Butler, who passed away a score of years ago, and whom I knew well, was admitted to the practice of the law at an early age, rose to distinction in his profession, was elected a judge by the South Carolina Legislature, and was finally elected by the same body as Senator to Congress, where he attained an enviable position.

General Butler was a handsome man. He stood fully six feet high. He was a good shot with the rifle, well versed in woodcraft and a splendid horseman. His love for horses amounted to a passion. He would have nothing but the finest blood on his place. He considered it a defect in his sons not to ride well, and was in the habit of making them break his colts, until upon one occasion, when a dare-devil filly was to be broken and two of the boys, Pickens and Pierce, were drawing lots to see who should have the honor of doing it, Mrs. Butler interfered, saying she could stand it no longer; that they were her children as well as his, and if the filly was to be broken, why not let the negro boys do it? General Butler yielded, carelessly remarking in a humorous tone, with a smile playing around his mouth, "Well, my dear wife, be it so, but it would not hurt the boys to be thrown off, as the ground has just been freshly plowed." "No, mother," exclaimed the boys at the same time, "a little exercise today would be beneficial." At one time he was engaged upon the turf, and was in most cases successful. Upon one occasion, when he had entered into an engagement to run a race, some circumstance happened, by his financially assisting a friend, that run him short. Under the circumstances, however, as his word was his bond, he put up as a *bona fide* collateral a favorite family body servant, whose name was Will. It annoyed him in no small degree that he had to put him up. But the vulgar adage runs, "Fortune favors the brave," so it seemed with him. He won the race. It was his last.

Returning home satisfied and rejoiced, he communicated to his wife what had taken place. Upon hearing his statement, she read him a curtain lecture on the evils likely to result from horse-racing and gambling, and then solicited a pledge from him to the effect that he would never run another horse race or gamble. Forthwith he gave his pledge never to be guilty of the like again.

Having retired from all public business, and in a great degree having abandoned the most of his old habits, as horse-racing and sporting in general, he became almost a stranger in the midst of society, amusing himself with agricultural experiments, and in trying to promote the happiness of his children and domestics, friends and neighbors. His health, which for some time had been delicate, owing to the exposure and hardships endured during the war, gradually declined and he passed away on the 23rd of September, 1821, in the beginning of his sixty-third year, with remarkable calmness, composure and dignity,

> "Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

While he left but little of anything that can be gathered from historical statements that is and was remarkable and more wonderful than can be said of thousands of others, yet what may be and has been penned by his son, as well as confirmed by many old citizens, who well recollected of him in the years gone by when I made inquiries, was that he was a man of note and decided mark in his day and time.

General Butler was a man of but little education, yet of strong impressions and great self-reliance. One strong peculiarity marked his public, as well as private character, which it would be well for many of the members of the Legislature, as well as of Congress, of much less calibre to model after. He had an utter contempt for long letters and long speeches. He frequently, when conversing on this subject, alluded to John Rutledge as one among the best speakers he ever heard, commending him chiefly for his brevity. He himself, whenever he addressed his constituents or an assembly, always made brief, pointed speeches, and he never wrote a letter over a page long, and that to the point. His sheriff books were a model of official exactness. During his life neither gain nor personal aggrandizement had any power to

bend his principles and independence. In his political conflicts, no breath of suspicion ever assailed his integrity or dimmed the escutcheon of his honor. He could not have been induced to vary on any cherished opinion, except confronted by sound reasons, for the highest positions. Fawning and flattery were foreign to his nature. Keenly alive to any breath upon the purity of his motives, ancestry or character, he took no pains to cultivate notoriety. He was no literary scholar nor fluent orator. Though his connection with most of the events narrated was a subordinate one, yet he always had his own decided, determined opinions. Possessed of an excellent judgment, trained and educated in the academy of common sense, and graduating in the college of experience, which to mortals is a blessing and providence, he might truly be put down as a scholar of rare and undoubted might. As to his courage, he was as brave as humanity could possibly be. He had his faults; it would be fortunate for any of us who could be charged with less, but the error and frailty which belonged to him often took their color from virtue itself. On these he needs no silence, even if the grave, which has long been closed over him, did not refuse its echoes, except to what is good.

His reputation was the product of no hot-bed appliances, as used at the present day, but slowly and noiselessly it grew, strong and high, like the tall pine of his native country and State, whose head revels proudly in the sweeping winds. As an officeholder, he was courteous, respectful and attended to the wants and requirements of his constituents. As a citizen, he was law-abiding, loyal and true. As a son, obedient and submissive. As a brother, his love was like that of Jonathan for David. As a husband, he was affectionate, devoted and constant. As a father, kind, loving and considerate, though he was absolute master of his household, making his children entirely subservient to his commands. As a friend, though his friendship was not demonstative, yet it was strong and enduring. As a foe, he was manly and honorable. As a man, would there were more like him.

Silently in the deep stillness of that dreamless state which knows no waking earthly joys again, he reposes in the old burying ground on Big Creek, in Edgefield District, S. C., while from the silence of the tomb and from the dust and bones that may lie in the coffin that contains them, there come forth lessons of warn-

ing and admonition, speaking in tones of thunder, fraught with experience and wisdom to the youth of his native State, who are just entering private and public life, with all its temptations and seducements before them; that there are tricks and shams and intimidations that are and will be set as pitfalls in their paths. With much that may be noble and inspiring about them, there are and will be manifold inclinations to sloth, to fickleness, and it may be to corruption. Who can tell whether some of them have not already set their feet in the way that leads down to moral death? They need the tones of that voice, whom we are now reviewing, which never directed the coward's retreat, the splendid calm of that clear face and blue eyes, that kept its serenity and brilliancy amid all dangers and difficulties in the times that tried men's souls, and when the battle by day or night around him was at its thickest. They need the actual sight of and association with all such as he was, who by example and precept will elevate their aims, establish their character and make them truly patriotically private as well as public servants for the public good. And for those who are connected with public affairs today, and who desire to maintain and preserve an honorable reputation, what better course can be suggested or given than for those to emulate the patriotism, the steadfastness, the courage, the manliness, the sobriety, the honesty and the justice of William Butler!

He speaks in characters that never die,
The human greatness of an age gone by.

MATTHEW CALBRAITH BUTLER

Gentleman, Statesman, Soldier, Matthew Calbraith Butler was born near Greenville, S. C., on the 8th March, 1836.

On the Butler side of the house he is descended from a distinguished family of heroes, soldiers, and statesmen. The Butlers were among the pioneers of South Carolina settling in the northern portion of Edgefield County, South Carolina. They came from Prince William County, Virginia. His great grandfather, Captain James Butler, died fighting for his country in the incipiency of the American Revolution. This Butler family can trace back to the Duke of Ormand, the great Royalist leader in England. His grandfather, General Wm. Butler, rose from a lieutenant to major-general, and was also very prominent in the legislative department of the State, and served thirteen years in Congress. He resigned his seat in Congress to give way to John C. Calhoun, who afterwards became the greatest statesman America ever produced. Dr. Wm. Butler was an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy, and while stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, met Jane Tweedy Perry, sister of Commodore O. H. Perry, of Lake Erie fame, and Commodore M. C. Perry, who first opened up our commercial relations with Japan. All readers of American history are intimately acquainted with the never-dying fame of these two naval heroes. Dr. Butler fell in love with Jane T. Perry, resigned from the navy, came South and settled on his father's estate on Saluda River, in Edgefield County. He lived on his plantation only a short while, finding it very unhealthy. Dr. Butler bought a place near Greenville, South Carolina, the foot hills of the Blue Ridge range of mountains. Here it was Matthew Calbraith Butler was born and named after his illustrious uncle, Commodore M. C. Perry. The Perry family came of a strong, sturdy Scotch-Irish family, claiming direct descent from Wm. Wallace, the great rebel, who defied the English Government and was hung as a rebel. Jane T. Perry's father was a Captain Perry of the United States Navy. People, like finely bred horses and other stock, are judged by their breeding, etc. In 1848 President Polk appointed Dr. Wm. Butler agent to

the Cherokee Indians out West. The family went overland in carriages and wagons. In this cavalcade Calbraith Butler, seventh child of Jane and Wm. Butler, drove a mule named Jerry, hitched to a one-horse wagon, from Greenville to Fort Gibson, Arkansas. The subject of this sketch remained out West till 1851. Commodore M. C. Perry had written his sister for one of her boys to educate, and Judge A. P Butler, of South Carolina, also wanted one. It was left to Calbraith to choose which of the two uncles he would live with. He selected Judge Butler, and he landed in Edgefield in the fall of 1851, though he had been on a previous visit in 1849. Judge Butler lived about five miles from the Town of Edgefield, and young Butler rode into school every day. He was a leader from his youth. Captain in all out-door sports, fair but full of mischief and fun. Professor Leitner, who prepared him for college, in conversation with his brother, the late Hon. W Z. Leitner, pointed to young Butler and said, "that boy will be a great leader of men," and in the language of the poet, "Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."

He entered the South Carolina College in 1854, but left after the junior year. He studied law under his uncle, Judge Butler, one of the leading lawyers in South Carolina, and a member of the United States Senate. The widow of old General Wm. Butler lived with her son, Judge A. P Butler, and it was her care and training—for she was known far and near for the beauty and grandeur of her character—which helped to form the young man's character as he was growing into manhood. After leaving college he studied law, was admitted to practice, and began his professional career at Edgefield, South Carolina. Soon after his admission he married Maria Calhoun Pickens, fourth child of Colonel F. W Pickens, afterwards governor of South Carolina. He served one term in the State Legislature, and before he could be reëlected the tocsin of the bloody War Between the States was sounded. He was elected captain of the Edgefield Hussars, and left home for the battlefield in Virginia, the seat of war. Few men ever served their country with more distinguished gallantry than did M. C. Butler. He rose from captain at the First Battle of Manassas to major-general of cavalry on the 25th day of August, 1864. There are few men in the United States who can boast a prouder family inheritance than General Butler. For

three generations his ancestors and relations on both sides of the house have been distinguished in public service as naval and army officers, judges, governors and United States senators. His father was a high-toned gentleman, possessing a tall and strikingly handsome person, and very popular with the people. All of these virtues and graces his distinguished son has inherited. At the desperate battle of Brandy Station, 9th June, 1863, he lost his leg. "One of the most dashing figures seen that day was Colonel M. C. Butler at the head of his regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry." Twenty-seven years of age, molded like an Apollo, with a face as sweet and handsome as that of any god of old, he sat his horse like a typical South Carolina cavalier; gentle as any fawn when comrades were assembled in social converse; fierce as a veteran grenadier when the foe was to be met face to face. But he lost with his leg none of that unconquerable dash and spirit that made him a very paladin in the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Returning to his command as quickly as his wound would permit, he was at once made brigadier-general and soon thereafter a major-general, and from that time to the end of the war his plume always showed in the lead, where the calm judgment of a soldier was needed or the dash of a knight ready to face any odds was called for.

The same cannon ball that maimed General Butler for life cut off Captain Farley's leg above the knee: Butler began to staunch the blood with his handkerchief and advised Farley how to do the same. Captain Chestnut, Lieutenant Rhett and other officers came running to Butler's aid, but at that moment he observed that Farley's dying horse was struggling and seemed likely to crush the rider. "Go at once to Farley," cried Butler; "he needs you more than I do." They did as they were bidden, and as Farley was placed on a litter he asked them to bring his leg and put it, too, on the litter. Then he said, "Now, gentlemen, you have done all for me that is possible. I shall be dead in an hour; God bless you for your kindness. I bid you all an affectionate farewell. Go at once to Butler." That evening General Butler's leg was dressed in the hospital just as poor Farley breathed his last. "Henceforth we shall not need to go to Sir Phillip Sidney for an example of noble self-sacrifice."

General Butler never ordered a soldier to go where he would not go himself. He loved his brave men and they loved him. He is one of the coolest men in danger that was ever seen in battle. On the morning of the 27th October, 1864, he got very angry with a man named Hunter, who, among others, was leading some horses too fast to the rear belonging to some dismounted men on picket who were stubbornly contesting every inch of ground with Hancock's advancing columns. After the riot act was so thoroughly read to Hunter by the General he (Hunter) behaved well during the rest of the day.

It was at the battle of Reams Station, 25th August, 1864, that General Butler won his spurs as major-general, when his dismounted cavalry took breastwork after breastwork and were complimented by A. P. Hill's gallant veterans. The scenes of that battle are so vivid and grand that it seems like yesterday to some who participated in it, and yet these yesterdays are

"Gone? yet with us still they stay,
And their memories throb through life;
The music that hushes or stirs today
Is toned by their calm or strife."

"Gone? and yet they never go,
We kneel at the shrine of Time;
'Tis a mystery no man may know,
Nor tell in a poet's rhyme."

General Butler's devotion to his men was beautiful to behold. He noticed a sick soldier one day on the battlefield and said to him: "Where will you sleep tonight?" "On the wet ground, General," was the reply. "Why," he said, "without tent or other covering you will die. I will go to that house over yonder and engage a room for us tonight, and you will sleep with me." General Butler's heart is as great, and cast in a mould as gigantic as his mind, hence a mean motive never entered his heart. In the secrecy of private life he is as tender as a child and as demonstrative as an affectionate woman. His manner is singularly gentle and courteous, while his bearing is so elevated and firm as to command respect, confidence and attachment—the many high instincts and impulses of his nature seem to be harmoniously blended and educated into principle.

Ex-Governor Perry, in writing to a friend, says that there was no officer of the Confederate Army more gallant or heroic than General Butler. In the invasion of Pennsylvania under Lee, the scrupulously honorable conduct of General Butler towards the citizens of the country through which the Confederate Army was passing drew from them the highest admiration, and since the war he has received their grateful thanks. One of the coolest things that was done during the War Between the States was accomplished by General Butler on the 9th March, 1865, when he rode up to General Kilpatrick's picket post about dark and told them that he was General Butler, and if a gun was fired he would have them shot. They did not shoot, but surrendered, and said that they belonged to the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, and the next morning, 10th of March, was when Butler rode over Kilpatrick's sleeping troopers and made Kilpatrick fly for his life. Kilpatrick said he was surprised when he heard the rebel yell in his camp.

After the war, General Butler came home to the desolation and poverty that inflicted his country and people and began the practice of his profession without a cent of money and with nothing but honor and brains. In the language of Ex-Governor Perry: "At the bar General Butler has shown in the argument of his cases great learning and the most brilliant talents as an advocate. In a celebrated libel case tried at Greenville some time during the Radical regime in South Carolina his speech was said to be, by competent judges, the most forcible and finished argument they had ever heard in a court of justice. Persons who had witnessed a similar trial at Anderson, in which Governor McDuffie made one of his greatest efforts, say, without hesitation, that General Butler's speech was greatly superior in every respect —more brilliant, more logical, more eloquent, more learned and more conclusive."

The case referred to was W E. Earle against Bailey, proprietor of the *Greenville Enterprise*, edited by S. S. Crittenden, a civil action for damages for libel and defamation of character, tried in April, 1876. The plaintiff's attorneys were Samuel McGowan, W D. Simpson and J. S. Cothran. The defendant was represented by M. C. Butler, M. L. Bonham and Wm. H. Perry. When General Butler had taken his seat after the conclusion of his

argument, W D. Simpson, afterwards chief justice, sent him the following from the opposite side of the bar:

"Dear Butler:

"That was the most powerful specimen of forensic eloquence that I have ever heard, and I congratulate you most sincerely.

"W. D. SIMPSON."

The ravages and demoralization of the war on the South have been too well told. Of course the aliens, carpetbaggers, thieves, etc., etc., scooped down on the helpless people and were more ruthless than the Pict, more faithless than the Saxon, more furious than the Vandal and more savage than all. These aliens, carpetbaggers and thieves invaded our soil and made desolate our land. They first invaded and laid waste their own consciences, and thus made reckless and desperate they destroyed our property, murdered our citizens and tried to steal everything in sight. Our people were subjected to the examination of United States commissioners notoriously venal and cruel. No opportunity was allowed them to prove their innocence; the slightest pretext sufficed to arouse suspicion, and, when this occurred, the arrest followed. Henceforth the prisoner was allowed no intercourse with his family; his papers were seized, his companions threatened; allowed only inadequate food; and when sleep, brought on by exhaustion consequent on these cruelties, came to his relief, he was suddenly aroused at midnight and urged, while in a state of half-somnolency, to confess, to give up the name of a comrade, or to sign a paper which would prove his ruin. During these terrible days General Butler was prominent in his efforts to free his people from the spoilsmen who urged the poor, free, helpless negroes on to murder, arson and the most terrible iniquitous outrages ever known in the history of any free country. He, with other leaders, argued, pleaded and pursued every conservative plan that could be suggested. He even went so far as to run on a reform ticket with Judge Carpenter, who was a Republican, hoping to bring about a better state of affairs; he was defeated in this most hazardous campaign. Reason, argument and every other peaceful plan was proposed with the hope of dividing the negro votes.

"*Peace* hath her victories
No less renowned than War."

At last General M. W Gary, also from Edgefield, a patriotic, able man who made a gallant record in the war, with General Butler introduced what is known to every South Carolinian as the Straightout movement. They called General Hampton from his Mississippi plantation and helped to nominate him for governor, and he was elected. But for General Gary and General Butler most probably General Hampton would have remained in obscurity on his Mississippi possessions. General Butler, after the victory of 1876, with other leading men became heroes. He went quietly back to his professional work after the hardships and trials of 1876. He was called from the quiet walks of life and put in nomination for the United States senate and was unanimously elected by the South Carolina Legislature. His seat was contested by one Corbin, a carpetbagger, but General Butler got it after two years' contest.

In 1876 General Butler was employed to prosecute a negro military company who refused to allow white men to pass through the streets of Hamburg, S. C. The negroes defied the law and killed a young white man belonging to one of the best families in the State, and this dastardly act brought on a riot in which the negroes were repulsed, and but for General Butler's presence quite a number of these misguided negrooes would have been killed. He was mercilessly slandered all over the country until he had an opportunity to explain while in Washington that his only weapon was a law book, and did more to preserve the peace and keep order than any other man in the State could have done, as he was the idol of the white people.

His career as a statesman began with his entrance into the Senate of the United States. General Hampton was his colleague for twelve years. General Butler did good work, debating and battling for South Carolina with much credit to himself and was considered one of the ablest and the handsomest man in the Senate. He was defeated in 1894—stumped the State and made the most gallant fight that could have been fought by any man. He wrote a letter to the secretary of the State Democratic Executive Committee urging said committee to allow the Democratic voters to cast their ballots for their choice for United States senator in a separate box. The letter was handed to the secretary of the Executive Committee on the 17th day of June, 1894,

the day before the campaign was opened at Rock Hill. No answer has ever been received by General Butler to his letter making this just request. The political machinery being at the time in the hands of his opponents, the people were denied the right of casting a ballot direct for their choice for the Senate, as they now have in the Democratic primary.

General Butler was a patriot when he entered the Senate and came out a national patriot. He left a high, honorable and patriotic record. He did not propound any visionary theories relating to the government, but he ably sustained himself and the honor of the body politic of his State and the nation at large. He ably repelled in debate every assault made on his Southland by prejudice and bitter partisan politicians. General Butler managed by his tact and magnetism to have and hold his warmest friendships among the Republicans.

After being nominated once in an open and fair fight before the Legislature, opposed by the ablest and most prominent men in South Carolina, viz.: McGowan, Connor, Gary and Youmans, afterwards he was nominated by acclamation twice. General Butler has often said that after his first term he would willingly retire but for the feeling of duty to the call of his country. In battle he is the bravest of the brave; in domestic and social life the gentlest of the gentle and the tenderest of the tender.

"Great in his triumphs, in retirement great."

A few months after he retired from the Senate he formed a law partnership with two distinguished lawyers in the city of Washington, D. C., under the firm name of Shelley, Butler & Martin. This new firm did a very lucrative business, and it was while thus pursuing the even tenor of his way that the President of the United States appointed him major-general in the United States Army, and his confirmation as such was unanimous by the Senate —not even referred to a committee—and he was commissioned 28th May, 1898. Thus we see the young and gallant major-general of Confederate Cavalry leading his ragged veterans on to victory at the battles of Reams Station, 25th August, and Bergesse's Mill, 27th October, 1864, thirty-four years afterwards a major-general in the United States Army, commanding the Second Army Corps. And owing to his long service as a member of the

United States Senate and his thorough knowledge of diplomacy he has been appointed on the Cuban Peace Commission and is now (1898-1899) attending to his arduous duties at Havana.

General Butler is one of the most charitable of men—always throwing the mantle of charity around some unfortunates who had fallen by the roadside. There is no general today who is more devoted to the Confederate soldier than he. God alone knows how many times he has helped old soldiers, whether they wore the blue or the gray, when overtaken by old age, disease and old wounds or some other cause.

"Now abideth faith, hope, *charity*, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

M. C. BUTLER.

[From The *Evening Record*, March 8, 1909.]

To that gallant soldier, patriotic statesman and delightful gentleman, M. C. Butler, on the 73rd anniversary of his birth, long life, good health and happiness!

Much history has been written since M. C. Butler first saw the light, on that beautiful hillside at the foot of the Blue Ridge, and in the making of that history he has played a conspicuous and an honorable part. Among the first to volunteer in 1861, he attained a rank which few of his years could hope to reach, and that only by worth and gallantry. After that struggle he was foremost in upbuilding what had been laid waste, and his services again received their due reward. In a still later struggle, he was chosen, as the representative of the South's soldiery, for high command in the army of a reunited nation.

The battles of youth are over now, and this soldier, statesman and gentleman has reached the age where he seeks only peace and comfort. May he find both in their richest fullness.

DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL M. C. BUTLER.

[Died 14th of April, 1909.]

Matthew Calbraith Butler, noble, valiant, distinguished, all-beloved son of Edgefield, lies dead in Columbia.

The passing of any set of actors in great public events from the stage of life always awakens in the human breast tender emotions

of reverence and regret. The last survivor of the Thermopylæ closed his eyes in eternal sleep amid the lamentations of the most chivalrous of heroic Sparta. The passing out of the last of the glorious "six hundred" who made Balaklava immortal caused a sigh to swell the bosom of the most reverent worshipper at the shrine of valor. The dying of the lone survivor of the "Old Guard" brought a tear to the eye of every Frenchman who gloried in the brilliant record of Napoleon. The last survivor of those who dared to sign the Declaration of Independence went down to his final rest amid the lamentations of a devoted country, which dates its birth at the moment when his hand had set its seal to the most important document executed in the eighteenth century.

The funeral dirge of the last patriot of the army of Washington touched the tender sympathies of the young Republic and awoke emotions of patriotic repining that the last of the army which achieved the independence of this great nation had folded his arms and had passed from earth to join his long lost comrades, and that, of all the Continental army, there remained not one to see the glories that were to come, or to recount to posterity, which had come up to possess the land, the story of its redemption.

As these men were remembered and honored, so let Edgefield remember and honor Matthew Calbraith Butler.—James T. Bacon.

GENERAL BUTLER.

Banners drooping low o'er the Hero's head,
  Laurel leaves are falling, gently, slowly,
Upon the bier of Carolina's dead,
  And veterans weep, for thy tears are holy.

Oh! knightly Warrior! no more! no more!
  Will thy tranquil eyes look on sabre's flash;
No more you'll hear the cannon's awful roar
  Or soldier's moan, 'mid battle's din and crash.

For the tender Shepherd, the "Prince of Peace,"
  Hath softly touched thy noble, God-like brow,
And gives to thee from all thy pains surcease
  And bids the Soldier, "Rest arms! slumber now."

In story and in song, the Hero's name
Will live, and banners with their weight of tears
Droop low, for ah! the glory of his fame
And valiant deeds will outlive all the years.

ELLIE BROOKS JONES.

15 April, 1909.

[From *The State*, April 2, 1909.]

Was ever there a more brilliant young general than Matthew Calbraith Butler? Was ever there a more daring, more dashing, and yet more thoughtful cavalry leader? Did not his personal bravery add lustre to the achievements in battle of Southern soldiery? Therefore should he not be heard when he speaks of those times?

Yesterday, pain racked as he is, on a bed of illness in which he is fighting with coolness and gallantry, perhaps another losing fight, he thought again of the cause of erecting a monument to the women of the Confederacy, which cause already he has indorsed and espoused, and sent his check for $10 with the expressed hope that soon, yea very soon, his comrades all and their sons would give according to their means.

EDGEFIELD HUSSARS

Edgefield, S. C., Thursday, June 6, 1861.

The "Edgefield Hussars," commanded by Captain M. C. Butler, left here today for Columbia to join the Hampton Legion. The company numbered about fifty, but are to be joined on their route by some twenty-five or thirty more. A large turnout of citizens, including a brilliant array of ladies, honored the hour of departure of this company of gallant troopers with their presence, it having become known that the company would leave here in a body. At half-past ten o'clock the company was formed in front of the Planter's Hotel on the public square, which was full of the fair sex, and Captain A. J. Hammond, formerly captain of the Hussars, addressed the company in a most appropriate and forcible speech. His remarks filled the company with emotions and melted his audience to tears. He was accompanied in his position before the company by the venerable and patriotic Major George Boswell, who in years gone by commanded the Hussars.

After Captain Hammond concluded his soul-stirring speech, Captain M. C. Butler came forward, mounted on his spirited steed, in his brilliant uniform, the picture of a soldier, and said in substance:

"Ladies and Fellow-Countrymen: The feeling and patriotic remarks of Captain Hammond, to which we have just listened, certainly is cheering to us, and in behalf of this company, which I have the honor to command, I thank him and this lovely array of our beautiful women who have honored us today with their presence. In these ranks many of you have sweethearts, brothers and husbands, and we go to the tented fields in the defense of our homes and firesides against the invasion of the hireling foe, whose only desire is for beauty and booty. We will go to the front, remembering that we are all Carolinians, and we will return as honored soldiers or fill a soldier's grave. We thank you for your deep sympathies. It is ours to act, and not to speak. You will hear from us. Farewell!"

The Hussars then filed off and left amid the adieu of their many friends.

THE WAR RECORD OF TWO BRAVE CONFEDERATES, A CAPTAIN AND A PRIVATE, AND A COLLOQUY BETWEEN A MAJOR AND A SERGEANT

There were days when the Confederate soldier was not certain whether he would dine or not, but, being mostly young, he was hopeful, and being hopeful, courageous.

It affords me great pleasure to certify to the record of Captain John Meighan, Troop C. Second South Carolina Regiment, Confederate States Army, as one of good and efficient service rendered throughout the War between the States North and South.

I knew Captain Meighan from the date of the assignment of his regiment to the command of General Wade Hampton in the Army of Northern Virginia, first as part of the Hampton Legion Cavalry, afterwards as part of the first brigade of cavalry, known as Hampton's Brigade, afterwards as part of the First (Hampton's) Cavalry, Division Army Northern Virginia.

I was at first adjutant of the Hampton Legion, then adjutant-general of Hampton's Cavalry Brigade and afterwards adjutant-general of the First (Hampton's) Division of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and in these official positions I knew of Captain Meighan's service and of the estimation in which he was held by General Hampton and his other commanding officers as well as by his brother officers and the men of his own troop and regiment, as well as those of other commands in the service—and am able to testify to his four years of gallant, patriotic and devoted as well as efficient service.

(Signed) THEODORE G. BARKER.

Charleston, S. C., 1 Feby., 1905.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of Major Theodore G. Barker, the former adjutant of the Hampton Legion and later adjutant-general of Hampton's Cavalry Brigade, A. N. V.

I knew Captain John Meighan when his troop was attached to the Legion. I remember him as captain of Troop "C," Second South Carolina Cavalry, Hampton's old brigade, and I can most cheerfully endorse the sentiment expressed in the certificate annexed.

His gallantry was recognized throughout the Cavalry Corps of the "Army of Northern Virginia."

(Signed) B. W TAYLOR,
Asst. Surgeon Hampton Legion.
Surgeon Hampton's old Brigade.
Surgeon Hampton's Division.
Surgeon Hampton's Corps.

Columbia, S. C., May 8, 1905.

Captain John Meighan, Troop "C," Second South Carolina Cavalry, served under my command in the "Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A." During the War Between the States there was no braver, more faithful, conscientious officer or soldier in the Confederate Army. Always ready to discharge his full duty in any emergency, whether in battle or otherwise. I justly and confidently relied upon his courage, judgment and pluck under all circumstances, and cherish his memory as a gallant comrade and friend.

(Signed) M. C. BUTLER,
Maj. Gen'l., C. S. A.

November 15, 1905.

John Meighan commenced his service in the Confederate Army as First Lieutenant "Congaree Mounted Riflemen" of Columbia, S. C. The company was first ordered to Charleston prior to the fall of Fort Sumter. After the reduction of that fort Colonel Wade Hampton was authorized to raise a legion consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery. This was accomplished, and this company became a part of the cavalry constituting that legion. After the first battle of Manassas it had been determined to create a brigade of cavalry, which Wade Hampton was to command; however, the plan did not materialize until after the great battle of Seven Pines. For gallantry displayed by Hampton and the Legion, the commission of brigadier was conferred upon him by the Congress of the Confederate States. The cavalry of the legion was consolidated with other companies, and became the Second South Carolina Cavalry. M. C. Butler became colonel September, 1862; Frank Hampton lieutenant-colonel. At the battle of Brandy Station, in a hand-to-hand conflict with a Yankee officer, Colonel Frank Hampton was shot through and through the body by another Yankee private who attacked him from the rear. Colonel Hampton rode nearly a half mile before his horse fell under him, both horse and master died from wounds received that day. This battle occurred June the 9th, 1863. I mention this incident because Colonel Hampton and Captain Meighan had been friends for years. The regiment served in Virginia until Butler's new brigade relieved them in 1864 here in Columbia. The Second Cavalry were then ordered to the coast of South Carolina, where they did splendid service until Sherman's advance through the Carolinas, when they were ordered to Wilmington, N. C., and finally surrendered with Johnston's Army at Greensboro, 26th April, 1865.

This anecdote was told me by General Hampton more than once.

In 1862 as Hampton was withdrawing through the streets of Frederick, Md., the Yankees pressed so closely upon his rear with infantry and artillery that he found it necessary to check their pursuit in order to insure orderly withdrawal of his brigade. The Yanks had planted a gun in the suburbs of the city and were firing along the street through which Hampton must pass. The gun was supported by the Thirtieth Ohio Infantry and by two companies of cavalry. Colonel M. C. Butler, of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, was directed to attack.

Captain Meighan's squadron made the charge, supported by the brigade provost guard of forty men, under Captain J. F. Waring. Captain John Meighan rode over the gun, dispersed its support, and captured the officer in command (Colonel Morse of the Thirtieth Ohio) and seven other prisoners. He might have brought off the gun had not five of its horses been killed in the fight. This sharp action protected Hampton's rear, and his brigade was slowly withdrawn to Middletown, leaving the Jeff Davis Legion and two guns, under Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Martin, to hold the gap in the Catectin Mountain.

(Signed) WADE HAMPTON MANNING,
"Orderly" Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton.

Columbia, S. C., 4 March, 1905.

Major John Meighan was born in Drogheda, Ireland, 11th December, 1817, and came to Columbia, S. C., in 1845. When the war lighted up he was a member of the large shoe firm of G. M. Thomson & Co. He died 29th June, 1901. His devoted wife, two accomplished daughters and his handsome son, Major Hugh Meighan, the cashier of the Carolina National Bank, survive him. Major John Meighan was the very soul of honor.

A Short Sketch of the Confederate Services of Gallant Phil Hutchinson, "The Scout"

When South Carolina seceded on the 20th December, 1860, the subject of this sketch heard about it on the 22nd, and on the 23rd he mounted his horse and joined the Rutledge Mounted Riflemen, which was raised by Captain W L. Trenholm. He remained with this command until after the fall of Fort Sumter. The Yankees being scarce in South Carolina then, he left this command and enlisted in the Washington Light Artillery, of the Hampton Legion, Stephen D. Lee, captain. Upon the organization of the Legion, this glorious command was ordered to Virginia, where Phil Hutchinson remained until after the seven days' battles around Richmond. McClellan's Army being shattered, he resigned as lieutenant in this battery, afterwards known as Hart's famous battery, and returned to South Carolina and joined the Charleston Light Dragoons as a private in that famous and historic old troop—the oldest in the United States (organized in 1733), which was known as Troop "K," Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, of Butler's old brigade.

On the 22d October, 1862, the battle of Pocotaligo was fought by Colonel W S. Walker with a small force of infantry, dismounted cavalry and sections from two batteries of artillery, amounting in all to 675 men and officers. A Federal force of 4,448 of all arms, under the command of Brigadier-General Brannan, met them. Walker's force consisted of a part of Nelson's battery, two sections of Elliott's battery and the following commands: Major J. H. Morgan's Battalion of Cavalry, the Charleston Light Dragoons, Captain Kirk's Partisan Rangers, Captain Allston's Company of Sharpshooters, Captain D. B. Heyward's Company of Cavalry, and Captain A. C. Izard's Company of the Eleventh South Carolina Infantry. Major Joseph Abney, with two companies of his battalion of sharpshooters, did excellent work.

Nelson's battalion came up just in time, 200 strong, under Captain W. H. Sligh, on Walker's right and swelled the gallant little band to about 800 men. Half of Sligh's command, under Captain J. H. Brooks, took position and opened fire from the woods fringing the Pocotaligo River. All of these troops behaved gallantly.

Phil Hutchinson was curious to know how many Yankees were in the fight, so he walked along a causeway which looked like certain death to attempt. He got a good view of the Yankees, and they got a better one of him, and fortunately they did not kill him. He promptly reported the Yankee situation to Colonel Walker, who then knew exactly where to concentrate his fire, which made General Brannan retire to his gunboats in quick order.

Major Morgan was severely wounded in this fight and was one of the best officers in Butler's old brigade. He was shot in the heel in the battle of Gravel Run, Virginia, 23d August, 1864. After his leg was amputated, he said immediately to Wallace Miller: "I can kick like hell with the stump yet, Wallace."

General M. C. Butler was made a brigadier-general on the 1st September, 1863, and selected from the coast of South Carolina three cavalry regiments, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth, which was known throughout the Army of Northern Virginia as Butler's famous brigade.

In the battle of Hawes Shop, which occurred on Saturday, the 28th May, 1864, Phil Hutchinson behaved with much distinction until late in the day, when he received a wound that laid him up for three months. Upon his return to the "Army of Northern Virginia" General Hampton appointed him as one of his scouts. When a man got such appointment from Hampton or Butler it simply meant he was cool and courageous at all times. No ordinary man could fill the position.

During Phil's absence his friend J. W Boone took charge of his horse, and was killed and his horse lost. So this scout immediately bought a horse for one thousand and fifty dollars, and after receiving the necessary passports went forward to join Sergeant Shadbourne, and after wandering and hunting between the lines for two days he succeeded in locating and joining Shadbourne. They soon located a squad of Yankees. When the charge was made, Phil's horse held a very high head and received a bullet in his throat which killed him, so he (Phil) was afoot again. The Yankees outran them and got away.

Just three days later they decided to charge a picket post, and captured about twenty horses and took the entire squad of Yankees in out of the dew—I mean all that were not killed in the fight got safely to Libby Prison. When the prisoners were counted, only one answered to roll call. As the Irishman said, "those that did not surrender were speachless." These scouts had a great many narrow escapes. Whenever they would lose a horse, they knew where the Yankee picket posts were located, and lost no time in getting remounts.

In April, 1864, General Hampton saw Wallace Miller in Columbia, S. C., on a beautiful thoroughbred mare and suggested that as he was going back to Virginia as a scout to return the animal to the plantation to raise colts, for the war would last at least ten years longer, and also said to Miller that the Yankees had good horses, and "you scouts know how to get them," and he acted as suggested.

Phil Hutchinson had accomplished such good work that in December, 1864, General Hampton approved his application for a short furlough. Soon after the furlough was granted, Hampton and Butler were ordered to Columbia, S. C., where Phil and his brother scout, Joel R. Adams, reported to headquarters with fresh

horses, and with other scouts kept Hampton and Butler thoroughly posted as to the movements of the enemy from January, at Columbia, to the end of the war through South and North Carolina. In that beautifully written little book, a sketch of the "Charleston Light Dragoons," by Edward L. Wells, I copy the following:

"The Dragoons who were with the army were surrendered by Johnston. They were formed in line and the momentous news announced. Hutchinson (Phil Hutchinson), who had done notably good service at Pocotaligo, had been wounded at Hawes' Shop, and had afterwards, as already related, performed severe duty as a scout, burst into tears, threw his hat passionately on the ground, and spoke wild words. There were many instances of the same kind."

General Butler had the most remarkable memory for faces, names, dates and horses.

The following incident, not altogether without its humor and pathos, serves well to illustrate the keen observation and thoughtfulness of General Butler. Late one afternoon in May, 1862, shortly after the battle of Williamsburg, the Confederate forces having fallen back and gone into temporary encampment, General (then Major) M. C. Butler, riding along at the head of a company of cavalry, met a rider on a gray horse, with a bag of corn in front of him. He accosted him and the following colloquy took place:

"Who are you?"

"I am First Sergeant Y. J. Pope, of Company E, Third South Carolina Infantry, of Kershaw's Brigade, which is encamped about a half-mile distant."

"Where did you get that horse?"

"Colonel William Drayton Rutherford, of the Third South Carolina Regiment, captured him on the battlefield of Williamsburg, and knowing that on account of a spell of typhoid fever I was unable to walk a long distance, he turned the horse over to me that I might keep up with the regiment."

"That horse belonged to one of my men, Boggs, of the Brooks Troop of the Hampton Cavalry, who was killed at the Battle of Williamsburg. That horse could be sold and the money sent to

his widow at her home in Greenville, S. C. I wish, however, that you will keep him until tomorrow, when I will send for him."

To this the rider readily consented. He rode the horse back to camp and cared for him during the night, and next morning turned him over to General Butler.

Little did these two then young soldiers think that they would be so severely wounded and survive the war and fill with such distinction two of the highest positions within the gift of the people. The then Orderly Sergeant Pope was fearfully wounded several times. His first was received 13th December, 1862, at the Battle of Fredericksburg; at the Battle of Gettysburg, 2nd July, 1863, a bursting shell gave him four wounds; afterwards, on the 19th September, 1863, at the Battle of Chickamauga; then at the Battle of Berryville in September, 1864, a minnie ball passed through his cheek and out of the mouth, and again on the 19th October, 1864, at Cedar Run, Virginia, when a bullet destroyed his left eye and lodged in his head.

Since the war he was mayor of Newberry, county judge of Newberry, State senator, attorney-general, associate justice, and is now (1908) the able and accomplished chief justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. He is acknowledged as one of the ablest stump speakers in the South.

Major M. C. Butler commenced his army career as captain, 12th June, 1861; major, 21st July, 1861; colonel Second South Carolina Cavalry, 22d August, 1862; brigadier-general, 1st September, 1863; major-general, 19th September, 1864; lost his right leg 9th June, 1863, at the Battle of Brandy Station. After the war, served eighteen years as United States senator (1877 to 1905), and on the 28th May, 1898, was commissioned by President McKinley as major-general in the United States Army in the Spanish-American war, and is today one of the most prominent lawyers and statesmen in the United States. During the three terms that he served in the Senate, he was the handsomest member, the best diplomat that South Carolina ever sent to the Senate and one of the best orators, in this the most distinguished body on earth. By his eloquence and persistent work he got the bill through to put the jettys in the Charleston, S. C., harbor, and did more to establish the navy of the United States than any other man, except Senator Hale.

GENERAL BUTLER'S NARRATIVE

Descriptive of an Event During the Evacuation of Yorktown by the Confederates in May, 1862

It will be remembered that General Joseph E. Johnston, who at that time commanded the Army of Northern Virginia, withdrew his forces in the winter of 1862 from the lines in front of Manassas, and reinforced General John B. Magruder, in command of the troops on the peninsula of Virginia, with his headquarters at or near Yorktown.

Magruder had fortified his lines with very heavy earthworks, forts and entrenchments, and they were strengthened on the arrival of General Johnston with his reinforcements, so that from the York River on the east, to the James River on the south and west, there was a strong line of defensive works. McClellan, the Federal commander, confronted Johnston with a powerful, well-equipped and disciplined army, with his base of operations at Fortress Monroe, and adjacent points, supported by a strong naval force in the adjoining waters. An examination of the map will show what a vantage ground he had; a powerful fortress and vessels of war in his immediate rear, with nothing to threaten or disturb his base of supplies, with two large navigable rivers on both of Johnston's flanks. Johnston had no naval support, none of account, with a long line of communication to his base, Richmond.

McClellan, however, must have concluded Johnston's position was too strong to be carried by direct assault, so he sat down in front of him, and began a siege by parallels, and no doubt would eventually have prevailed with his great advantage of position and marine support.

General Johnston realized McClellan's superior strategic position, with both flanks more or less exposed to attack from the Federal war ships, while he was receiving an attack in front, and decided to evacuate his works, and move back on Richmond. The retreat began on May 3, 1862. General G. W Smith had charge of the line of retreat on the York River side, and, I believe, Gen-

eral Longstreet on the James River side. At that time I commanded a battalion of four companies of cavalry, encamped at Whitaker's Mill, about three miles back of Yorktown.

In the order of march, I was assigned the duty of bringing up the rear of Smith's division, consisting of Whiting's, Hood's and Hampton's brigades of infantry and several batteries of light artillery. I trust I may be pardoned for this reference to myself, but it is necessary, to make my statement intelligible.

The general order, of which a copy was delivered to me, directed that Whiting, in immediate command of his own, and the other two brigades, Hood's and Hampton's, should follow D. H. Hill's division, that Hill would move at sunset on the evening of the 3d of May, and that I should bring up Whiting's rear with the cavalry. Whiting moved out about two miles from Yorktown on the Williamsburg road, and halted for Hill's departure. He sent me in to report when Hill had left. I accordingly rode into Yorktown between sunset and dusk and found Hill had broken camp. Everything was astir as Hill moved out, and I so reported to Whiting. Here was the beginning of my troubles for the night.

As I rode along the streets of this antiquated and celebrated town, a small boy, I suppose some drummer boy of Hill's division, yelled out to me at the top of his voice, "Look out, sir, a torpedo has been planted in front of you." I looked down and, sure enough, just in front of me I discovered the fresh earth where the boy said the torpedo had been planted. My horse's feet could not have missed it twelve inches, and, it goes without saying, I gave a wide berth to it afterwards, and required no further admonition to look out for fresh earth as long as I remained thereabouts that evening.

It was also provided in the general order that a "desultory fire" should be kept up by our artillerymen on McClellan's works until nine o'clock that night, so as to cover the retreat, when the gunners were to move rapidly out and join their commander. When the firing ceased, Whiting was to break up his bivouac and follow towards Williamsburg.

Inasmuch as we were to march in the night time, a night signal, of three claps of the hands, answered by three whistles, was incorporated in the order of march, so that we might distinguish friend from foe.

The night was quite cool, and Whiting had a blazing fire kindled in an open field, around which gathered Whiting, Hood, Hampton, several others and myself, awaiting the signal—the cessation of the artillery fire at Yorktown—we waited and waited and waited. The hour of nine had passed and still we could hear an occasional shot, until about midnight. I returned to my bivouac in the edge of an adjacent wood, and had just curled myself under a tree lap, with my saddle for a pillow, to snatch a brief nap, when, to add to the pleasures of the situation, a courier rode up with an order from General Whiting to report to him at once with a mounted detachment. I accordingly ordered out Captain McFie with about forty men, and promptly reported. He directed me to proceed at once to Yorktown, have the town and forts patrolled, and ascertain what the firing meant, that he had been notified would cease at nine o'clock. It was then after midnight and the "desultory fire" was still kept up.

Imagine the prospect of riding into and through a town in the small hours of a dark night, where I learned the deadly torpedo had been planted for the benefit of the incoming army. There was nothing else to do. When I rode into the town, and as I then apprehended "into the jaws of death," there was not a sound, not a light, except in a vacated hospital on the principal street. On examination the hospital was found to contain two contrabands—negroes—who were awaiting the arrival of their deliverers. Sending them to the rear was the work of a very few minutes. We continued our explorations through the town and below, to the main line of fortifications. The stillness and darkness of the place was dismal, oppressive, aggravated, and intensified by the contrast with the scene the last time I had visited it about sunset, when all was bustle and haste; and also by the crop of torpedoes, lurking, we knew not where.

There was no firing, no human being apart from our own detachment. Thinking, perhaps, our cannoneers might have mistaken us for Federal cavalry and concealed themselves, I dismounted, moved alone through the abandoned Confederate camp where the "A" tents left standing had been cut into shreds, and their tattered walls flapped listlessly in the night breeze. I climbed to the top of the fortifications and gave the night signal, but received in return not a sound. I could hear the rumbling

noise from McClellan's camps, as he was digging away on his approaches. Returning to the courier, McTear, who was holding my horse, I was just in the act of mounting when I observed a flash in the water, where the Federal fleet was anchored, and in an instant a meteor-like light described the arc of a circle in the heavens, and much quicker that it takes me to tell it, a huge shell exploded not more than forty feet from us. To say that we were demoralized by this sudden and unexpected explosion, so uncomfortably near, would be a very mild way of putting it.

This unwelcome messenger from the enemy's vessels explained the mystery. Our men had ceased firing at nine o'clock, but the cannoneers of the Federal fleet had not, and that is what misled Whiting and all of us. I need not say to any old soldier in this audience, we did not let the grass grow under our feet getting out of Yorktown that night, notwithstanding the budding crop of torpedoes. I, however, dispatched McTear in haste to inform General Whiting that the firing we had heard was from the enemy's vessels, and followed as rapidly as we dared, sending Lieutenant John T. Rhett with six men along the beach of York River to patrol that part of the town to make sure that there was no enemy lurking there.

Just before reaching the outlet through the entrenchments, or sort of sally-port on the upper side of the town, a very amusing but natural alarm occurred. We were moving along at a rapid walk in columns of fours, when Captain McFie, at the head of the column near me, knocked his pipe on the pummel of his saddle. The sparks dropped on each side, and as if by instinct, men and horses filed off suddenly to the right and left, imagining we had at last struck a torpedo. Happily it was a false alarm.

In a very few minutes we encountered another peril—in fact, it may be said it was a night of perils and a chapter of incidents. We had scarcely cleared the main entrenchment above Yorktown, when we were hailed by one of those threatening salutations, rendered almost weird and fierce by the "solemn stillness" of the night—"Who comes there?" Now, mind you, we had passed down this same road not more than an hour before this, perhaps not so long, and I had not been notified that any other Confederate was to be at or near Yorktown, and, as it turned out, the officer whom I met had no knowledge of our being there. So you

may imagine our mutual surprise. Fortunately, I had ridden a little in advance of the column after the pipe incident, and thus received the challenge in person. I replied in the usual way, "A friend with the countersign." The man had either not been informed of the night signal, or had forgotten it. He yelled out again, "Who comes there?" I replied again in tone and language, not as gentle as would be used in the boudoir of a fair lady, "Friend with the countersign; why don't you order me to dismount, advance, and give the countersign?" Meantime I was advancing, imagining I heard the click of his carbine. Finally I got near him and told him who I was. There was relief on both sides, for it turned out that the man was a vidette from the Tenth Virginia Cavalry. He informed me his regiment was just at the foot of the hill, and that he had been posted there by order of Colonel J. Lucius Davis—as gallant a gentleman as ever wielded a sabre. I found the Tenth Virginia, with men all dismounted, at a wharf or landing, destroying quartermaster stores.

Colonel Davis and myself exchanged greetings, and I passed on to report to Whiting. Not far from the wharf or landing, just south of it, was a newly built house, which, I was informed, was an ordnance storehouse, with fixed ammunition and other ordnance stores.

When we had proceeded about two hundred yards from where we had parted with Colonel Davis, we heard a loud explosion, followed by what appeared to be successive volleys of musketry—about where we had so recently left the Tenth Virginia. I was struck by surprise and bewilderment, as you may well imagine. I am sure not more than ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed since I had patrolled the town without finding the enemy, and a brief five minutes since I had made my parting salutations to Colonel Davis, and yet the indications were that he was being savagely attacked. I at once dispatched a messenger to him, saying I would return to his aid if necessary, and he desired it. Very soon the second mystery was explained. He sent me word he was not being attacked, that he had sent three men to destroy the ordnance storehouse, and when they pushed the door to enter, an "infernal machine" fixed there to catch the Yankees, had gone off, killed one of his men and wounded another. In addition to this, it had ignited the ammunition, which went off in volleys, and waked the echoes for miles.

We pushed on toward General Whiting, and had not proceeded far, when we encountered another "lone sentinel," who challenged me more fiercely than the first. This time it was an infantryman. I believe our "web-footed" friends say they are more dangerous than the "critter companies," but I had about the same experience with the foot soldier that I had with the cavalryman. We finally got by this trouble to encounter a more dangerous and threatening one—not that we could not have taken care of one man, but if a shot had been fired under the circumstances, it is difficult to say what would have happened.

The third and last "call" was from a company of infantry. The men were deployed across the fork in the road. It was fortunately getting a little light. The first streaks of the early dawn were breaking. The officer in charge, hearing the volleys from the column approaching from the direction of the enemy, naturally supposed we were enemies. His men had their guns cocked, ready to fire, when he recognized us. What a deliverance! I explained what might be regarded a "comedy of errors," but for the deadly work of the "infernal machine," and sought Whiting. Hood, Hampton and himself had been startled by what they supposed was musketry firing and were mounted, rapidly making their dispositions for a fight. Troops were deployed in line of battle, batteries stationed, ambulances and supply trains ordered to the rear, and the field bristled with bayonets. After learning the true state of affairs, breaking the line into columns and heading towards Williamsburg with a swinging stride, was the work of a few minutes.

After his column got fairly under way, Whiting sent me back to the vicinity of Yorktown. Halting on the hill where we first heard the ordnance house volleys, about sunrise I heard the shouts of McClellan's troops, when doubtless they were aroused by the work of the "infernal machine," and apprised of our departure. So that instead of forty-eight hours, it was not twelve before McClellan must have known of the evacuation. How long it might have been but for the "infernal machine," of course, is a matter of conjecture, but the facts are as I have related them.

The only criticism to which I think McClellan is amenable was that he did not have a flying column mobilized and ready to advance promptly and overtake Johnston's retreating army. I

brought up the rear of G. W Smith's command, Pender's regiment of Whiting's brigade holding the rear of the infantry column. We moved leisurely the entire day of the 4th of May, frequently halting at long intervals, and were not approached by the enemy until late that afternoon in the neighborhood of Williamsburg, which, as I now remember, is nine miles from Yorktown. About 4 P M., I was joined by Colonel J. Lucius Davis with his Tenth Regiment of Virginians, and Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards Brigadier-General W C. Wickham with the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, my battalion being still in the rear. We observed across a wide, open field a line of mounted skirmishers, deployed in perfect order, covering the entire field. I appealed to Colonel Davis, the ranking officer present, to be allowed to charge them with my four companies, but he would not consent, and the approaching line did not advance, but was content with firing a few shots at long range. We leisurely withdrew, passed Fort Magruder, and drew up in a line in an open field near Williamsburg. We had scarcely dismounted, standing to horse, when a messenger came at full speed saying General Johnston wanted the cavalry. To mount and be off in a gallop was a movement quickly executed. My command, happening to be nearest, and, therefore, the first to receive the order, took the advance.

General Johnston and his staff were standing on the roadside, not far from Fort Magruder, a strong earthwork occupied by McLaws' Brigade. General Johnston ordered me to report to General McLaws at the fort. McLaws pointed to about four squadrons of Federal cavalry drawn up in an apple orchard some three hundred yards north of the fort, and said, "I want you to drive that cavalry away." We made at them, put them to flight and drove them pell mell across a ravine very wet and boggy, many of their horses floundering in the mud, and captured seventeen men and horses. Pursuing up the other declivity we ran into their reserves, the United States Second Dragoons. The whole regiment then made for my four companies, and it came our time to get back. At one time we were mixed up with the Federals, and it was one of the very few occasions during the war that I ever saw an opportunity to use the sabre.

Night coming on, we retired to our bivouacs, for much needed rest and food for men and animals. The next day the battle of

Williamsburg was fought, but I will not attempt an account of that, as I fear your patience is fatigued already by too much detail.

The point I desire to bring out by this narrative is that forty-eight hours did not elapse before McClellan discovered Johnston's retreat. Second, that but for Whiting's naturally mistaking the "desultory fire" from the Federal fleet for that of our own artillerymen, he would probably have reached Williamsburg about the time he left the vicinity of Yorktown, and third, that the chances were McClellan would not have known of our retiring for several hours later than he did but for the explosion of the ordnance storehouse, and, therefore, the battle of Williamsburg might have been avoided.

Those familiar with military operations and how battles are fought, need not be reminded of what influence small accidents or incidents have on results,—often determining the fate of armies, and sometimes of governments and dynasties.

I remember it was said at the time, if the courier from Beauregard to Bonham and Longstreet occupying the right of our line at the first battle of Manassas, with an order to move forward their brigades had not lost his way, McClellan's army beaten by our left and centre, retreating towards Washington in confusion and panic, might have been intercepted and captured.

The failure of Fitz John Porter to receive Pope's order in time, as was claimed, or his failure to obey it, as was charged by Pope, was advanced by Pope and his defenders as the reason for Pope's loss of the battle of Manassas.

Many, many incidents might be cited to show what insignificant events effect great results. A case in point is of very recent occurrence, the shooting and attempted assassination of the Chinese Peace Envoy, Li Hung Chang, by a Japanese crank or lunatic, is said to have mollified the intense war spirit of the Japanese, and not only hastened the treaty of peace, but abated the terms and conditions contemplated by the victorious Japanese.

Many of you doubtless recall the graphic description given by Victor Hugo of the battle of Waterloo in his marvelous book, "Les Miserables." He represents Napoleon as having impressed a Belgian peasant, Lacoste, as a guide, and kept him by his side strapped to his horse. At the crisis of this great historic battle

on the result of which hung the fate of Europe, Napoelon is said to have asked the peasant guide a question, to which he nodded assent. Thereupon the Emperor ordered that celebrated but fatal charge of the cuirasseurs, the miscarriage of which turned the tide of battle against him. The inference was that Napoleon asked the unfriendly guide if the ground was suited for cavalry manœuvres, and the guide answered in the affirmative, knowing the contrary to be true, intentionally leading Napoleon into a blunder at a vital crisis.

Of course allowances must be made for the embellishments of a novelist, but, I believe, the facts he states are substantially correct, and Victor Hugo draws the conclusion from them, that not only was the battle of Waterloo decided, but the map of Europe changed "by the nod of a peasant."

After the battle of Williamsburg, Johnston's retreat into the fortifications around Richmond, the investment of that city by McClellan, the battle of Seven Pines, the wounding of Johnston and assignment of Lee to the command of the army, the sanguinary seven days' fighting at Mechanicsville, Fraser's Farm, Gaines Mill, Old Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, and McClellan's discomfiture and retirement to his gunboats on the James River, are matters of history.

There was one manœuvre in those series of brillant movements about which I have felt anxious to procure correct information without success—whether Johnston, before he retired from the command of the army, or Lee after he assumed command, conceived the strategy, by which Jackson crossed the mountains from the valley and struck McClellan such a blow on his right flank at Mechanicsville, and doubled it back on his center. Either of these great generals, both masters in the art of war, was capable of the brilliant conception, but I doubt if another living soldier could have executed it as did the immortal Jackson. My rank did not entitle me to the confidence of those entrusted with the conduct of military operations, but I remember the gossip in the army decided that Jackson was being greatly reinforced from Richmond to enable him to cross the Potomac and strike Washington in the rear. What must have been our surprise, then, and what the surprise of the Federals, when Jackson appeared suddenly and hurled his terrific thunderbolts against McClellan's right.

I do not recall any strategy of the war, or of any war, more brilliant in conception or more splendid and brilliant in execution.

McClellan has been charged with being slow of movement, over-cautious, wanting in boldness and audacity, but he was a great soldier, a profound student of the art of war, great in organization, discipline and perfection of his plans—active and initiative in their execution. It is no disparagement to the greatest soldiers on either side to say, in many respects he was the equal of the greatest of them.

It behooved him to be cautious and wary in the presence of such military giants as confronted him, and he furnished the best evidence of his high soldierly qualities, by the manner in which he extricated himself from the clutches of Lee and Jackson in the seven days' fighting, preserving the morale of his army under the terrible pounding of Lee's legions, always presenting a fierce, fighting line of battle, whenever the gauntlet was thrown down.

BUTLER AT CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

On the morning of the 9th of October, 1862, eighteen hundred cavalrymen were to rendezvous at Darkesville, Va. Six hundred of the best-mounted and most reliable men had been selected from each of the three brigades of Hampton, Fitz Lee and Robertson, and these detachments were commanded respectively by Brigadier-General Wade Hampton, Colonel W H. F Lee and Colonel William E. Jones. Major John Pelham commanded the four guns which accompanied the expedition. When the troops had assembled at the rendezvous, Stuart issued to them the following addess:

"Soldiers! You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to insure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision and bravery; implicit obedience to orders without a question or cavil; and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in bivouac. The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you. Suffice it to say, that with the hearty coöperation of officers and men I have not a doubt of its success—a success which will reflect credit in the highest degree upon your arms. The orders which are here published for your government are absolutely necessary, and must be rigidly enforced."

Every nerve of every man responded to Stuart's address. The command bivouacked for the night at Hedgesville, Va. On the morning of the 10th, Colonel M. C. Butler, of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, who led Hampton's advance, added to this party Lieutenant Robert Shiver, an experienced scout, and six picked men from his own regiment. Before daylight every man was in the saddle. Butler, at the head of Captain John Chesnut's company, was at the ford, listening for some token of Shiver and his men. Soon it came. Shiver had not succeeded in surrounding the picket, but he drove it in so rapidly that the fugitives were cut off from their reserve, and were unable to report the attack made upon them. One Federal soldier was wounded and several horses were captured.

At the first sound from the opposite side Butler plunged into the river and secured the ford, and the whole command made a

quick and quiet crossing. The advance was immediately pressed forward to the National Turnpike, which joins Hagerstown and Hancock, near which, upon Fair View Heights, was established a Federal signal station. Along the road, between three and five o'clock that morning, had passed General Cox's division of infantry. Butler reached the turnpike so close to his rear that he captured ten stragglers from that command. Butler's advance guard was completely equipped with boots and shoes at the expense of a Mercersburg merchant, who had no suspicion of the character of his liberal customers until payment was tendered in the form of a receipt required by General Stuart's orders. Stuart reached Chambersburg about eight o'clock on the evening of the 10th, in the midst of a drizzling rain. Two pieces of artillery were placed in position commanding the town, and Lieutenant Thomas Lee, with nine men from Butler's regiment, was sent forward to demand an unconditional surrender within thirty minutes under penalty of a cannonade. No resistance was made, and the troops were immediately marched into the town and drawn up on the public square. Colonel Butler was ordered by Stuart to enter the bank and obtain whatever funds were on hand. Accompanied by a suitable guard, Butler took possession of the building. The cashier assured him that the funds had been sent away that morning, and he opened the vault and drawers for inspection. Butler was soon satisfied that the statement of the cashier was correct. Reassured by the courteous deportment of Colonel Butler, the cashier, now that the search for money was ended, summoned the ladies of his family, and voluntarily brought forth food for the men, who, though hungry, had made no demand on him for the supply of their personal wants. Hampton was constituted military governor of the town and placed Butler in immediate command. The strictest discipline was enforced, and quiet reigned throughout the entire night.

As the day dawned on the morning of the 11th, the head of column started toward Gettysburg. Colonel Butler, who had held the advance on the previous day, now brought up the rear with the Second South Carolina Cavalry and a detachment of the First North Carolina Cavalry. He was ordered to destroy the advance storehouse, which contained a large amount of ammunition and other army supplies. Having made all necessary arrange-

ments, he started his own regiment on the march, retaining with him only Captain Cowles' detachment of the First North Carolina Cavalry. He then notified the residents in the immediate vicinity of his intention to fire the building, applied the match to the slow-burning fuse, and retired to the edge of the town to await the result. A loud explosion announced that the fire had reached the fixed ammunition, and in another instant the whole building was wrapped in flames. Satisfied that his work was accomplished, Butler hurried on to rejoin the command, which he overtook at Cashtown, seven and a half miles from Gettysburg. He did not leave Chambersburg until nine o'clock in the morning, and from this hour the duration of the return march is fairly to be computed.

White's ford was crossed by Stuart and all his command except Butler and his rear guard, who were fighting Federal General Pleasanton's cavalry. Pelham maintained his position in Pleasanton's front until all but the rear guard had passed when he, too, was gradually withdrawn from one position to another toward the ford. He was making his last stand on the river at the enemy approaching from both directions. Everything was ready for the final withdrawal except that the rear-guard—Butler's regiment and the North Carolinians—had not arrived. Courier after courier had been sent to hasten Butler toward the ford, but no tiding of him had been received. Captain Blackford had been stationed by Stuart at the ford to urge on the crossing and to prevent the men from stopping to water their horses. Stuart approached him, and said, with evident emotion: "Blackford, we are going to lose our rear-guard." "How is that, General?" asked Blackford. "Why, I have sent four couriers to Butler, and he is not here yet; and see, there is the enemy closing in behind us!" "Let me try it," said Blackford. Stuart paused a moment and then, extending his hand, said: "All right, and if we don't meet again, good-bye, old fellow," and in an instant Blackford was speeding on his mission.

Colonel Butler had brought up the rear the whole distance from Chambersburg, Pa. He had assigned the rear-guard to Captain Cowles and the North Carolina detachment. Before his rear had cleared the Poolesville road, Cowles notified Butler that the enemy had overtaken him and was pressing upon him. Butler

halted at once, and made disposition of his regiment and his one gun to resist or delay the further advance of the enemy. While thus engaged Blackford, who had passed in succession the couriers sent in search of Butler, arrived in hot haste with the news from the front, and all excitement with the intensity of the occasion.

"General Stuart says withdraw at a gallop, or you will be cut off."

"But," replied Butler, with his own inimitable coolness, "I don't think I can bring off that gun; the horses can't move it."

"Leave the gun," said Blackford, "and save your men."

"Well, we'll see what we can do," replied Butler. To the amazement of all, the broken down horses responded to whip and spur and the gun went whirling down the road, followed by Butler and his men. As he rounded theturn of the road toward the ford, Pennington saluted him with his guns, and as he approached the ford he was subjected to the distant and scattering fire of the infantry approaching from Poolsville and the lower river road. Ten minutes later, and he could hardly have cut his way through, even with the loss of his gun; but now a rapid dash through the ford, and the last man was safely landed on Virginia soil.

Stuart's joy at the successful termination of his expedition was unbounded, the enemy made no attempt at further pursuit, but approached the ford sufficiently near to receive a few shots from Pelham's guns and to hear the exulting cheers with which his men greeted Stuart as he rode along their lines.

His march from Chambersburg was one of the most remarkable on record. Within twenty-seven hours he had traversed eighty miles, although encumbered by his artillery and captured horses, and had forced a passage of the Potomac under the very eyes of forces which largely outnumbered his own. His only casualty was the wounding of one man. Two men, who, for some reason, dropped out of the line of march, were captured.

After a short breathing spell, the troops moved on to Leesburg, ten miles distant, where they bivouacked for the night and enjoyed well-earned repose, thence by easy marches they returned to their camps west of the mountains.*

*The above is taken from the "Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by Major H. B. McClellan, A. A. G.

Was it fate or was it peculiar fitness of the man that Butler always led our advance and covered every retreat?

Both Yankee generals, McClellan and Pleasanton, state the length of Stuart's march at ninety miles, and ten miles back from the Potomac to Leesburg, Va., made one hundred miles in twenty-seven hours that Stuart and his Southern cavaliers rode. A wonderful feat—considering all the obstacles.

But for the splendid courage of Bob Shiver and his six scouts in cutting off the pickets and making the ford clear, the whole expedition might have failed. In the language of General Butler, his scouts were the eyes and ears of his command.

When Butler was crossing the Potomac, riding behind the rear-guard, General Stuart met him in the middle of the river with hat in hand and said: "Well done, my brave boy."

The rear-guard under Butler destroyed at least a quarter of a million dollars' worth of war material at Chambersburg, and on this raid one thousand and two horses were captured and brought safely across the Potomac.

General Pleasanton told General Butler after the war that in trying to overtake our cavalry that every horse in his command was rendered unfit for service, and all his cavalry had to be remounted, which was promptly done by the United States government. But not so with Confederate cavalry, as every cavalryman had to furnish his own horse and equipments, and when a horse was killed or lost from any other cause, the rider had either to go to the infantry or get a remount at once. That was one reason why the Yankees lost so many horses at their picket posts. We had to have horses, and the United States government unwillingly furnished us with at least one-third of our horses, saddles, bridles and carbines and Colts army pistols and, last, but not least, blankets and haversacks.

DUMFRIES' RAID No. 1

A short time before the Christmas holidays in 1862 the scouts had brought information that quite a cavalcade of sutler wagons under military escort had left Washington or Alexandria for Burnside's Army in front of Fredericksburg, moving down the Telegraph Road. The wagons were loaded with "Christmas things" for the army at Fredericksburg, and General Hampton decided that the sutlers, quartermasters and commissaries from Washington ought to make a fair and liberal division with the "d—d rebels," as we were affectionately called in those days; accordingly he crossed the Rappahannock late in the evening, bivouacked for the night, and about midnight set out for Dumfries on the Telegraph Road. The weather was intensely cold and the night as dark as Erebus. Reaching the neighborhood of Dumfries before daylight, Hampton detached Butler with his own regiment, the Second South Carolina, and the First South Carolina, to move into the Telegraph Road at or below Dumfries, and attack any force in the town, while he made a detour to the left to strike the road above Dumfries towards Occoquan. As that would be the only avenue of escape for the enemy, if defeated by Butler, he expected to cut them off and bag the game between the two fires.

When Butler charged into the old town about the dawn of day, he found everything and everybody asleep. The wagons were packed in vacant lots with their teams, the teamsters and escort of about twenty-five troopers sound asleep under a large shed, near the principal street. The first salutation they received was a volley from Butler's force, which had charged up and surrounded wagons, teamsters, escort and all. To be thus rudely awakened was no doubt regarded as a very unceremonious performance. The stationing of videttes, some distance in all directions from the town to keep a look out, while the prisoners and wagons were cared for, was the work of a very short space of time. Butler immediately dispatched a courier to Hampton, informing him of the result of his onslaught, and General Hampton very soon joined him from three or four miles up the road

with the other regiments and battalions of his brigade. Butler had picketed along the Telegraph Road and Potomac River in the fall of 1861 and winter of 1862, while in command of the four companies of the Hampton Legion Cavalry, and was, therefore, very familiar with the highways and byways of the country.

The wagons were loaded down with almost every variety of goods, eatables, drinkables, confectionaries, buckskin gauntlets, boots, shoes, hats, choicest underwear, etc. As soon as General Hampton joined Butler from up the road, a division of spoils began, and whatever could not be carried off was destroyed.

Of course, the animals, wagons, prisoners and as much of the plunder as would not impede the return march were brought safely out. It is never safe to linger long so close to the enemy after an escapade like that, and as little time as possible was taken in getting back to the crossing of the Rappahannock. The next day there was a division of the spoils, and the "Rebel Cavalry" had never been so well supplied with gloves, boots, shoes, nicknacks of all kinds.

Where Burnside's cavalry was while this mischief in his immediate rear was going on nobody has ever found out.

General Butler has given the writer some amusing incidents of the first Dumfries raid.

In the division of the booty, he got as his share a splendid four-horse team and covered wagon, which he appropriated to his headquarters' use. I have frequently slept in this wagon. On the return march the owner, a prisoner, asked permission to see Colonel Butler, a request which was readily granted. The man said he was from Massachusetts, had every cent he owned—$5,000.00—invested in that wagon, team and goods, and wanted to know if Colonel Butler would not allow him to get at least a part of the goods; that he expected to make a small fortune in profits from Burnside's soldiers. He was very sympathetically informed that inasmuch as he would be a prisoner in Richmond in a very short time, it was not very clear how the "goods" could be of any benefit to him. The poor fellow subsided, a wiser if not a richer man. Such is the inexorable fate of many who risk their lives and fortune in war.

Another incident quite characteristic of "bent on treason, stratagem and spoils." After Colonel Butler had started his regi-

ment from Dumfries, remaining with the rear until the column had straightened out homeward bound, he moved toward the front, and about half way up the column he found one of his men moving along at a pretty lively gait with a large keg of butter. On inquiring what it meant, the man replied: "This is some of the plunder we took from the Yankees at Dumfries, and I am carrying it back to camp to divide among the boys." As the poor horse had burden enough without the keg of butter, the rider was ordered to dump it on the ground, much to the owner's disgust.

One of the surprising things in the military operations of that time was how General Burnside, after his crushing defeat at Fredericksburg, kept his army together. The demoralization was such that entire companies deserted and came over to our pickets with a white flag and asked to be paroled. Of course, it was the policy of the Confederate authorities to encourage the melting away of Burnside's army, and all but officers of post and soldiers were provided with forms of parole and instanter to parole every man who applied.

Dumfries' Raid No. 2

On the afternoon of the 26th of December, 1862, Stuart organized an expedition known among his men as the "Dumfries Raid," and with 1,800 cavalry commanded by Generals Hampton, Fritz Lee and W H. F Lee, crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford and encamped for the night at Morrisville. Early on the following morning the command moved toward the Potomac. While the two Lees were occupied on the Brentsville road in the vicinity of Cole's store, Hampton had pursued his longer march to Occoquan, which he reached about sunset. Colonel M. C. Butler charged into the town and drove from it a detachment of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, capturing eight wagons and nineteen prisoners. Hampton now withdrew and joined the other brigades at Cole's store. During the night the captured wagons and prisoners, together with two cannons whose ammunition was exhausted, were sent back to the Rappahannock under the escort of a squadron of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry.

Early on the morning of the 28th, Stuart moved forward to the Occoquan. At Greenwood Church Colonel M. C. Butler, with

150 men of the Second South Carolina Cavalry, was detached with orders to go to Bacon Race Church and endeavor to capture a body of the enemy reported to be at that point. Butler encountered cavalry pickets about a mile from the church and drove them back upon their support, which he found to consist of a considerable force of cavalry and two pieces of artillery. He had been instructed that the rest of the command would advance in the same direction, on a parallel road, and join him in the vicinity of Bacon Race Church. He therefore maintained his position in front of the force he had engaged, although exposed to a severe fire of the enemy's artillery. But events had carried the larger part of the Southern cavalry in another direction, and Butler in vain awaited the attack which he momentarily expected to be made by his friends, in which he was prepared to join. Not deeming it prudent to longer remain in this isolated position, he attempted to withdraw toward Brentsville by the same road on which he had advanced. He had moved but a short distance when he found the road occupied by a large force of the enemy; thus enclosed in front and rear, his position was critical, but by making a detour of three or four miles he eluded his enemies and safely rejoined his brigade at Selectman's Ford. Both Stuart and Hampton bestow praise on Butler for the manner in which he extricated his command. When Stuart got back to Culpepper Court House on the 31st December, 1862, his loss on the expedition was one killed and thirteen wounded and fourteen missing. The captured sutler's wagon proved capable of inflicting nearly as much damage as the rifles of the enemy. The federal loss exceeded 200 men.

About twenty wagons and sutlers' teams were captured.*

On this raid Marion Shivar, one of Bill Mikler's "Iron Scouts," while in front of a Yankee battery, stopped and attempted to take a dismounted brother scout up behind him on his old horse "Rebel"; when his saddle turned he deliberately got down and fixed his saddle, took his friend up and quietly rode off under artillery fire—a brave deed to save his friend. The winter of 1862 was a very severe one on our cavalry—particularly so in the Dumfries raid.

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*The above is taken from "The Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by H. B. McClellan.

General Butler gives an account of his experience on this same raid. He says:

"We crossed the Orange and Alexandria Railroad at Fairfax Station during the night and passed between Fairfax Court House and Washington, and about nine o'clock reached Frying Pan, where we halted for breakfast and rest of an hour or two. I had some very interesting talks with Governor Proctor, senator from Vermont, with whom I served in the senate (he is still a senator). He was colonel, or lieutenant-colonel, of a Vermont cavalry regiment. Our column passed between his regiment and Washington, very near where he was located for the night. He informed me he expected to be 'taken in' by Stuart; did not attack us, as he was quite willing to be let alone. The night was terrifically cold, and nearly every man in my regiment traveled on foot a good part of the night, leading their horses, to keep from freezing. We were thoroughly exhausted, having been in the saddle two days and nights, and I saw men, during a temporary halt on the march, throw themselves forward on their horses' necks and sleep apparently soundly.

"Just before daylight I dismounted, tramping along in the rear of my regiment. The First North Carolina was in front; I would almost lose consciousness and walk into the First North Carolina until aroused as to the situation. Walking under such circumstances was a sort of mechanical operation—and, as improbable as it may seem, we went through this experience after midnight. Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton was at the head of the regiment, and as day was dawning he sent a courier down the column after me post haste. I mounted and rode rapidly forward to ascertain what the matter was. As both the Lees happened to be ahead of us, I could not imagine the enemy had ventured out in front. As I rode up Colonel Hampton, who, you may remember, was a very large man, pointed out parties foraging from house to house. They were Fitz Lee's men. Colonel Hampton, who was a most gallant soldier and courtly gentleman, to whom I was most warmly attached, had just rallied from a 'horseback slumber' and imagined he saw army wagons and ambulances going over the hills ahead, and remarked to me: 'Butler, the Lees must have captured more wagons and ambulances than our brigade.' Upon my assuring him there were none

in sight, and that the men visible in the dim light were Fitz Lee's, he recovered himself and enjoyed the joke as much as any of us. The fact is a number of men were in a sort of delirium from the loss of sleep, myself among the number (we had nothing stronger than ice water and sleet to drink). But we were young in those days, and the short sleep we enjoyed after sunrise restored our vigorous manhood. I could tell you a good one on myself, but I have written more than I intended. Colonel Hampton got it back on me with a good laugh.

"If Tom Purdee is alive he could tell about it."

General John B. Gordon says that a Yankee officer told him after the war that one night in Virginia he went to relieve a vidette for a certain purpose, who had actually frozen to death at his post leaning against a tree.

It is hard to realize how the private soldiers suffered on both sides during this bloody and terrible war.

"There never was a good war or a bad peace."

General R. E. Lee evidenced his appreciation of the privates when he said to one of them who was standing near his tent, "Come in, captain, and take a seat." "I'm no captain, General; I'm nothing but a private," said the modest soldier. "Come in, sir," said Lee. "Come in and take a seat; you ought to be a captain."

Although playfully uttered, these simple words reflected the real sentiment of the great chieftain.

General Gordon says: "No language would be too strong, or eulogy too high, to pronounce upon the privates who did their duty during that long and dreadful war, who manfully braved its dangers, patiently endured its trials, cheerfully obeyed the orders, who were ready to march and to suffer, to fight and to die, without once calling in question the wisdom of the orders or the necessity for the sacrifice."

One dark night in the early part of 1863, Isaac Curtis, General Lee's famous scout, and Bolick, one of General Butler's scouts, dressed themselves up, each in a Yankee officer's uniform and rode by the Federal pickets right into the camp of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Regiment, within 150 yards of General Mead's headquarters and awoke five men from their slumber in this gallant old regiment, ordered them to be very quiet while saddling

their horses as they were needed for a special purpose. The order was promptly obeyed and after they had passed the Yankee pickets, going out back to our lines with their Yanks, one of them said to Curtis: "Ain't we prisoners?" and just as he said it, put spurs to his horse and away he went into the darkness. The others were told if they ran they would surely be killed. So the two scouts brought four men in blue, four nice horses with the usual brand U. S. on the left shoulder of each, four army saddles, bridles, blankets, carbines, army pistols, and four oil cloths. Not a shot was fired. This was simply a display of nerve and will power.

Lieutenant-Colonel John D. Twiggs, of the First South Carolina Cavalry, rode one of these fine horses until he (Colonel Twiggs) was killed.

Here is what a gallant colonel of Butler's Cavalry has to say about a private soldier who belonged to his regiment:

Charleston, S. C., 27th August, 1907.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Brooks: I have been reading with a great deal of interest the sketches from your book, as published in *The Sunday News*. All you said about Oscar Reid's bravery is true, and I have always thought that I sent him to his death. A few days before he was killed he was riding along behind General Butler, when they saw two Yankees crossing a field some distance away. Reid immediately leaped the fence and chased after them across the open field and captured them and brought them to Butler, who complimented him for the handsome manner in which he had done it. This incited Reid's ambition to win promotion. On the 18th March, the day before the battle of Bentonville, I had been sent down a certain road by General Butler with my regiment, and just despatched an officer with twenty men to pursue a group of horsemen down one road (this group I subsequently learned from prisoners, consisted of General O. O. Howard and his staff, who only escaped capture by running into the protection of a large Union force). While awaiting the return of this detachment, I was sitting on a log by the side of the road, and Reid was sitting beside me, while we held our horses by the bridles. We were speaking of Butler's compliment to Reid, when he said: "Colonel, I am going to win a commission; I am going to distinguish or extinguish myself." Just then a vidette came running in with the report that a squad of Yankees was advancing towards us by another road. I immediately ordered Lieutenant John D. Browne (our legislative sergeant-at-arms for so many years) to charge them with his company, and said to Reid, "Now is your chance, Reid; go with Browne." He mounted his horse with alacrity and dashed ahead, leading the charge, when a volley from the enemy, as they wheeled

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS

in full retreat, "extinguished" the life of the brave fellow. He was far in advance of the rest when he fell. Little did he dream a few moments before how strangely and suddenly he would be both "distinguished and extinguished."

If this reminiscence is of any use to you, here it is. I thought I would add interest to your story.

Yours cordially,

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS.

Colonel Zimmerman Davis was the last commander of the gallant old Fifth Cavalry Regiment. The chivalrous John Dunovant was its first colonel, who was killed in the battle of McDowell's farm, 1st October, 1864, as brigadier-general commanding "Butler's Old Brigade." The second commander was Colonel Jeffords, who was killed 27th October, the same day and month and year, at the battle of Burgesse's Mill.

Another brave boy in the war was the late Senator Edward Dennis, of Berkeley County. He belonged to Company F, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel Hugh K. Aiken's Regiment of the "Old Brigade," who was killed 24th February, 1865, in Darlington County. Edward Dennis, when just out of his teens, while in Virginia the latter part of 1864, took fever, and as soon as he could travel was sent on sick furlough to his home at or near Pinopolis, then in old Charleston District, now Berkeley County. About the time that the city of Charleston was evacuated in 1865, Dennis had recovered, and not knowing where his command was, he gathered together a squad of six men and operated on the Santee and Cooper rivers, in Old Charleston District. He was a terror to the Yankee raiding parties who gave the people of the section no end of trouble. Go to the old people now living in Berkeley County, and they will tell you of the blood-curdling things committed by "Potter's Raiders," and others in blue uniform just as bad.

But for Captain Dennis and his men, we do not know what would have become of the good people in that locality when their homes were invaded. The good people divided them into three classes of brutes—the white brutes, the black brutes and the mulatto brutes. Whenever these outlaws would go on one of their murderous raids, all that the good people had to say was, "Captain Dennis is coming," and they would scamper away like the devil was after them.

I venture to say that General Marion, during the Revolution, did no better work than Edward Dennis accomplished in the same length of time in this territory.

On one of these raids a big mulatto from Boston, Mass., at the head of fifty men, rode up to a beautiful mansion in St. John's, Berkeley, and notified the young ladies that they would have a "ball" at their home that night, and that they would have to dance with him. Word was soon sent to Captain Dennis, in the swamp, and about sunset Dennis with his little Spartan band met the Boston buck with his fifty men very near the house on his way to the "ball" coming down a long lane. Dennis told his men that he knew the horse the negro was riding, and as soon as the report of a gun was heard the horse would throw him certain if he (Dennis) missed him, and then with the "Rebel yell" he led the charge, killing the gentleman from Boston the first shot; and then the balance of the ballmen broke and ran, and for about three or four miles Dennis and his squad had fine sport shooting these demons, who would not surrender, but kept on running—that is, all who did not die in the lane. After the war one of these young ladies married a distinguished lawyer in the city of Charleston.

I traveled all over this territory in 1883, '84 and '85, and the marvelous things that these good people told me sounded like fiction which Captain Dennis with his squad accomplished.

Such people as the Porchers, Palmers and others of like character were loud in their praises of Edward Dennis. The Yankee raiders on one occasion went to Pineville, which is located about seven miles from St. Stephen's Depot, on the Atlantic Coast Line railroad, and took old Mr. Mazyck Porcher out of his house and made him walk twenty miles barefooted. In 1883 I spent the night with this same old gentleman, Mr. Porcher, at his home in

Pineville, S. C., who told me of his bad treatment, and he said with much feeling: "Sir, I have not spoken to a Yankee since this horrible outrage was committed, and never will so long as I live."

My old comrade and friend Dennis told me that Mr. Porcher lived to be almost ninety years old and kept his word.

Dennis made these villains suffer for their treatment of Mr. Porcher.

The day is not far distant when the good people of Berkeley will erect a monument to the memory of this gallant Confederate soldier, Edward J. Dennis, who died 22d day of May, 1904, just as the good people of the Peninsular in Virginia did to the memory of James Tradewell, a Columbia, S. C., boy, one of General Gary's scouts—who rendered the same kind of service that Edward Dennis did in old Charleston district.

In 1878 General E. W Moise was adjutant and inspector-general for South Carolina, who had in his office at that time a man named Paul Ludwig, who knocked Jim Tradewell down in the office because he came in drunk. Just then Wade Manning appeared and knocked Ludwig down, and as soon as he got up Wade floored him again, and then Ludwig seemed to be satisfied. Wade then told him that if he hit Tradewell again that he (Ludwig) would regret it.

How different Mr. Goldsmith was when he had a fight with Captain Dick O'Neale just after the war on Main street in Columbia, S. C. Dick O'Neale knocked him down two or three times, and then Mr. Goldsmith lay there, when some one said, "Why don't you get up," and he replied, rather abruptly, "What is the use? Why, every time I rise the d—d fool knocks me down again."

Poor Jim Tradewell has been dead about twenty years, and while on his deathbed sent for Captain John Taylor, his old comrade. John Taylor told me he never in all his life heard such a sermon from the lips of any one "On the goodness of God."

"The world is a bud from the bower of God's beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power."

THE STORY OF A SCOUT TOLD IN HIS OWN WAY

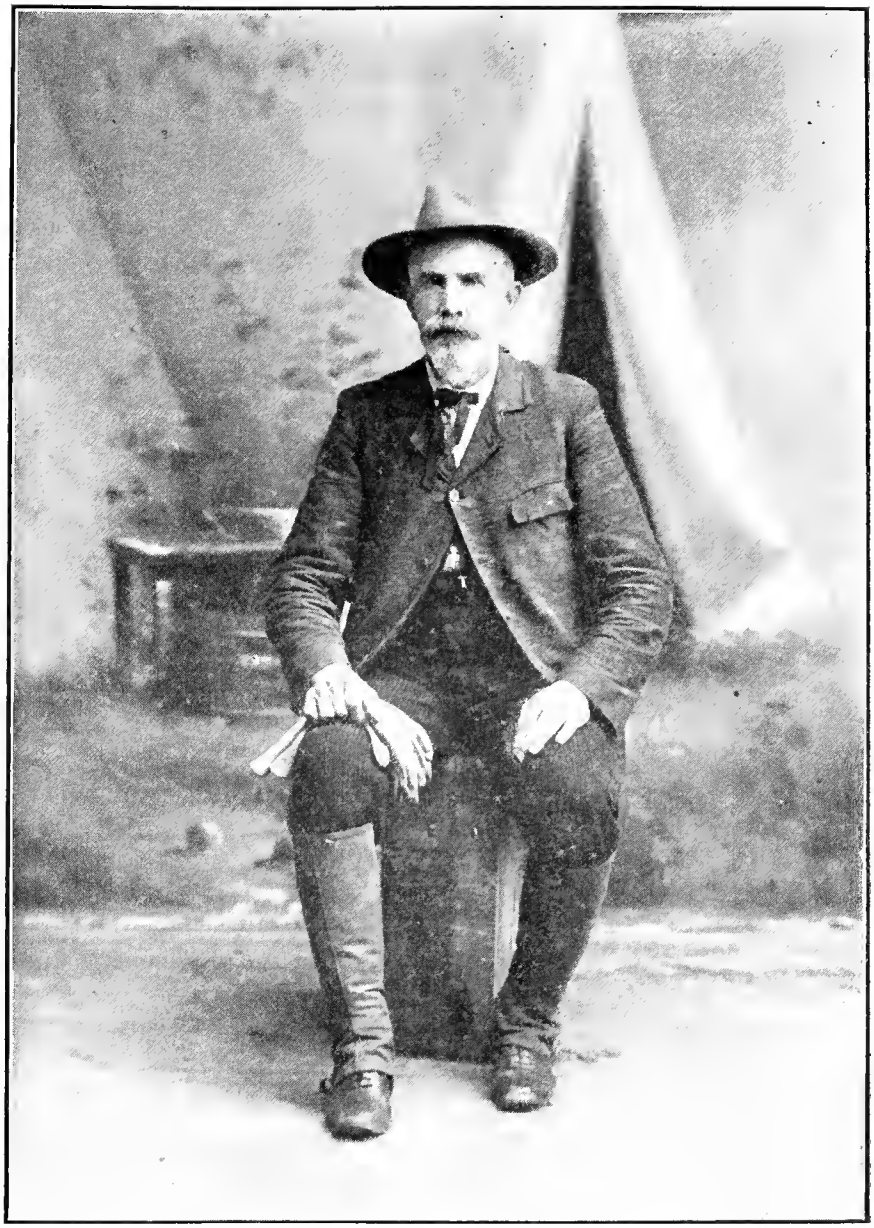
(HUGH HENDERSON SCOTT, Edgefield, S. C.)

I first entered the Confederate service in January, 1861, and was between sixteen and seventeen years of age. I enlisted in Gregg's First Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. I was on Morris Island, and Sullivan's Island a while. We were State troops then, and after the capture of Fort Sumter the call was made by South Carolina for volunteers to go to Virginia, and about half of the regiment went. I was one of them. I went there to serve, but was furloughed on the 14th day of July, just before the first battle of Manassas. I came home, got a horse and went back to Manassas and joined M. C. Butler's company at Bacon Race Church. He was then Captain Butler, and his company the "Edgefield Hussars," Hampton Legion. I served as private in that command until 1862, when I was detailed as a scout in "Hogan's Squad of Scouts" for General Wade Hampton.

The "Scouts" were in the rear of the Federal army. We had been sent to watch the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to see if troops were sent in or brought out. Whenever we sent a man up there, he would not come back. Those people had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

We started out on Saturday evening—three mounted men, Bolick, Freeman, and myself, and about five or six on foot, and reached there that evening about an hour by sun, and that night we went into ambuscade until the next morning. We were about three-quarters of a mile from Brentsville, Va.

The next morning Shadbourne (George D. Shadbourne, who was chief of scouts), said, "You three mounted men go up and enter the town." We went into the town, and the people said, "What are you doing here; don't you see the Yankees over there?" We replied, "We came here to get breakfast." We rode down, got breakfast, and a lady held our horses and we sat down to the table and ate. We could see the Yankees three or four hundred yards away from us, saddling their horses. This was on the 14th



HUGH H. SCOTT

of February, a Sunday. They got down and hitched their horses. As we were going down the hill, I said, "They are playing a trick on us; they are going around here to cut us off from the ford. So we went back to the blind or ambuscade we had on a hill.

At three o'clock that evening, Shadbourne said, "You three mounted men ride back into town." The Yankees were there, and they saddled their horses and came for us. Bolick told me he was going to have a fight out of those Yankees if he had to charge the camp. We fell back through the pines to get back to the foot of the hill. They were dressed up in gaudy style, gauntlets, gloves and plumes. Bolick said to the officer: "Who is in command of this squad?" He answered, "I am." Bolick asked, "Who are you?" The answer, "I am Major Lamar, of General Crawford's staff." Bolick in reply, "Major, there are only three of us here, but it is a good place to fight, and we will fight it out in detail; but we have only double-barrel shotguns and pistols, but we will borrow your sabres and fight it out." The major said, "I don't propose to fight that way." Bolick asked him how he proposed to fight. He said, "We will all fight." Bolick pulled his carbine and fired one shot at him. Then we left, and as we went by the ambush they were pretty close on us, and I told Bolick to take to the woods. We ran around a hill and came out about the foot of the hill, and three Yankees had passed the blind. One of the Yankees shoved his pistol right against Bolick and shot him, and I shoved my pistol right against the Yankee and shot him through the shoulder. They killed Bolick there and then. Bolick fell from his horse. I ran those three fellows up the road for three-quarters of a mile, but could not do anything with them. I turned and came back and passed Bolick. He looked at me and said, "Scott, I am killed." I told him I would come back, and I went up the hill to the ambush to see what damage we had done. There were twenty-one Yankees, and we had killed seventeen out of the twenty-one. One of the Yankees never passed the ambush and three passed it. The major had his hat turned up in front, and we shot him in the forehead, three buckshot striking him there. We got only one horse out of the lot. This occurred on Sunday, the 14th of February, St. Valentine's day, 1863.

We took Bolick and carried him down in the pines about a hundred yards, thinking he was dead. We had a bull dog with us,

and we hurried away from there. Two days afterwards we went back with a two-horse wagon and coffin to get Bolick, and when we got there the bull dog was lying down by the side of Bolick, and we had to make ourselves known before we could go near him. Bolick had his hands clasped around a little sapling, which showed he was not dead when we left him there. We buried him at Arrington's Cross Roads.

Bolick was anxious to marry a young lady at Arrington's Cross Roads, and he had told her the morning before he was killed: "I am going to be killed the first fight I get into." She had jilted him. We carried his body to the cross roads, and buried him right at the young lady's house.

General Butler: "Tell Mr. Gettys about the time I put you under arrest for killing a squirrel in 1863."

He (General Butler) was trying all the time to get me in the guardhouse, but I was always too sharp for him. I rode up to his headquarters one day, near Martinsburg, Va. I was sent out by Hogan, who was chief of General Butler's scouts. He sent me to carry a dispatch to General Butler. I rode up to headquarters and handed him the dispatch, and asked him where the regiment was. He said, "Right over there on the hill." Before I got to where the regiment was, I heard a good deal of shooting going on. I rode up and asked the boys what they were shooting at, and they said they were shooting at a squirrel. I said, "Let me take a shot." I jumped off my horse and fired one of my pistols way up in the top of a tree, and I killed the squirrel the first shot. About the time I shot the squirrel, General Butler sent a guard over there and had six or seven arrested. I was in the crowd. They marched us to General Butler's headquarters. He said: "Were you shooting, too?" I answered, "Yes, sir." He said, "What were you shooting at, sir? You are always getting into trouble." I answered, "I am not in any trouble, I was shooting at a squirrel." He said, "If you didn't kill that squirrel, I will put you in the guardhouse." To this I replied, "Put the balance in the guardhouse, Colonel; I killed the squirrel." The others claimed I didn't kill the squirrel. All went to the guardhouse, but later he turned them loose. The Colonel said, "It looks to me as if I couldn't catch you to save my life."

The Yankees were in camp on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River, and had pickets along the river bank about fifty yards apart. One night in October, 1863, Hogan, Hanley, Wallace Miller and myself waded the river and slipped by the videttes. Before we waded the river Hanley pulled off his clothes and put them in his haversack to keep them from getting wet, but while wading the river he fell down and got his haversack full of water, and I could not help laughing at him. After we crossed the river we crawled, I suppose, for two hundred yards, one behind the other, each man with his hands touching the man in front so as to keep from getting separated. We ran up on a reserve, but there were too many men for us to handle, and we went on. We met a citizen, and he told us, "If you will go yonder, you can capture a captain and three of his men." We found three tents there—a negro was in one tent, and four Yankees in the other two tents. We captured the captain and his three men. The negro ran, but one of the boys shot him. We left him there and he died the next day. To get the prisoners out, Hogan decided he would go to Richard's Ferry. He said, "Scott, you take charge of these prisoners and we will go down and capture the vidette at the ford." He left me there with the four prisoners, and I was afraid they would not be able to find me in the dark, and I would be left there with the prisoners. They failed to capture the vidette at the ferry, and they then went and hunted up a citizen who showed us a blind ford just above Richard's Ferry, and we crossed over with the prisoners and seven horses that we had. The prisoners were Captain Mason, his orderly sergeant, and two of his men. We crossed over and were then between the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, in Culpepper County, and still in the enemy's country. We next crossed the Rapidan and got breakfast at a farm house. Hanley and myself were detailed to take the prisoners to General Hampton's headquarters. I put Hanley in the rear; I went in front. I suppose it was about thirty miles to General Hampton's headquarters, right up the Rapidan River. We stopped at a farm house and all sat down together and had dinner; after dinner we started on, Hanley bringing up the rear. After we had traveled about an hour, I looked back and Hanley was gone. I asked one of the prisoners where he was, and he said, "That man stopped back

there an hour ago." I never have seen Hanley since. He deserted and went down and crossed the Rapidan River at Germana Ford and went over to the Yankees. I went on with the prisoners, and when I got to where General Hampton had camped, he had moved on about fifteen miles further, and Fitz Hugh Lee's division was camped there. I told Captain Mason I would have to turn him over to Fitzhugh Lee's troops to guard. He asked me not to do it, but to guard them myself. I said, "Captain, I cannot guard you tonight. I never slept a wink last night." It was pouring down rain and we saw a little house nearby unoccupied. The captain said to me, "Let us go in this house and stay all night, and I guarantee every one of us will be here in the morning." I told them to get down, unsaddle their horses, tie them and come in. They had plenty to eat in their haversacks. We went in the house and kindled up a fire and dried. I was the only one there with the four prisoners. I told them to lie down and go to sleep, that I was going to sleep myself, and if they stayed there it would be all right. Captain Mason said to me: "You think there is not a man in the Yankee army that is a gentleman, but I am a gentleman." We went to sleep and the next morning they were all there. I carried them to General Hampton's headquarters, took them to my company and gave them breakfast. Some of the soldiers attempted to rob Captain Mason, and I took his gold watch and secreted it about his person so that it would not be found. Captain Mason said to me: "This business you are in will cause you to be either killed or captured." He gave me the address of his wife, and said, "If you are ever captured, write to her and you will not suffer for anything." He said: "If I am ever exchanged and you are captured, hunt me up, and I will let you walk through the camp and turn you loose. I have been treated far better than I ever expected to be treated by a 'Johnny Reb.'" He shed tears when I bade him good-bye, and I told him I hoped he would get back to his family.

In the early part of 1863 Bob Shiver was a lieutenant in the regiment, but would often go out on scouts with us. Bob Shiver, Woody, Barnwell, Gillespie, Thornwell, and myself, crossed the Rapidan River and went over near United States Ford. We

nailed two logs together and crossed on them. We went over there and captured four Yankees and their horses. I said to Bob Shiver, "How are you going to get these horses out? He said, "I am going to charge the picket and get them out." We got on the horses and carried the Yankees as far as we could, then turned them loose. We came across a foraging party that had a lot of green food tied up on their horses; there were about twenty-five or thirty of them, but we charged right through them. This was the picket, and we charged through them and got to the ford. We shot the vidette at the ford and came across to where the army was camped around Fredericksburg.

During the winter of 1863-'64 we were camped at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg. We were in the rear of the Yankee army. We crossed the Rappahannock River on logs one night, and went over into Culpepper County, between the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. We were going to Stevensburg, but when we got to the road leading from Fredericksburg to Stevensburg we found it full of Yankee cavalry, headed towards Fredericksburg, and they were just halting. We went down in the woods and talked the matter over. The Yankees had stopped there until they could capture our pickets on the opposite side of the river. This was Dahlgreen's raid, en route to capture Richmond. We walked alongside of the Yankees, back to the rear of the column. When we got to the rear we led out two horses and took the men prisoners. Dan Tanner and I got on the two horses and fell in line with the Yankees and crossed the river with them. After crossing the river, they took the road to Spottsylvania Court House, and we rode to Fredericksburg and reported to General Hampton that Dahlgreen had crossed the river, captured our pickets and was going towards Spottsylvania Court House. General Hampton could only muster about three hundred men from the whole brigade, but we followed them with the three hundred men of the First North Carolina Cavalry. Late in the afternoon we made some inquiries about how far they were ahead of us, and some citizens told us they had camped about two miles further down. General Hampton stopped and told Dan Tanner and myself, "I want their vidette captured, and

I don't want a shot fired." Dan Tanner and myself went around through the woods and got between the vidette and the reserve, and when it came about time to relieve the vidette, we went up and relieved him ourselves, and captured him without firing a shot. We then carried him on up to General Hampton. General Hampton then rode down, dismounted his men and charged into the camp. We whipped Dahlgreen out of his camp and captured more men than we had ourselves. Dahlgreen pushed on the next day, and we followed him and came up to him late in the evening and had another fight, in which Dahlgreen was killed (1st March) and Kilpatrick driven off behind the Yankee infantry. General Stuart was mortally wounded on May 10th, 1864, at Yellow Tavern on Sheridan's first raid, and died May 12th, at Richmond, Va.

In 1864 we were down below Petersburg, and Hogan had a certain part of the lines to watch, and one night I went over there to see if the Yankees were patrolling the road. When we got there we found there was no patrol on the road, so we went down into their camp. We took seven horses out of the Yankee camp and rode them off. The next day Hogan told Jim Niblet and myself to go over on the road and see if it was patrolled again. Niblet said to Dick Hogan, "Why is it you always put Scott and me on the hardest work; here are some other men that have not done anything?" Hogan said, "You will do what I tell you, or you can report to General Butler's headquarters." I said to Jim Niblet, "Let's go, that's the way he has of praising us." Niblet said, "Well, Scott, let's bid them all good-bye." So we shook hands with all of them and told them good-bye.

We had three swamps to cross before we got to this road. After we had crossed the first swamp I told Jim Niblet we had better get down and hitch our horses in the woods and wade the swamp, if we followed the road we would be captured. It was our intention to dismount and wade the swamp, but just as we got to the second swamp, I was riding on the right of Jim Niblet, and he had his gun on his shoulder, I had mine across my thigh. We were not fifteen steps from the swamp when Jim Niblet's gun went off on his shoulder. I said, "Jim, what's the matter with your gun?" He took the gun off his shoulder and looked at it,

and a Yankee had fired at him and hit the lock of the gun and exploded it. Both reports were so near together that we could not distinguish one from the other. Just then ten or fifteen Yankees jumped out of the bushes and commenced firing on us. They were not more than ten steps from us. They shot Jim Niblet through the cheek, shoulder and back of the hand, but never touched me. Jim Niblet asked me, "How are we going to get out?" I told him, "I will take you out," and we went through that swamp on our horses and got back to where Hogan was. Hogan said, "You carry your horses back there and tie them in the woods and report to me. I am going to that road." We went on through the woods and swamps to the road. When we got to the road, we saw two wagons coming, carrying rations. There were three Yankees guarding the wagons. We captured the whole business, eight mules, the drivers, and the three Yankees. We started off through the woods, and about that time saw about twenty-five cavalrymen coming. They followed us right on through the woods. We sent the prisoners on and mounted our horses and we got in the rear of the Yankees. They were trying to recapture the wagons and men. Hogan said, "Boys, I want two of you to go up yonder and get behind a log by the side of the road, and we will toll these Yankees by, and when they go by I want you to fire into them." We did that and killed and captured every one of the whole twenty-five men right there.

In 1864 General Hampton sent Shadbourne and a man by the name of Jim Sloan, who belonged to the First North Carolina Cavalry, from Petersburg to Fredericksburg on some mission. While they were at the hotel in Fredericksburg they were captured by some Yankees and put on board a little schooner, sent down the Rappahannock River and brought up the James River to City Point. That night the guard and Shadbourne got to talking, and the guard said he had a brother in the Confederate Army, and it turned out that Shadbourne knew his brother and told him where he was. The guard told them he was going to turn them loose. He broke one handcuff on each man's wrist, and told them there was a little skiff about a half mile down the river, and if they could get to that they could get away. He told

them not to escape until the guards were changed, so that he would not be suspected. They got away and swam down the river, got to the skiff, and came out to where the scouts were camping. The scouts were then encamped on James River, and their duty was to report every transport that came or went on the river and the number of men on it as far as possible.

In the winter of 1864 the scouts were below Petersburg in the rear of the Union Army We had our headquarters at a house owned by Mrs. Tatum. We had twenty-six horses in the stables and there were thirteen of us in the house, each had two horses. One morning Shadbourne, who had charge of us, told us to go up and saddle our horses. We got up and saddled the horses and fed them, and we sat down to breakfast about sunup. A negro girl ran in and said, "Here is the Yankees." We jumped up from the table and looked out of the back window and saw a good many Yankees in the apple orchard. We ran to the front door. There was a little flower garden in front and a lane up from the road to the house, and the Yankees were hitching their horses at the flower garden. Phil Hutchinson was one of the scouts. He said to Shadbourne, "What are you going to do?" Dan Tanner said, "Throw the door open and let's leave somebody to tell the tale." We threw the door open and jumped out. They were filing into the flower garden. We killed seven or eight in the garden, ran over them and went to the lot to get our horses. Only one man got to his horse, and that was Dan Tanner. We abandoned the horses and had a run across an old field, I suppose for two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards. Shadbourne said: "Get in line, men, or they will capture every one of us. Let's fight it out." We fell back in line and they charged us twice, but we repulsed them both times. They captured Shadbourne. They had threatened to kill all of us if they captured us, and in a few minutes after they captured him we heard three or four shots, and we were all satisfied they had shot Shadbourne. A minute or two afterwards we heard Shadbourne's whistle, and we answered it, and he came to us. He had gotten away. He told the Yankee colonel he had some plunder in the fence corner, and the colonel detailed two men to go with him and get it, and when

he got to the edge of the woods he made a break. They shot at him, but he got away. That left us without horses. We returned to the house after the Yankees left, and they had taken the lady's two-horse wagon to carry the dead and wounded off. They removed twenty-six dead and wounded. We marched that night about fifteen miles to a lady's house by the name of Mrs. Gray. She had a daughter by name Carrie Gray, who would give us information. She had heard about the fight, and when we went up to the house that night the others stayed outside and I went in to see this young lady. I looked in the window and I saw three Yankees sitting there talking to her. One was a "safe guard," because I had seen him there before. There were only two horses in the stables. I went to the back gate and the dog barked and she came out. She said to me, "Who is this?" I said, "Scott." She said, "The Yankees killed all of you, didn't they?" I said, "They didn't kill a man, but they captured all of our horses." She said, "If you go right down this road two miles there are seventeen Yankees there on picket duty, and they have seventeen gray horses." We went down that night, and killed nine men and captured seventeen gray horses, then we went on up to the general place of rendezvous and camped in the woods and pitched our little tents. We were to meet a Virginia scouting party there the next morning. Before day we heard a rumbling through the woods. Everybody was up but one of the scouts, Dr. Tom Thistle, a surgeon. We could not get him up. We told him the Yankees were coming through the woods. He said, "That is Curtis's party," but it was the Yankees. They recaptured every horse, barring seven, and captured Dr. Tom Thistle.

That night we went to another end of the line, where there were twenty-one men on post. We laid down and crawled up to them, I suppose in fifteen steps of them. Those fellows sat up all night long with their guns in their hands. Shadbourne crawled along by each man and whispered, "Boys, I am going to charge them." We charged them on foot and brought away twenty-one horses and killed sixteen or seventeen men.

In June, 1864, we had been fighting a day or two and I needed another horse. I told General Hampton, "I will have to go and capture a horse." He asked me where I was going, and I told

him on the north side of the Northanna River. He gave me a man by the name of Dolph Kennedy to go with me. We rode all day long, and late that evening I saw some horses' tracks in the road, and I went to a house and asked a citizen what horses had been along there. He told me the Yankees, and they had a pontoon bridge across the river down there. I asked him if I could see the pontoon bridge without going down. He said, "Yes; you go down this road about two miles and you will turn into a gate, and as soon as you get inside the gate, take a path, and it will lead you to a bluff, and you can see right into the Yankee camp." I went on and got down and hitched my horse, and went to the bluff, and saw Sheridan crossing the river with his cavalry, artillery and ammunition. I counted the flags and the guns. That night I went back to the man's house and put my horse in a little lot, and got this man to pilot me over the road. He carried me to a lady's house, and she told me what she had learned: that Sheridan was going into the Valley of Virginia, and they had six days' rations cooked and about ten thousand men. I then told Kennedy he would have to carry a dispatch to headquarters to General Hampton, about thirty-five miles away. The next morning I watched the road they took, and reported to General Hampton myself the next day.

I had to follow the movements all along and report to General Hampton what road they were taking. He told me he wanted to strike them when they were crossing the railroad. We whipped them there and got them on the run. I was following along the flanks in order to notify General Hampton what road Sheridan was retreating on. One night I stayed in the woods all night by myself, and the next morning about sunup I went to a house to get breakfast. I saw two horses with their heads in a crib door. I rode in five feet of it and looked in the crib, and saw two Yankees in there filling up sacks with corn. I could not see the house; I saw eight or ten in the yard on their horses. I put spurs to my horse and charged, and yelled, "Come on, boys, here they are." I jumped off my horse, and threw the reins over the fence, and ran into the yard. I had a double-barrel shotgun, and I shot two from their horses and captured two, and brought away four horses by myself. I gave a citizen one of the horses to take charge of the prisoners and take them back.

After the last days of fighting on Sheridan's raid, I was scouting for General Butler, but still doing special duty for General Hampton. General Butler told me General Hampton wanted to send me to Fredericksburg, and he said: "I want you to go there and come back." It was about sixty miles. He said, "You have been throwing off on me, and if you throw off on me this time, I will put you in the guardhouse." I went to Fredericksburg and stayed there two weeks. I got back to Richmond and put my horse in the stables. I then went to the Exchange Hotel, which was run by a man named George McMaster. I looked on the register and I saw General M. C. Butler's name. I asked Mr. McMaster to show me General Butler's room. General Butler had told me to bring him a hat from Fredericksburg, and I had bought the hat for him. Mr. McMaster showed me General Butler's room and I knocked at the door. General Butler told me to come in, and I went in. General Butler said to me, "Where have you been?" I said, "I have been to Fredericksburg." He said, "Didn't I tell you to go there and come back?" I said, "Yes, sir." It made me feel pretty cheap the way he talked to me before the other officers. He said, "Did you bring that hat?" I said, "Yes, sir." "Where is it," he asked. "Out here in the office," I said. "Go and get it," he said. I replied, "No, sir; if I go to the guardhouse, you don't get that hat, General." General Butler said, "Go and get the hat." I said, "I have got to have a promise whether I go to the guardhouse or not." I knew he felt a delicacy in making a promise to a private before the other officers, but I knew after he got the hat I would never be sent to the guardhouse. So I got the hat. It was an elegant hat, with a gold cord, and fitted him "jam up." The other officers tried to get General Butler to send me back to Fredericksburg to get them hats. I said, "General, I have got a canteen of rye liquor in the office," and he said, "Bring it up." I brought it in and they stayed up there a good while, having a good time. I stayed in General Butler's room that night, and the next morning he asked me where my horse was. I said, "In the stables," and he gave me an order to put him in the government stables, for he wanted me to stay in Richmond with him for two or three days. He let me have a little money, and I stayed with him. We then went to headquarters below Petersburg, and he never put me in the guardhouse, never.

In 1893 I was on my way to Washington. General Butler had given me a position as his messenger in the Senate and I was going to Washington to take the position. I heard two gentlemen on the train talking, and I knew from their conversation that both of the men belonged to the Federal Army during the Civil War. I asked the man on the seat beside me what command he belonged to. He said the Third North Carolina, United States Volunteers. I asked him who the man was on the seat in front of us. He said he was the colonel of the Second New York Cavalry, M. B. Birdseye. I asked the man sitting on the seat with Colonel Birdseye to change seats with me, as I wanted to talk to the Colonel, which he did. I asked the Colonel what command he belonged to, and he said he was colonel of the Second New York, "Harris Light Cavalry." I asked him, "Do you recollect Captain Mason in your regiment?" He said to me, "Yes, sir; what do you know about Captain Mason?" I said, "I was one of the party that captured him." He then said to me, "Who was with you, and how did you capture Captain Mason?" I told him. He said, "What were you doing?" I said, "I was one of General Hampton's scouts." He said, "Who had charge of your scouts?" I told him Hogan. He said, "No, sir: Hogan was shot." I replied, "He was shot afterwards." He said, "You killed a negro that morning." I said "Yes, sir, and we captured Captain Mason, his orderly sergeant and two of his privates." During the conversation he asked me about a number of the scouts, calling their names, and finally he came to my name, and said, "Where is Scott?" I said, "Here he is, talking to you." I asked him where he got those names. He said, "I have got all of the names right here in my satchel." He showed me the names of General Hampton's and General Butler's scouts. He told me, "I have a petition here in my valise that was written by Shadbourne asking permission to organize a company of scouts to operate inside of the Federal lines, approved by General Hampton and disapproved by Generals Stuart and Lee on the ground that it was too large a squad to operate inside the enemy's lines." I asked the Colonel where he got it, and he said he took it out of Shadbourne's pocket. I said, "If you took it out of Shadbourne's pocket, it must have been the morning you surrounded the house we were in at Despotona, Mrs. Tatum's house." He said, "Yes." He asked, "Were

you in that house?" I told him I was, and asked what damage we did. He said, "You killed and wounded twenty-six of my men. You had a gallant little band. We had you surrounded in the house and you fought your way out and got away." Colonel M. B. Birdseye was colonel of the Second New York Cavalry, and lives at Fayetteville, N. Y.

I don't recall the exact time, but Polly Eison, three other men and myself took nineteen horses out of the Yankee camp at Snow Hill, N. C., in 1865, when Sherman was going through the State. There was a Yankee guard sitting by the fire and the flag was sticking up in the ground. After we carried the horses off, I told the boys to wait on me, that I was going back and get that headquarters flag. I crawled up to within about five yards of the fellow, and just about the time I was going to make a grab for the flag he saw me and said, "Halt, halt." I jumped behind the tent. I could have killed him and got the flag, but I didn't want to shoot and disturb the camp, for we were in a close place. We had a citizen along who was piloting us. He piloted us back to the bridge, and we intended to capture the vidette and cross the bridge, but the Yankees beat us to the bridge and set fire to it. We went to the river with the horses, nineteen of them besides five of our own, and rode up and down the river until we found a place where we could get out on the opposite side. We then dismounted and pushed the horses into the stream and swam across the river, three at a time until we got them all across. That evening we stopped at a house on the opposite side of the river, and saw a column of Yankee cavalrymen coming up with a flag of truce. They could have captured all of us, but we went out to meet them, and they said they had a letter to deliver to some young lady in the neighborhood; but we knew there was no such lady in the neighborhood. I said to them, "That is not what you are after. This citizen says there is no such lady in this neighborhood. You want to find out who went into your camp last night and took your horses. We are the men that did it. We took nineteen head of horses from you last night. We are General Butler's scouts." He said he was very glad to find out who had taken the horses, for they were under the impression the citizens had taken them. I said, "No, sir; we did it ourselves." I then told him to go along back with his flag of truce.

In 1864 we were in the rear of Grant's Army, down near City Point. Grant had about four or five thousand head of cattle there, and we watched these cattle for two weeks, trying to get General Hampton to go there and capture them. We piloted General Hampton down one day, and that morning he said, "If I can get to the cattle without being discovered, I can bring them out." We carried him down where the cattle were. I heard Dick Hogan, chief of General Butler's scouts, tell General Hampton: "General, right yonder under that tree stands the vidette, and there is a barricade just beyond that vidette, and about half a mile back is the regiment that is guarding these cattle." He told General Rosser this. General Hampton had told us just the day before he wanted the scouts to stay with him, but the soldiers always said that the scouts always stirred up the fight and then we would run. Hogan said to us, "Boys, do you want to go into the fight?" We told him "Yes." He said, "Well, cut across this column and get in front and join Rosser." They asked, "What men are these in front?" We told them we were General Butler's scouts. As the vidette fired, we rode right along and fired at him to kill him. Seven or eight shot at him. We charged right through the barricade and kept right on to the camp, expecting General Rosser to come on, but nobody charged that camp but General Butler's scouts, and we got whipped. We were shooting at them right in their tents. There was a scout in front by the name of McCalla, and he said to me, "Scott, I am shot." I asked him if he wanted me to go back with him, and about that time I was shot through the wrist, and a Yankee knocked Walker Russell off his horse with the butt of his gun. We went back and joined Rosser, who had gone into the fight. General Hampton then told him to dismount his men and take the camp. We captured the whole regiment and drove out 2,468 head of cattle. We drove them back and got them into our camp the next night. That evening the Yankees caught us, having got in front, and we had a fight about four o'clock that evening, but we whipped them out and brought the cattle on. The cattle stretched along the road for seven miles. I never saw such a sight in my life. They were the finest cattle I ever saw. The names of Butler's scouts who led this charge were J. D. Hogan, Walker Russell, Bill Turner, J. C. Colvin, Jim Dulin, — Simmons, Jim Niblet, Shake Harris,

Hugh Scott, Dan Tanner, Jim Sloan, — McCalla, and Jack Shoolbred.

On the 11th March, 1865, we went into the town of Fayetteville, N. C. I was riding along with General Hampton at the head of Wheeler's Cavalry. I asked the General how long he proposed to stay in town, and he told me he wanted to get breakfast. He said, "I will stop at the hotel." I asked him if I could stop at a private house. He said, "Yes, but report to me at the hotel." I rode up on the sidewalk and hitched my horse to the fence, and knocked at the door of a house. A lady came to the door, and I asked her if I could get breakfast. She told me to come in, that breakfast was on the table. I sat down and ate my breakfast. When I got out of the house, Wheeler's Cavalry were running back, helter skelter, and I jumped on my horse and asked them what was the matter. They replied the Yankees had charged the center of the column and cut them in two. I knew that my duty was to go to General Hampton, so I sat on my horse until the crowd passed by, and after they got by I rode out in the center of the street and looked down towards Cape Fear River for about ten blocks. I could see cavalry down the street, but I rode on down by myself. There was a market house right in the center of the street, and a cross street. I saw ten or fifteen Yankees sitting on their horses about ten steps from the corner. They fired at me as I passed and I gave them one shot. I rode on down to Cape Fear bridge, and General Hampton was there trying to rally the men, but he could not do so. I galloped up to him and said, "General, there are not over ten or fifteen Yankees here. Give me four or five men, and I will whip them out of town." In his memorial address in South Carolina, in describing this affair, General Hampton said: "One of my scouts, a beardless boy, Scott by name, galloped up to me and said, 'General, there are not over a hundred Yankees here. Give me five or six men and I will whip them out of town.' That boy so inspired me, that I said, 'You scouts follow me.' "

He said to me, "Scott, where are they?" I told him to the left of the market house. As we turned the corner they commenced firing on us, and we on them. General Hampton said, "Charge them." We charged up to them and shoved our pistols right in

their faces and got them started on the run, up one street and down another, consequently some of them who had gone towards the bridge got behind us. After we had killed or captured most of this squad we were after, I looked and saw some behind us, and I yelled, "General here they are behind us." General Hampton said: "Men, sit still and pick them off one by one as they come down." They came down as hard as they could, and we picked them off. I saw General Hampton cut down two with his sabre that morning. I saw one Yankee jump off his horse and run into a back yard and put his horse in a stable. After the fight was over, I went back to this yard and found the fellow in a kitchen behind a safe, and I brought him out. We killed thirteen and captured twelve. We captured Captain Duncan and Dan Day, who was in a Confederate uniform. Dan Day was chief of scouts of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and Captain Duncan was chief of scouts of the Army of Tennessee, in Sherman's command. General Hampton asked Dan Day, "What are you doing in a Confederate uniform?" He made some reply, and General Hampton told him he would have him shot. General Hampton had with him in this affair Privates Wells, Bellinger and Fishburne of the Charleston Light Dragoons, Scott and one member of General Wheeler's command.

Copy of letter written by General Hampton in regard to the Fayetteville affair:

Hd. Qrs. Cavalry, 19 March, 1865.

Lieutenant:

I take great pleasure in commending to you Privates Wells, Bellenger, and Fishburne of your company, who, with Privates Scott and one member of General Wheeler's command, whose name I regret I do not know, acted with conspicuous gallantry in charging and driving from the town of Fayetteville that party of the enemy's cavalry which entered the town before it had been evacuated by our troops. Their conduct on this occasion reflects high credit upon them as soldiers.

Very respectfully,
Your obt. Servt.,
WADE HAMPTON,
Lieut. General.

Lt. Harleston,
Commanding Co. "K," 4th S. C. Cavalry.

WHO STARTED THE WAR?

The Star of the West was fired on in the Charleston harbor 9th January, 1861, but the first disunion speech ever made in the United States House of Representatives was by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, in regard to the Louisiana Enabling Act, 14th January, 1811. He said:

"I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion, that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must."

Behold the sower (Mr. Quincy) went forth to sow Secession seed. This same seed took root and slowly grew for exactly half a century and proved to be the nucleus around which the bloodiest war of modern times was lighted up.

Question, who started the war?

I know that men from all races and nations of the world were enlisted to follow the greatest general of the English-speaking people to Appomattox to see him surrender his eight thousand muskets.

Was Mr. Josiah Quincy a traitor?

No.

Was President Jefferson Davis a traitor?

How could he be if Mr. Josiah Quincy was not?

The Capture of a Gunboat in Edisto River

(CHARLES MONTAGUE.)

This is the capture of a gunboat in Edisto River, 10th July, 1863, by Walter's Battery assisted by a company of cavalry of Butler's Cavalry, and the story of one of Butler's scouts in Fort Delaware.

In 1862 the Sixth Regiment of South Carolina Cavalry was stationed on the coast of that State with regimental headquarters

at Adams Run. Company "B" was on detached service at Jacksonborough, a small station on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, a few hundred yards south of the railroad bridge over the Edisto River. This company did picket duty at Bennett's Point on Bear's Island at a point where a cut off from the Edisto, called Musquito Creek, enters the Ashepoo. At this point there was an oyster bed and we feasted on oysters whenever we were there. The road from the railroad station at Jacksonborough ran down by Glover's plantation, then by Clifford's plantation, about a mile below where it entered Titi Swamp (I do not know if I spell that name correctly) a low, marshy place several miles in extent, with no timber thereon, and through this swamp the road had been made by throwing up a levee and making a causeway thereon of logs, etc. After traversing this causeway four or five miles, the road entered on dry land, called Bear's Island, and on this island at a house called by us the "White House" the reserve station was usually stationed, generally consisting of eighteen or twenty men from our company, and sometimes commanded by a commissioned officer and sometimes by a non-commissioned. About half way through that "Titi" Swamp, a small levee branched off from the causeway and ran for about 250 yards down to a small patch of dry land, just at the bank of the river and inhabited in 1863 by a family of negroes, who had a little corn field of an acre or two between the house and the causeway. Just opposite this little negro patch, on the north side of the Edisto, was a small bluff called Willtown, and on this was a slight fortication occupied at that time by a battery of light artillery, whose I have forgotten, whilst in the river between the bluff and the negro patch, two or three rows of heavy piling had been driven, that obstructed the passage of vessels up the river; from this place up to the railroad bridge there was nothing on the south side of the river to prevent vessels from ascending, and I do not think that there was anything on the north side. We all thought that the little fortification at Willtown and the piling in the river was sufficient. On each side of the causeway and the little levee had grown up very high and thick rows of blackberry bushes. About two miles from our camp at Jacksonborough, down the railroad was encamped Captain George H. Walter's Battery of the Washington Artillery, mostly Charleston boys, I think; at Green Pond,

near the Ashepoo, was brigade headquarters, but I forget whether General Hagood or General Robertson was in command. On the morning of the 10th of July, that year, we were aroused about daylight, or a little before, by discharges of artillery down the river. In a few minutes thereafter, Lieutenant John Bauskett, then in command of the company, came down to my mess and ordered W B. Brooks (whom we always called Fely) and myself to go down the river and ascertain what that firing was about.

Fely and I mounted and went down the road. Just after we passed the railroad station, the firing ceased and we rode on to Clifford's, where, near the bank of the river was a large, two-story rice barn, with a scuttle hole in the roof, from which one could have a pretty good view over "Titi" Swamp nearly to Willtown (the river at Clifford's makes a bend of several hundred yards towards the north). Tying our horses, we ascended to the scuttle, and Fely went upon the roof and then called to me, "Charlie, I see three vessels down there at Willtown, and everything appears to be quiet; come up here and look." I went out on the roof and looked and could see plainly the vessels, but could not tell what they were doing, as we had no glasses; we came down, talked over the matter together, and then decided that Fely should hurry back to Lieutenant Bauskett and tell him all that we had seen, and say that we thought the Yankees must have whipped the battery at Willtown and were pulling up the piling in the river, whilst I should go down the causeway through Titi and ascertain if they had landed and taken possession of any part of the causeway. We had at that time, as well as I recollect, eighteen men on Bear's Island, under the command of Corporal John Briggs, a most excellent soldier, with lots of grit in him. Fely Brooks started back in a gallop and I rode down to the causeway and down it, concealing myself and horse behind the blackberry briers until I came to a small levee leading to the negro's patch opposite Willtown, when I could plainly see the enemy at work, but could not see what they were doing. Having ascertained that the causeway was clear, I went back to my horse and then rode back. About 100 yards or a little more from the mainland, I met Lieutenant Bauskett, with Fely Brooks and the company. I reported to him and he said that he was going down to the little levee, and hold the causeway until Corporal Briggs

and his men should get by, adding: "I am not going to lose those men without making an effort to save them." We suggested to him that if he went down that causeway, the gunboats would sweep us off it, and then he started one man, Reuben Richardson, as nearly as I can now recollect, down the road, telling him to ride as fast as he could and order Briggs to bring out the pickets as quickly as he could, then he went back to the mainland and dismounting the company, left the horses there and we went on foot down the causeway, concealing ourselves as well as we could behind the blackberry bushes, and we succeeded in reaching the little levee without being discovered. Here Lieutenant Bauskett had the men to lie down by the side of the causeway, and taking Fely Brooks and myself with him, went down the little levee to the negro patch and lay down just outside of his little field. We could plainly hear somebody about the negro's house catching pigs and poultry, and the gallant lieutenant said, "If any of them come out here where we can see them we will take them in," but none of them came, and after lying there for perhaps three-fourths of an hour, the lieutenant said it was about time for Briggs to be going by, so we had better get back to the causeway. This we did, and in a little while we saw the corporal and his men coming in a gallop; the Yankees apparently did not discover them until they had gotten nearly to us. When they did, the three boats opened on them with shell. Down on their horses' necks leaned the men as they rode through us on the run. As they passed, the dismounted men jumped up and started after them, but they did not turn their attention to us. For two miles or more over that causeway, the shells screamed over us. We would drop to the ground every few minutes and then up and on, we wished those blackberry briers had been sand banks forty feet through. I ran until I was exhausted, then commenced to walk along. George Addison stopped with me, and said: "Charlie, they can shell all they want to, I'm run down, I can't go any faster." And just then we heard the report of some more guns and we both stopped, and almost immediately a shell went over us so close that we felt, or imagined we felt, the air from it. We sprang up and George yelled out: "Great God, Montague, that was close; if we had been standing both of us would have been cut in two." And he started off again in a hurry. I trotted after

him, but we could not go fast and had to slow down in a few steps. Although we were shelled for two miles or more, not a man was hurt by this fire. Every shell sank into the mud of the swamp as it fell, and if one exploded I did not see it or hear of it.

As we emerged from the swamp, we found Lieutenant S. G. Horsey, who had arrived with his artillery company, one company of the Washington Artillery. He told Lieutenant Bauskett that the only suitable place he had found from which to make a fight was Glover's plantation; we rode back towards it, and as we passed Clifford's, the lieutenant said that he wanted a man left to watch that point and let him know when the gunboats passed there. Bauskett detailed me, and I rode behind the rice barn and waited, how long I do not remember, perhaps three-fourths of an hour, when I saw two boats turn the bend and come straight towards me. As I rode from the barn and came into view of them again, they commenced shelling, to find out if any more Rebs were there, I suppose. I watched them until they had passed the land, and then I rode in a run and found Lieutenant S. G. Horsey had stationed four pieces of his artillery in the road behind a rose hedge, through which they had cut openings for the guns. He had an open field all the way to the river, about 400 yards, I think, but could not see a boat until it passed the point of some heavy timber, growing just below the field. I informed him that the boats had passed Clifford's without landing, and he told me that he did not need me further, and to rejoin Company "B," which was up the road a little way. I rode about two hundred yards and found a part of the company, holding the horses, and they said Lieutenant Bauskett had taken the balance of the company to the river near Glover's house. I gave one of the men my horse and went down to the house and between it and the river, behind a little hedge of box, I found the brave lieutenant and the men lying down. I asked him what they were going to do there, and he said: "If the gunboats succeed in passing Walters's battery we are going to sweep them with our carbines." If I recollect correctly, the main channel of the river, up which the boats would have to come, was within seventy-five yards of our position, and we had about fifty men there with muzzle-loading Enfield carbines with which to "sweep them." I remarked to the lieutenant:

"Do you think we can do it?" And he said we would have to; that if they passed the battery there was nothing else to stop them but our company, and if we did not do it they would destroy the railroad bridge. I laid down beside my old chum, Fely Brooks, and he whispered to me: "Charlie, we are in a tight place." And I answered, yes, but we would have to stand it, and I thought the artillery boys could whip them. About ten or fifteen minutes after I got there one of the boats poked her nose out past the point of timber, but not until she came out in full view did the artillery open on her, and either at the first or second shot the splinters flew from her, and those Charleston boys behind those guns gave a big yell, and for one who was not as scared as I was then, for fifteen or twenty minutes there was as pretty a little artillery duel as one ever saw. Every time the splinters flew from the boat Walter's boys yelled (we did not want them to know we were there, so we kept quiet). At the end of that time the battery had whipped them completely, they fell back behind the timber, one of the boats being badly crippled and smoking terribly. They retreated down the river and abandoned her at the piling at Willtown, where next day Lieutenant Bauskett, Fely Brooks, myself, Uly Brooks (I think) and another man, named Bill Busbee, went on the wreck, but the fellows from the other side of the river at Willtown and elsewhere had already been there and despoiled her of everything that the Yanks had left except a few canister shot.

In writing this reminiscence I have had two objects in view: one was to try to do justice to that gallant company, Captain George H. Walters's battery of the Washington Artillery, who, in my opinion, have been badly treated in the only report I have ever seen of this affair, that of Major Johnson in his work, "The Defence of Charleston Harbor," in which he says nothing at all of the brave fight they made which saved the railroad bridge. You were there, as well as your brother, Fely, and myself, and you know that there was nothing to stop the Yankee gunboats except that battery of Captain Walters's. After they passed Willtown they had no fort, no breastwork of any kind, and they planted their four little guns in the shallow trench made for the horse hedge, and they fought them so effectively that they ruined one boat and caused the other to get away behind that timber as fast as she could. Indeed, I heard afterwards that the

second boat was also damaged, but I do not know whether this report was true or not. But we and all the members of Company "B" do know that Walters's battery saved that bridge and no other command did it.

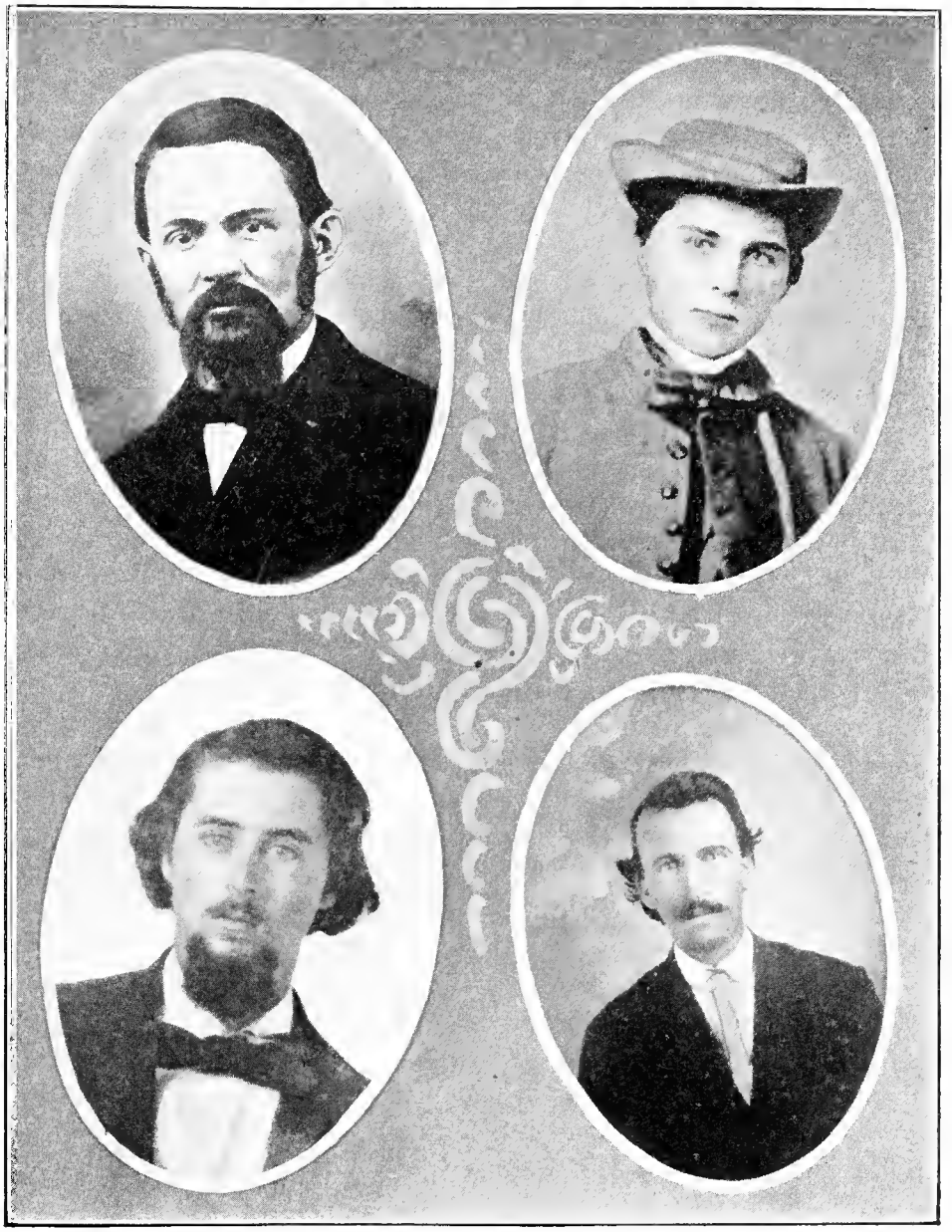
I have always believed that Fely Brooks's ride back to the company with the report that he made caused Lieutenant Bauskett to send for the Washington Artillery to come in time and thereby enabled them to select the position that was best for them to fight from. It is hard for me to write about Fely Brooks, even at this late day, for when I, after serving for thirteen months in the Second Texas mounted riflemen, out on the Western frontier of that State, was discharged, being only seventeen, returned to South Carolina and reënlisted in Company "B," Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, Fely Brooks was one of the first to welcome me into that company, and from that day until his death, June 12, 1864, at the battle of Trevillion Station, Virginia, I ever found him to be as brave and true a soldier, as gallant a gentleman, as close a friend and as devoted to the cause of our loved Southland as any man that ever wore the gray. I am glad that you have dedicated your book to his memory, and I am ready at any time to do all I can to aid you in these reminiscences, and if I err in any of my recollections, remember that it is not intentional, but the fault of a memory that was in my young days good, but it is not now, at sixty-two, as good as it was at eighteen.

I had the further desire to let the people who have come since that day, and those who will come after us, know that whilst old Company "B," being cavalry, did not and could not do much towards stopping those gunboats, they did all they could, and were ready to do more if they had been called upon, and I am inclined to the opinion that if those brave boys of Walters's had not whipped the gunboats when they did, there would not have been many of Company "B" left to tell the tale, for a box hedge would have been rather a slender protection from grape shot and canister at not more than seventy-five yards distance.

Always your old comrade,

CHAS. MONTAGUE.

P S.—Whilst writing reminiscences one has occurred to me, in which I had no part, but tell it as it was told to me, and is one



CAPTAIN JOHN C. FOSTER

J. C. COLVIN

JACK SHOOLBRED

CHARLES MONTAGUE

Captain John Foster deserved and was offered promotion by Hampton and Butler, but declined to leave his company.

that I think Colonel Brooks, now in his old age, will enjoy, hence I tell it.

In 1863, whilst we were encamped at Jacksonborough, there were two boys, brothers, in the company, named Mitt and Milledge Scott, who came from some part of the backwoods of Edgefield, and had never been anywhere else. About all that they knew was to plough straight furrows and to shoot straight. In their conversation they used, to a good extent, the dialect of their Scotch ancestors, saying "her" when they should say "I," etc. One day whilst on the island at the reserve station, these boys got permission to go to Bennett's Point to get oysters. After they had gone, Uly Brooks, a mischievous seventeen-year-old boy in the company, Jim Kimball and three others, knowing that it would be some time in the night before the Scotts could get back, thought it would be a good joke to waylay them and capture at least the oysters, if not the boys themselves. So they went down the road towards the Point, about half way, and concealed themselves by the side of the road in an old field grown up with broomstraw, and awaited the coming of the boys. After dark awhile the two Scotts came along talking to themselves, each with a sack of oysters in the saddle in front of him; just as they got abreast of the ambuscade Uly and the rest sprang up and shouted: "Surrender, you Rebels, surrender," and fired off their guns; the sacks of oysters fell to the ground, the horses sprang off, but only for a few yards, when the Scotts checked them and, unslinging their guns, wheeled upon the jokers. One of them shouted to his brother, "Here, Mitt, you hold her creetur," and down from his horse he sprang, and aiming his carbine at the man nearest to him, was about to fire, when the jokers yelled: "Don't shoot, Milledge, don't shoot, we are friends, we are only playing a joke." Mitt Scott said, "We'ens took youens for Yankees." Some of the others say that Uly Brooks and Kimball, as they cried out, would jump about four feet in the air and yell: "Don't shoot, Milledge, don't shoot." Well, the result was that the jokers had to assist in picking up the oysters and act as an escort back to the camp for the Scotts, upon whom no more practical jokes were played.

The above is absolutely true.

THE STORY OF ONE OF BUTLER'S SCOUTS IN FORT DELAWARE

J. H. Brent, of Cobbs's Legion, Georgia; — Carroll, of Jeff Davis's Legion, and myself (John H. Pierce), were captured on the afternoon of the 3d day of February, 1864, by Captain McDowell, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, in Fauquier County, Virginia. We had left our horses back with the main body of scouts under the command of Shadbourne, and started across the country, having left the public roads, hoping to dodge Yankee scouting parties—intending to go over into the Yankee lines and dine with a family by the name of Rector, and then make our way back by a Yankee picket post, capture them and their horses and get out of the Yankee lines before they could give chase. We had gotten about a half mile within the Yankee lines, and just as we were about to cross a public road we saw a column of Yankee cavalry come into view, and as we saw them we made for a piece of timber land. They gave chase and we stopped just as we reached the skirts of the timber and waited their coming within gunshot—two of us being armed with double-barreled shotguns—and fired, wounding several of their horses.

We were in hopes that they would think that we had been sent out as a decoy, but they would not take the bluff, and came charging upon us and surrounded the woods. We made for cover, hoping to be able to secrete ourselves and avoid capture. J. H. Brent ran up into an old ravine and was the first captured. Carroll and myself ran on through the timber, and ran out into the old field, covered with broom sage and briers, and tried to evade the Yankees. In the meantime Captain McDowell had deployed his men about twenty feet apart, and was riding abreast over the field. Having already gone through the piece of woodland as the Yankees came riding through the field, they rode over us without seeing us. They had gone about one hundred yards beyond us, when their commanding officer halted his men and ordered them to give up the search, as we had escaped. Upon their return one of the Yankee cavalrymen spied us in the grass and ordered us to surrender. As we rose up out of the straw and briers we were met with a volley of hisses and curses. We drew our pistols, cocked them, and was about to fire into the Yankees when Captain McDowell rode up and ordered his men to attention. They paid

JOHN H. PIERCE, SCOUT

little or no attention to his orders at first, and he even struck several over their heads with the side of his sabre before he could command attention. They were the most violent set of Yankees I ever saw, and we were expecting to be shot every minute, yet we intended to sell our lives dearly. We surrendered our pistols, and mounted behind some of the troopers and started back to the Yankee camp. As soon as they were formed I reached around the big Dutchman, caught hold of his bridle reins and ordered him to take me up to the front of the column, where I could see the captain in command. He obeyed and rode up to the front, where I was greeted by Captain McDowell in the most gentlemanly manner. One of his first remarks was that if all the Confederate Army was composed of such material as we three, the Yankees had better quit fighting, as they could never whip us. We were carried to General Grant's headquarters and put under guard. On the first night we conceived the idea of making our escape from the guards, stealing horses from General Grant's headquarters, and then make our way back into the Confederate lines. As night came on we crawled up to the fence, and I had mounted and was about to make my leap off of the stockade fence when I heard a sentinel cock his gun, and I fell back into the enclosure like a rock, with all idea for the time being of stealing Grant's horses dissipated. We were held here for two days in sight of General Grant's headquarters, where we could see him mount and ride off and return, and then we were sent to Washington City, where we were held in the old Capitol building. Our rations at this place, while plentiful, were not palatable. It consisted of light bread, salt pork and sometimes beef for dinner. For breakfast we had mush and molasses, and sometimes tea. On one occasion, while at breakfast, while being held here, Brent remarked that the diet was unfit for a dog to eat. This was overheard by one of the Yankees, who retorted that it was better than Lee's fighting men had in the field. Brent replied: "Damn an army that couldn't live on air and fight for such a cause as ours." The Yankee replied with a blow in Brent's face. I felled the Yankee with one blow under the eye. A Yankee sergeant came rushing up with a squad and put Brent, Carroll and myself out in the yard with about one hundred Yankee criminals, charged with every imaginable crime. As soon as we were out into the

yard the door was locked on us, and then began such a melee as I have seldom seen. As soon as the door was locked the Yankee who had struck Brent in the dining room, grabbed him by his hair, snatched him to the ground and kicked him in the face with a pair of heavy boots. This was a most uneven contest, as Brent was a very small man, weighing about 115 pounds, while the Yankee weighed twice as much. Another rushed up and knocked Carroll down with a pair of brass knucks. For some time I never saw anything of what became of them, as a big Englisman rushed up and made at me with his fist. I parried his blow, struck him in the face and kicked him in the stomach, bringing him to the ground. He was up in a minute and rushing, with his eyes shut, like a mad bull upon me. I repeated the dose, but he was game and came full tilt again. About this time the Yankee prisoners had formed a circle around us, and began yelling: "Give him hell, Johnny Reb; give him hell." After this had gone on for some considerable time the Yankee sentinels came up and stopped the fracas. Brent came near dying from the brutal treatment he received at the hands and feet of the Yankee who resented his remarks, as erysipelas set in from the bruises before he had recovered. There was a great deal of smallpox among the prisoners, I myself having a very severe case, from which I came near dying. After I had recovered from the smallpox I also had erysipelas, and, while I was in the hospital undergoing treatment for it, the famous Confederate spy, Belle Boyd, who was also in prison, although she had access to the hospital, came around through my ward. I well never forget her as she appeared on this occasion. She stopped at my couch and conversed at some length with us in reference to our cause, our chance for success and our mutual experiences. I believe she had the courage to undertake anything for the good of the Confederate service. While held at Washington we had a daily paper, gotten out in the prison by Hennigan, Second South Carolina Cavalry, General Butler's old regiment. Hennigan had been one of the scouts, but quit them and raised an independent company in Virginia. After we left Washington City I do not know what became of him. About the first day of June, 1864, about four hundred of us were driven into the hull of an old cattle boat and taken down the Potomac, up the Chesapeake Bay into the

Delaware Bay—thence up the Delaware River to Fort Delaware. Soon after our arrival at Fort Delaware our rations were cut in half, the cause of which was afterwards ascertained to be in retaliation for treatment received by Yankee prisoners at Andersonville, Ga. Our diet from July, 1864, to the date of our release, June the 10th, 1865, consisted of one-half pound of flour, of equal parts of beans and flour, and one-half pound of salt pork or beef per day. At dinner we received a pint of corn soup. The suffering among our soldiers for lack of proper diet was most severe. Many died for lack of nourishment, and thousands died from chronic diarrhœa, brought on from lack of proper nourishment.

Blankets and clothes were scarce and the supply, other than that which we had when captured, consisted of those which came from dead comrades. The prisoners were buried naked. Our water supply was hauled by boats from the Schuylkill River. Very often this was scarce and much suffering was undergone for lack of water. On several occasions we were compelled to resort to salt water for drinking purposes. The prisoners carried on all kinds of business in the prison. Some made finger rings and breastpins out of gutta purcha, toothpicks and trinkets of different kinds of old pieces of bone. I myself was engaged in making crude jewelry, from the proceeds of which I was enabled to purchase many luxuries, such as corn meal, coffee, sugar and tobacco. We found ready sale for such stuff, principally among sympathizers on the outside. We would send them out by prisoners to sell, who would be detailed to help unload vessels and clean up officers' quarters at the fort. I myself fared very well while here, as I had several friends in the Yankee lines, who corresponded with me and sent me remittances under the guise of relationship, as we were not allowed to carry on a correspondence with any other than a relative. There was a Mrs. Hill, of Philadelphia, originally of Edgefield, S. C., who used to send clothes to the South Carolina prisoners; yet these were nothing like enough to go around, although they prevented much suffering. One of the most amusing incidents of my prison life was watching soldiers take rats from a pair of ferrets owned by an officer in the fort, who would bring them into the fort, where we were impris-

oned, to catch the wharf rats that had burrowed under the wall and into the enclosure.

Brent, Carroll and myself all survived the prison life. Carroll is now living in Greensboro, N. C. The last I knew of Brent he was living in Atlanta.

JOHN H. PIERCE.

Nearly all of our dentists went to the army to plug Yankees, and perhaps to be filled with lead by the Yanks. We give a Confederate cure for toothache: Take equal quantities of alum and common salt, pulverize and mix and apply to the hollow tooth on a piece of wet cotton. The remedy is very simple, cheap and within the reach of all. If any will try it it will be found infallible.

THE MURDER OF BILLY DULIN

Early in the spring of 1863 at Warrenton, Va., a body of our scouts were charged by Colonel (afterwards general) Farnsworth of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. A young scout by name Billy Dulin, only sixteen years old, was caught under his wounded horse, and in this helpless condition surrendered. Colonel Farnsworth shot the lad dead—which was then and is now murder to kill prisoners. On the 29th June, 1863, this same Colonel Farnsworth was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and had assigned to him three regiments of cavalry—the First Virginia, Eighteenth Pennsylvania and the Fifth New York.

At Gettysburg on the 3rd day of July, 1863, at 4 P M., General Kilpatrick ordered Farnsworth, with his new brigade, to charge, but he hesitated. Kilpatrick ordered him a second time, which naturally nettled the high-strung brigadier, and he said, "I will lead a charge as quick as you or any other man." He dreaded to meet Hampton's Brigade and Bachman's Battery, but there was the order and it had to be obeyed. The charge was made and his brigade was, of course, cut to pieces. Farnsworth was wounded and left by his men on the field. Did he think that young Dulin's friends were by Hampton's side? We know not. Did he think if he surrendered that he would suffer young Dulin's fate? We know not. But we do know that he deliberately took his own pistol and blew his brains out, before Hampton's men could stay his hand. Was this remorse or cowardice? We know not. He was a desperate fighter. How it must torture a high-strung man to commit such a horrible deed as did Farnsworth after killing this beardless youth Dulin.

JACK SHOOLBRED SELLS A YANKEE "NIGGER"

In the fall of 1864 the fearless scout Jack Shoolbred, while scouting for Butler in rear of Grant's Army, captured a negro soldier and brought him to General Butler, and when asked what he proposed to do with him, said: "Well, General, I think I can sell him to Dick Hogan." Captain Hogan gave him two nice Yankee horses for the Yankee negro. Hogan sent the negro home and put him in the cotton patch. Jack Shoolbred rode one of the horses (a splendid clay bank) until the end of the war, and brought him home.

Note

The names of the two horses above mentioned were "Charlie" and "Arab" "Charlie" and "Arab" survived Papa and was always loved and cared for. I have ridden "Arab" often

Emma A. Crawford

DICK HOGAN, CHIEF OF BUTLER'S SCOUTS

On the night of 9th March, 1865, Dick Hogan crawled on his stomach—passed Yankee provost guard and notified Jack McCarley and others, then prisoners, that Butler would charge the camp next morning and to select horses and men that suited them best.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION, VIRGINIA

(June 9th, 1863.)

By J. D. Hogan, a former Scout for General M. C. Butler, C. S. A.

On June the 9th, 1863, as the morning dawned and the sun crept high up the blue sky a great commotion was in evidence, two mighty armies along the banks of the Rappahannock were manœuvering for the mastery of position.

General Lee had so adroitly handled his men that the Federal commanders were in a state of confusion and positive alarm. The Confederate cavalry fringed the south side of the river from Kelly's Ford to Waterloo—west of the Rappahannock bridge. The Federal cavalry meantime had been massed north of the river, a mighty force whose effort had been to locate General R. E. Lee, for hitherto his movements had been enveloped in mystery. But soon the rattle of small arms and the thunder of artillery told the story at the different crossings along the river. A powerful force was hurled against the Confederate cavalry at "Waterloo" and "Jones's Crossing," forcing our left wing back towards Brandy Station. The Federals meantime, with a force of three thousand superb cavalry, crossed the river at Kelly's Ford, sixteen miles from where the battle was raging, and by a rapid march endeavored to reach our rear. General Butler was ordered with a part of his command to meet them, and by a dashing movement beat them to Stevensburg. Here the roads forked—one leading to Brandy Station, the other to Culpepper Court House. Colonel Frank Hampton (a brother of General Wade Hampton) and a most gallant officer, formed his regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry, in front of Daggett's house, on the Kelly's Ford road; and 250 yards from the forks of the road the Fourth Virginia cavalry, under command of Colonel Beal, was formed in the rear of a pine thicket on Colonel Hampton's left and rear, and on the approach of the overwhelming numbers, Colonel Hampton fell mortally wounded in this desperate encounter. The Fourth Virginia Cavalry broke and fled. General Butler, with that courage which had ever

marked his career, held his position until severely wounded by a shell which, passing through his horse (a chestnut sorrel), shattered his leg and in its further course killed Captain Farley. With five to one against him, this dashing officer secured an advantage by driving the left wing of the enemy. The shock was felt all along the line as hurriedly they crossed the Rappahannock pursued by the victorious Confederates under Stuart, Hampton, Fitz Hugh Lee and P M. B. Young.

When in the course of coming events the true history of a glorious South is written by men free from prejudice, from malice, and from hatred, then will the name of M. C. Butler and the heroes of the "Lost Cause" stand out in bold relief, and generations yet unborn will point with pride to the names emblazoned on monuments erected to the soldier-statesmen of the old South.

J. D. HOGAN.

Atkins, Arkansas, October 20th, 1908.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

The Battle of Cowpens was fought 17th January, 1781. At the unveiling of the statue of General Daniel Morgan, the hero of Cowpens, on 11th May, 1881, at Spartanburg, a salute of thirteen guns were fired at sunrise by the Columbia Flying Artillery, Captain J. Q. Marshall, and the Spartanburg Light Artillery, Captain T. B. Martin, ushered in the glories of this memorable day, their thunder reverberating through the valleys and shaking the foundation of this historic town. In his speech, General Hampton on this occasion paid the following beautiful tribute to the private soldier:

"It is one of the incidents of war, perhaps an unavoidable one, that officers only are mentioned in the reports, while it is the hard fate of the private soldier to live unknown to fame, or to die for his country, even his name unrecorded in its annals. My experience in active service impressed on me deeply the seeming injustice of the discrimination against those who bear the heat and burden of the fight. Under the tattered jacket of the private may beat a heart as true as is covered by the braided coat of the officer, and while the former has not the responsibility of the latter, he has to bear far greater privations. No hope of glory can inspire his conduct. A volunteer in the cause of his country, he freely offers his life in her defence, looking for no reward save that given by the consciousness of duty performed. All honor to the private soldiers who volunteer in their country's cause. Thousands of them, earnest and devoted, have found death on many a battlefield and no record of their deeds is left; but it may be, when the Great Judge of the Universe summons all who have died to answer to the last roll call, their names may be found there in letters of living light."

The private soldiers of the Confederate Army, most of whom were to be unknown to fame, were not without admiration for their general officers.

If there ever were two generals admired and loved by their men, these were Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler. In the language of Mr. E. L. Wells: "Butler was always calm and cool

when in action, his handsome, clear-cut face showed no emotion as he scanned the details of the battlefield." But for the overwhelming numbers, bravery and persistent courage of the Union soldiers, there would have been no Appomattox for the glorious Army of Northern Virginia under the matchless Lee.

"Ah, Muse, you dare not claim
A nobler man than he,
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame another Lee."

I would be unjust were I to doubt the courage of such men as formed the Eighth Illinois, Third Indiana, the Fifth Ohio, the First Maine and First Michigan and Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry regiments, and others equally as brave, but too numerous to mention. No generals were respected more by our cavalry on the Yankee side than were Major-General W S. Hancock and Major-General Gregg. The good people who were in Columbia on that dreadful night of the 17th February, 1865, will never forget the hero of Sherman's Army who belonged to the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry and who, at the risk of losing his own life, saved so many houses from being destroyed by fire. He was captured by the gallant Colonel Zimmerman Davis, of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, on the afternoon of the 24th February, 1865, in a charge, and will never forget the kind treatment received at the hands of our cavalry. It was early in the morning of this very day that Butler captured a wagon train just on the Kershaw side of Lynch's River, and as soon as we crossed over the river the Yankees tried to recapture it, but failed in the attempt. One of Butler's bravest scouts, Jim Dulin, was severely wounded in the thigh in this little fight, and it was with much regret that we had to leave him in a small hut near the river on the Darlington side. I am glad to say that he is now living at his old home near Manassas, Va.

In the fall of 1862, General Hampton's splendid brigade of cavalry, composed of the First North Carolina, Second South Carolina, Cobbs's Georgia Legion, Philips's Georgia Legion, and the Jeff Davis Legion, were camped in Culpepper County, Vir-

ginia, where they were jointed by the First South Carolina Cavalry. General Hampton sent Sergeant Bill Mikler, Prioleau Henderson, Sergeant Shira, Huger Mikler, Barney Hennegan, Newt. Fowles, Dick Hogan, Hugh Scott, Cecil Johnson, Jim Dulin, John Willingham, Joe Beck, Jack Shoolbred, George Crofton and Calhoun Sparks (all of whom belonged to Butler's old regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry,) across the Rappahannock River to scout in Prince William County, where they were afterwards joined by Tom Butler, Wallace Miller, Joe Twiggs and John Pierce. They were a magnificent body of men. The Yankees called these boys the "Iron Scouts," because they recovered so quickly after being wounded and seemed to be free from capture. They killed and captured quite a number of the enemy, and had many almost miraculous escapes and performed gallant deeds long to be remembered by the good people of Prince William County. They harassed the enemy by frequently charging the reserve picket post and by ambuscading their scouting parties.

On one of the scouting raids, Cecil Johnson, Tom Butler and Wallace Miller charged a scouting party of the First Michigan Cavalry near Bacon Race Church (the Union Army was then camped at Wolf Run Shoals), and captured two Yanks and ran the others back into their camp. Miller captured a horse and hurried on to capture another, when his own fell and threw him off. He got up as soon as possible, grabbed for the bridle and then the stirrup, but his horse went to the Yankees, leaving him afoot. Tom Butler carried the prisoners back to our lines on the Rappahannock. That night Johnson and Miller made an attempt to surround and capture four Yankees on picket, but changed their minds when they counted thirty others at the same post. The next morning they went out on the main road to Manassas, expecting to meet a small scouting party, but much to their surprise saw about sixty of the First Michigan looking for them. One of their number, a Frenchman named Joe Keitzler, rode on the edge of the woods to warn the others about the "bushwhackers," as they called our scouts. This Frenchman rode so close to Miller and Johnson that they placed a pistol in his face and told him in an undertone to dismount, which he promptly did, and Johnson, losing sight of the great danger they were in,

mounted the beautiful horse and started off, but Miller made him dismount at once and keep the horse and prisoner secluded behind some bushes from the enemy. It was a bitter cold day, and the men never thought to look for their comrade, the Frenchman, who was a prisoner within twenty yards of them, as they rode by. Miller kept the Frenchman and Johnson kept the horse and rode him every day until he was killed leading a charge at least thirty feet ahead of the column at the Battle of Upperville. * * *

"Brave as the bravest he marched away
Triumphant waived our flag that day
He fell in front of it." * * *

Tom Butler was killed in the charge on the 3d day of July, 1863, at Gettysburg.

"On the trampled breast of the battle plain
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain
(His mother dreams they will meet again),
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled."

THE "IRON SCOUTS"

General Sherman said that war is hell! General Forrest said war meant to kill! The former used what the devil keeps his dominions running with—fire. The latter killed because that was his definition of war.

When either side gained a victory that merely meant that one side had killed more than the other. A lady asked Wellington to describe a victory, and he said: "Why, madam, a victory is the next thing to a defeat." General Grant knew what war was, and said: "Let us have peace," having lost 13,000 men in less than one hour, 3rd June, 1864, at Cold Harbor. A war like the War of Secession reminds us of a family quarrel—it's hell and a heap of it. As John McClinton said to Captain Bradley, in the winter of 1861, while trying to walk the foot-log: "Fighting war is mighty hard work and moreover is very dangerous, for I come very near being killed when I fell in the creek just then."

In the latter part of 1860 the people lingered in the fancy that there would be no war. Yet the whole country was agitated with passion, the frown was already visible and it needed but some Cadmus to throw the stone that would be the signal of combat between the armed men sprung from the dragon's teeth. May the good God save this great and glorious country from another Civil War. Before the war General Bob Toombs, of Georgia, and Daniel Webster were great friends. In 1862 at Gainesville, Va., the heat of an August sun beat fiercely down upon the long lines of glittering steel, melting away the fiercer heat of war. General Toombs's brigade was driving the enemy from the field. A wounded Yankee colonel shouted, "Bob, don't you know me?" "Good God!" exclaimed the general, "it is Fletcher Webster"—Daniel Webster's son. In an instant Toombs was leaning by the colonel's side. "And so we meet as enemies?" said Webster. "Never," replied Toombs, "Daniel's son must always be my friend." "My wound is mortal," said Webster, sadly, "God bless you, old friend, for your kindness. War is a bad thing." Weaker grew the dying man's pulse. He whispered a message for his loved ones, and said, "Tell Bob I love him; God bless him."

While Hampton's old brigade was still on the Rappahannock, other scouts from Butler's old regiment were sent to Stafford County to watch and report the movements of the enemy, under Sergeant Woody Barnwell, Willie Haskell, John Bradley, Gus Black, Lamar Stark, — Logan, Sim Miller, Layton Lide and Thornwell.

The Yankees made it so hot for these gallant boys that they had to go up into Prince William County and join Mikler's squad, where they did some fine work.

In December, 1862, the Yankees sent out a large scouting party of fifty men under Captain McDonald to kill or capture the "Iron Scouts," or drive them out of Prince William County.

Bill Mikler had exactly seventeen men at the time, and bush-whacked them with thirteen of that number, leaving four mounted to ride down what he failed to kill and cripple. This was done as the Yankees were returning to their camp, having failed to locate the "Iron Scouts" until it suited them to be located.

The gallant Calhoun Sparks was shot through the body and went out into the woods to lie down, when a Yankee tried to kill him. He at once drew his pistol while on the ground, and captured the man in blue. Hearing the firing, Miss Sallie Brawner ran out and soon had Sparks's head in her lap and did all in her power to alleviate his suffering, while the Yankee stood patiently awaiting the pleasure of the "Iron Scouts" to send him to Libby prison. That much-beloved surgeon, Dr. B. W Taylor, hearing of Sparks's terrible wound, took an ambulance into the enemy's lines and brought him safely out into Culpepper County, where he soon recovered. Doctor Taylor gave no thought to danger; where the wounded were there he was.

How unlike a certain doctor was at Gettysburg! He left the wounded to go in a charge and was captured. He rode in haste and had ample time to find himself well seated on the stool of repentance in the long winter nights in the cheerless prison cell, with little to eat and less to cover with.

In January, 1863, Barney Hennegan was at the house of Mr. James Howerson, in Prince William County. Not knowing he was there on a visit to Miss Emma, two well-dressed Yankee officers rode up and hitched their horses, expecting to get some-

thing good to eat. Mr. Hennegan, as Miss Emma called him, met them at the door with a six-shooter in each hand and captured both, after shooting the one who ran, thus adding two more horses to the supply train of the "Iron Scouts," and swelling the population at Libby prison by two.

At the home of Mr. John Cooper, in this same county, Prioleau Henderson was surrounded and he knew full well if caught there would be one less of the "Iron Scouts" at roll call the next day. Miss Sophy advised him to be quick and get between the feather bed and mattress in her room, and he was not slow in taking the good lady's advice. When the enemy had searched every hole and corner down stairs, and when they reached her room she coolly said: "You may look where you please, but you will find no 'Iron Scout' here." The captain, after talking awhile, sat on the side of the bed, but never thought to raise the bedding. Prioleau was almost suffocated, but held the fort (the bed) until they had gone.

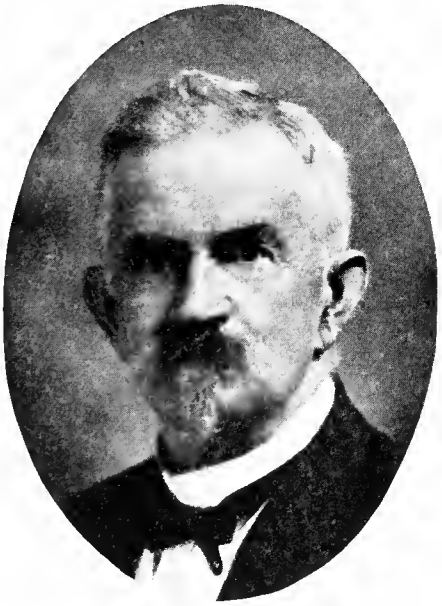
There was a reward offered for Bill Mikler, and one day, shortly after Henderson's narrow escape, at the very same house Mikler was almost smothered by the same process, when he got between the bedding and one of the young ladies became suddenly ill and had a hard fit, and by the time the Yanks reached the room the sisters of the sick lady were praying and rubbing her, at the same time imploring the captain of the Yanks to please let their poor sick sister die in peace, which they reluctantly did and left the place disgusted with themselves for having allowed the notorious scout to get away. There is deception in war as well as in peace.

In the spring of 1864 the gallant Colonel Thomas J. Lipscomb was ordered to the coast of South Carolina with the Second South Carolina Cavalry, where Bill Mikler put in some mighty good work. After Sherman's march, in 1865, there was a negro captain of a company, named Judson Polite, who was a menace and a terror to the good people of that section, and had sworn to kill Bill Mikler on sight. One day Mikler was riding along when Captain Judson Polite stepped from behind a tree, gun in hand, and much to Bill's surprise said: "Damn you, I have got you now." Bill Mikler said: "Yes, I am your prisoner." Judson kept his gun right on him, and told him how he intended to

torture him. Bill said: "You know, captain, when you catch a prisoner, you have to make him put his gun down." The negro said: "Dat's so!" Instantly Bill fired and Captain Judson Polite's brains were spattered all over the tree. The people in that section were never molested after that.

When the war was over Bill, like Othello with his occupation gone, lived quietly, beloved and respected by all the community. He had fine sport killing wild game. He was a perfect Nimrod. Several years ago he crossed the river. Peace to his ashes!

WALLACE MILLER (OF THE SIXTIES)



WALLACE MILLER (IN 1909)

On the night of the 26th of May, 1864, Jim Guffin, Bernard King, Walker Russell and Wallace Miller were watching Grant's Army while he was struggling with Lee on the North Anna River. Guffin was sent off with information, and the other three, having had no sleep in forty-eight hours, retired to Mr. Redd's house and threw themselves down on the floor in a shed room, and were soon asleep. Grant that very night withdrew the last two army corps across the river to keep Lee from using them up the next day, and advanced his pickets in double force, and by this arrangement about fifty men in blue were stationed that night at Mr. Redd's house, where our scouts were calmly

sleeping. Fortunately they had locked the door. Walker Russell heard them and whispered to Miller, "The Yankees are here." Miller said, "Go to sleep; impossible to get away now." Just before day Mrs. Redd had them (the Yankee pickets) out in the yard eating, while Mr. Redd warned the scouts to leave, which they did, after killing one of the pickets who insisted on having from them what they did not have—the countersign. Our scouts were soon in the tall timber, where the men in blue would not venture except in large numbers.

Dignified Bernard King captured a splendid, dark-brown, blaze-faced, white-footed, glass-eyed horse with no more hair on his tail than the writer of this sketch has on his head—though he was very tough and active. The scouts called him the "Fall colt." Wallace Miller one day saw King riding the "Fall colt," and as quick as thought slipped on a Yankee overcoat and charged him. The "Fall colt," being full of life, almost threw King, who had drawn his pistol and was ready to shoot, when Miller made himself known to him by asking, "How's the Fall colt?" King said: "Look here, Miller, if you ever do that again I will surely kill you. Just suppose this fine animal had thrown me and gone back to the enemy, leaving me afoot in their lines. Now, be cautious, Wallace."

King captured the horse on the night of the 12th of June, 1864, after Hampton and Butler had routed Sheridan and his cavalry at Trevillian, Va. When Sheridan got back behind Grant's lines he said: "I have met Butler and his cavalry, and I hope to God I will never meet them again," and he never did.

What a picnic our scouts had when the Yankee cavalry were routed, gathering horses and information. It is as hard for me to write about the scouts and not mention their horses as it is to drive a nail with a hammer with no handle to it. Bernard King rode the "Fall colt" until the end of the war. He could not return to his home in Washington, D. C., because there was a hot time in the old town when Lee's army was leaving Appomattox for their desecrated homes. My old friend and schoolmate, Hannie Mimms, brought King and the "Fall colt" home with him to Edgefield, S. C., where this chivalrous gentleman and gallant scout spent some time at the hospitable home of Dr. Mimms.

He selected Charleston as his adopted home, where he did excellent work in 1876 making speeches, etc. About the year 1878 this brave and good man joined the great majority. May his soul rest in peace is the prayer of one who knew him well.

Sleep on, my friend, tried and true,
"The banner you loved is furled,
And the gray is faded, too;
But in all the colors that deck the world
Your gray blends not with blue."

CAPTURE OF GENERAL NEAL DOW

On Monday morning at four o'clock, 24th May, 1863, the Battle of Port Hudson, La., was fought. General Neal Dow says: "In places our dead and wounded on the field were so close that their bodies touched." He was himself wounded in the left arm and in the leg, and was stopping at the house of Mrs. Gage to recuperate. He goes on to say: "Time wore away until my capture by a squad of Confederate Cavalry on the evening of the 30th of June, 1863." How it came about may, perhaps, be best told as related by one of the party by whom the capture was effected. Extract from statement of John G. B. Simms: "I, with a squad of three men, was scouting in the rear of Port Hudson. A lady, Mrs. Brown, came out of the Federal lines and informed me that General Dow had been wounded some six weeks and was then at the residence of a Mrs. Gage. The squad organized, consisting of John McKeowen, a lieutenant at home on furlough from the Virginia army; John R. Petty, Wilson Medeasis, myself, Young Haynes and a fellow we called 'Tex,' he having the letters on the front of his white hat. McKeowen was agreed upon as commander for the occasion. Following directions, we captured two orderlies of General Dow, who were lying on the gallery. We were told that General Dow was at the house of a neighbor. Leaving this house we mounted our horses, and looking to the left in the shade of a tree sat a man, clad in white, on horseback. John Petty and I drew our revolvers, galloped up to him, and asked him if that was General Dow, and he replied, 'Yes, sir.' 'Surrender or I'll kill you,' came quickly from us both. He hesitated a moment in seeming surprise, then answered, 'I'll surrender, sir; I'll go with you.' We galloped off with the three prisoners and traveled all night—in a gallop for several hours." After the war the scout (Simms) returned one of General Dow's pistols to him in Portland, Maine.

On the 12th of October, 1863, General Dow arrived at Libby Prison, in Richmond. Shortly after this General John H. Morgan called on General Dow. The next day the Richmond *Enquirer* had the following account of the interview:

"General Morgan, on arriving upstairs where the prisoners 'most do congregate,' was immediately conducted into the presence of the author of the Maine Liquor Law, the whilom Brigadier-General Dow. An introduction took place, when General Morgan observed, with one of those inimitable smiles for which he is so noted, 'General Dow, I am very happy to see you here, or, rather, I should say since you are here I am happy to see you looking so well.' Dow's natural astuteness and Yankee ingenuity came to his aid, and he quickly replied, without apparent embarrassment: 'General Morgan, I congratulate you on your escape; I cannot say that I am glad that you did escape, but since you did I am pleased to see you here.' The conversation then became general between the two, during the progress of which Dow admitted that his views of the South, its people and their treatment of prisoners of war had undergone a material change for the better in the last few months."

At Greenville, Tennessee, on the 4th day of September, 1864, General John H. Morgan was foully murdered by one Andrew Campbell, of the Thirteenth United States (Tennesseee) Cavalry, having been betrayed by a woman. While talking to the colonel of the said regiment he was shot as he exclaimed, "My God, don't kill me, I am a prisoner." The murderer then tied a rope around the dead body of this gallant soldier and dragged it through the streets of the town, crying as he rode, "Here is your d—d horse thief."

From a letter bearing date 12th November, 1863, written by General Dow at Libby Prison, I make the following extract:

"I send you a price current today by which you will see the enormous prices, due partly to scarcity and partly to extreme depreciation of rebel money. The 'Confeds' cannot feed the prisoners except just so far as to keep them alive. The ration for officers is a piece of corn-cake (unsifted meal) six by four and one-half inches, and one inch thick, and one small sweet potato and water. That is everything for a day. But the officers spend daily over one thousand dollars Confederate money. Potatoes cost fifty dollars a bushel, sugar five dollars a pound, candles (tallow) one dollar each. We have no meat of any kind. We did have a little two or three days ago, now it cannot be had. When I first came here we received for greenbacks two for one, now

the authorities give seven for one. In the streets I suppose the rate is ten for one. At Mobile a soldier told me he went to buy a cotton shirt. The price was twenty-two dollars in Confederate money, a pair of six-dollar boots one hundred and twenty-five dollars; shoes, thirty to forty dollars." General Dow says that a Roman Catholic Bishop, the Right Reverend John McGill, often visited Libby Prison. "I have rarely, if ever, seen a man whose appearance impressed me more, if so much. There is prominent in his presence a charming air of dignity, gentleness, intelligence and high culture, intellectural and moral, and every movement is full of grace and unaffected ease." General Dow was not a Catholic, but of the Quaker persuasion. General Dow further writes: "Not long prior to my arrival at Libby, all the captains of the prison had been mustered to draw lots to decide which two among them should be executed in retaliation for the hanging, by our authorities, of two Confederate captains caught within our lines under circumstances subjecting them, under military law, to the penalty they suffered. It resulted in the selection of two captains in Libby, Captains Sawyer and Flynn. Promptly our authorities selected General Fitzhugh Lee and a Captain Winder from the Confederate officers in their hands as hostages for the doomed Union captains, rightly surmising that the influential connection of those officers in the Confederacy would prevent the threatened execution of the Union captains who had drawn their death warrants in the dreadful lottery in which they had been compelled to take tickets." "Under date of 28th January, 1864, I wrote my son as follows: 'I have reason to believe that if the government will propose to exchange General Lee for myself, the only Federal general here, and equivalent officers for Captains Sawyer and Flynn, who were selected by lot for execution in retaliation for the execution by Burnside of two officers alleged to be recruiting within our lines in Kentucky for the Confederate service, the proposition will be favorably entertained and the exchange effected. General Lee was captured at a private house, sick, as I was at a private house wounded.' "

General W H. F Lee was captured, and not General Fitzhugh as General Dow says, and was exchanged for the latter on the 14th March, 1864, after General Dow had been eight months and fourteen days in captivity. Captains Sawyer and Flynn were

exchanged the same day. General Lee was the most influentially connected of any Confederate officer then in the hands of the North, while General Dow was the only Northern officer of equal rank held by the South. General Dow writes about how hard it was for the "Confeds" to feed prisoners. I really believe they had about as much to eat as our men got. I remember well that Butler's Division had literally nothing to eat from Friday afternoon, the 10th June, to Monday afternoon, 13th June, 1864—the excitement of fighting on the 11th and 12th kept us up. The Yankee prisoners were fed regularly and had nothing to do, while we were constantly on the go, sometimes with a little piece of meat and bread and plenty of the lead.

When the son of General R. E. Lee was captured—General W H. F Lee—Captain Stringfellow, the chief of General R. E. Lee's scouts, committed one of the most daring deeds of the war. He took eight or ten volunteer scouts and evaded the Yankee pickets and rode right up to the headquarters of General Crawford, who was absent. They then turned their horses and began to shoot into the tents of the sleeping Yankee division, as they dashed through. Not one of his scouts got a scratch and made good their escape. One of these volunteers was a cross-eyed man named Bolic and belonged to Captain Angus Brown's company of the First South Carolina Cavalry. Poor Bolic was bushwhacked by the Yankees and killed a short time after this daring deed, riding by the side of Isaac Curtis, one of the most noted of General Lee's scouts. Captain Stringfellow made this desperate effort in order to capture a Yankee general that he might be exchanged for General W H. F Lee, little thinking that his brother scouts in Louisiana had gone into the Yankee lines and captured General Dow, for whom General Lee was exchanged as above stated. It is hard to place the proper estimate upon the great work that the scouts accomplished for the Confederate government. They kept General Lee better posted as to the movements of the Yankee army than a great many of the Union generals knew themselves. These wonderful men would go into Washington and anywhere in the enemy's lines whenever it suited their purpose to do so. Captain Stringfellow is now an Episcopal clergyman. He, like the other scouts, did his duty as he saw it. The remarkable courage displayed by the brave men in both

armies, of the North and the South, was certainly a high tribute to American valor.

When we think of such men as Stringfellow, Burke, Shadbourne, Hogan, Miller, Shoolbred, Scott, King, Dulin, Bob Shiver and others keeping our generals so well posted as to the movements of the enemy, no wonder we were able to fight the world as we did.

There was a brave boy in Company D, Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's old brigade, whose name was Oscar John Daly Reid. He was "only a private." This brave boy was at different times complimented on the battlefield by Generals Butler, Hampton and Wheeler. General Butler said that Oscar Reid was not only one of the bravest men he ever knew, but was one of the handsomest. General Hampton, who had witnessed some of this brave boy's gallant deeds, said to him one day: "Reid, you ought to be a commissioned officer." General Wheeler said, "Oscar Reid is too brave; rashly brave." What a tribute to one so young and so handsome, only twenty years old when killed leading a charge in the last battle that Butler and his cavalry were in at Bentonville, N. C., on the 19th March, 1865.

May his soul rest in peace.

"Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world very weary,
Into the rapture of rest."

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION, JUNE 9, 1863

Graphic Description by General M. C. Butler—Deaths of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton and Captain W D. Farley—Serious Wounding of General Butler—Loss of His Leg

Editor Laurensville Herald:

I feel that it would be good for me to hold up for a while in my trespassing upon your indulgence and the forbearance of your good readers and let another and a more prominent actor in the scenes, upon which I have been lightly touching, speak.

In my contribution of August the 9th, in speaking of the death of Captain W D. Farley, I quoted from Capers's South Carolina Confederate Military History in describing his fall and the wounding of General Butler. As I always do I put this extract in quotation marks, which ran thus: "The artillery fire was sweeping the hill, and the Federal squadrons were forming to charge when the men offered to bear Farley off. Smiling with grateful thanks, he told them to stand to their rifles, and to carry Butler out of the fire. Then with expression of resignation to his fate and devotion to his country, he expired on the field." When this was published, an old comrade who takes a deep interest in everything touching the story of the Confederacy, told me that Farley was, after his wounding, carried to a house at or near Culpepper Court House, where he died and was buried. We had always understood that he died at, or near, the spot where he and General Butler both fell by the same cannon shot. Always seeking accuracy in things pertaining to our war history, I wrote General Butler for the facts. He has kindly answered me in a letter that is a valuable contribution to history and that I know will be read with deepest interest by every lover of our history, and especially by a great many still surviving in Laurens who followed the plume of Butler.

I have a second letter from General Butler in answer to my request, in which he uses the following language in regard to Captain Farley's death: "Farley must have been carried to a farm house in the same neighborhood. You may well imagine I was in no plight to know much about what was going on elsewhere. As there were about 8,000 of our cavalry and a larger number of our friends, the enemy, under General Pleasanton, supported by a large contingent of infantry, you will readily understand that the battlefield was an extensive one. Farley died within the radius of action of the contending forces."

So it will be seen that in all its main features, my account of Farley's fall was correct. That while he did not die at the spot where he fell, that he did die on the battlefield, practically.

O. G. T.

Edgefield, S. C., August 17th, 1907.

Mr. O. G. Thompson, Laurens, S. C.

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 13th inst. was received yesterday. You will find on pages 291 and 292 McClellan's "History of Stuart's Campaigns," a very accurate account of Farley's wound and death.

Early on the morning of June 9th, 1863, the enemy crossed the Rappahannock on a reconnoisance in force—Pleasanton's Cavalry, supported by infantry, to ascertain if possible General Lee's intentions. Longstreet's Corps was at and near Culpepper Court House. Ewell's Corps was at that time crossing the mountains into the valley, the advance of that splendid Army of Northern Virginia in its movement into Pennsylvania. A. P. Hill's Division was below towards Fredericksburg. The cavalry, commanded by Major-General Stuart, was guarding the crossings of the Rappahannock.

On the 8th of June, 1863, the day before the Battle of Brandy Station, General Lee reviewed the cavalry on the plain between Culpepper and Brandy Station. There were deployed in line five brigades: Hampton's (of which my regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry, was a part), Fitz Lee's, Wm. H. F Lee's, Robertson's, and Jones's. It is estimated that

up to that time it was the largest body of horsemen ever assembled at one place on the continent. There were also four or five batteries of horse artillery parked in rear of the line of cavalry. It was a grand picture. We broke into column of companies from the right, Hampton's Brigade occupying the right of the line, and passed in review at a walk in front of General Lee, who evidently witnessed with pride and satisfaction this incomparable body of mounted men of his army. We passed a second time at a trot, and after clearing the reviewing officer charged by squadrons, rallied and reformed the line.

At the conclusion of the cavalry review all the batteries opened with blank cartridges, and such a salvo was perhaps never before heard on that plain. None of us understood the meaning of it, until afterwards. General Lee's purpose was to attract attention from Ewell's movement, and the next day General Hooker sent over this strong reconnoisance to find out what General Lee was after. He didn't find out the next day, the 9th, for Ewell was still moving towards the Potomac, and we drove back the reconnoitering party. Longstreet, A. P Hill and the cavalry then moved en route to Gettysburg.

Captain Willie Farley was a volunteer and on Stuart's staff. On the morning of the 9th my regiment was camping about half way between Brandy Station and Stevensburg. The horses had been sent out to graze at daylight in near-by clover field. Very soon afterwards we heard heavy firing at Rappahannock Bridge and other crossings of the river. To return to camp and saddle up and pack the wagons was the work of a very short time; for we knew that we had to get busy during the day. Just about sunrise I received an order from General Hampton to move up to Brandy Station, leaving my wagons parked in camp and wait orders. You may imagine how large an area it required to camp that body of cavalry. Stuart's headquarters were at Fleetwood Hill, about a mile north of Brandy Station. Hampton's were at a house, perhaps a mile in rear of my camp. My regiment was the extreme right of the encampments, except Black's, the First South Carolina, was somewhat to my right and rear. The other brigades were stretched off to the left of and in front of Stuart's headquarters, all picketing the Rappahannock. I moved up to Brandy Station as directed, leaving

my wagon-train in camp, with an officer and guard in charge of it. We had scarcely dismounted, "standing to horse," at the station, not long after sunrise, when a courier from the officer of the guard, Wist Gary, of Company G, as I now remember, came at full speed announcing that the enemy was at Stevensburg, on the Richard's Ferry Road, leading to Culpepper, five miles, perhaps, to right of where we were dismounted. Realizing that there was nothing between my train and the point where the enemy was reported to be, except a few videttes, and not having time to communicate with either Hampton or Stuart, there was nothing left for me to do but to move without orders as rapidly as our horses could carry us and throw the regiment between the enemy and the wagon train, and, if possible, check the advance of the enemy on Culpepper Court House, meantime ordering the train moved rapidly towards Culpepper. This separated my regiment four or five miles from the other bodies of cavalry engaged with the enemy in front of Brandy Station. When we reached Stevensburg the enemy had retired down the road towards Richard's Ferry. I had despatched Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton with a small advance guard, about twenty-five men, to move rapidly ahead of the column and reconnoiter in our front. He performed that duty with his usual promptness and gallantry. He soon reported the enemy approaching in force. I then directed him to halt his mounted troops in the road while Major Thomas Lipscomb and I deployed the remainder of the regiment in skirmish order along a wooded ridge between Hampton's position in the road on our extreme right and Handsborough's house, on our extreme left. While I was in the woods about the centre of the regiment, which was deployed on foot, with Hampton on the right wing and Lipscomb on the left, Farley came to me from Stuart, informing me the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Wickham, and one piece of artillery had been ordered to reënforce me. Colonel Wickham halted in the main road some distance in rear of where Colonel Hampton was stationed, and sent word to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Payne of his regiment, he had arrived to support me. I requested Colonel Payne to inform Colonel Wickham of the disposition I had made of the few men at my disposal and to say to him, as he reached me, I would

cheerfully take orders from him. Colonel Payne returned to me on the ridge, saying Colonel Wickham preferred that I should continue in command. I thereupon requested Colonel Payne to ask Colonel Wickham to move up two squadrons of his regiment prepared for mounted action to support Colonel Hampton, and dismount two squadrons and deploy them on Hampton's right, as that was the weakest point on our line; that I had the left well protected by my regiment deployed along the wooded ridge. Farley, in the meantime, remained with me. This was the situation about eleven o'clock in the morning of the 9th, so far as my regiment was concerned. The other regiments of Hampton's Brigade and of the two Lee's, except Wickham's, Robertson's and Jones's, were having it out with the enemy several miles to my left. Gregg's Division of Pennsylvania Cavalry, supported by Ames' Brigade of Infantry, were moving up the Richard's Ferry Road to attack our position.

As usual, Gregg sent forward a strong line of mounted skirmishers in the thick woods and made a vigorous attack. A volley from our Enfields soon sent them back. They came a second time and were repulsed.

Imagine my surprise when I learned from the right that a regiment of the enemy's cavalry had charged Colonel Hampton's handful of men and swept him out of the road. In the melee, Colonel Hampton received a pistol ball in the pit of his stomach and died that afternoon from the effects of it.

Colonel Wickham not only did not move up his mounted and dismounted squadrons to Colonel Hampton's support, but when the enemy charged they took to their heels towards Culpepper Court House. General Wigfall, who came to see me after I was wounded, told me the Fourth Virginia had reported that my regiment broke, ran over them, and they were obliged to retire—and stand not upon the order of their going. A most remarkable statement. How twenty-eight or thirty men could "run over" as large a regiment as the Fourth Virginia was, mounted, it is difficult to understand. The remainder of my regiment were engaged in a wooded ridge, dismounted, driving back the enemy in their front. How they could manage to "run over" a mounted regiment a quarter or half mile in their rear "passeth all understanding."

But to return to Farley. When the enemy advanced in splendid order and opened a rapid fire with their repeating carbines, Farley and I were the only two mounted on the line. He drew his revolver, spurred his horse through our line and opened fire. I, of course, ordered him back, as the exposure was quite enough as we were. Of course, we had very much the advantage in position on the crest of a wooded ridge with almost a plunging fire at the enemy below. And now let me digress a moment, to relate an incident, which had something of the ludicrous as well as the tragic: Farley's and my station was near Company "G," Lieutenant Hearst in command at that point. I had cautioned Hearst not to fire too soon, as it was possible some of our men might have got below in the progress of deploying in the thick woods. When, however, we discovered the enemy making their way through the bushes and opened fire, I gave the command, "Commence firing" all along the line. I noticed a mounted cavalryman in blue slide off of his horse (a gray horse) very easily, and the horse trot back to his rear, and assumed he had dismounted not more than fifty yards down the hill for the purpose of getting the protection of a tree in his future efforts. About that time a man wearing a "striped hat" turned to me and said, "Colonel, I got that fellow." I replied by saying, "Got him, the devil; he has dismounted to get you; load your gun." It turned out to be Turner, of Company G, and he was right. He had killed his man, who proved to be an officer. You will see the relevance of this later on.

When I discovered that my right had been turned, and that my regiment had "run over" the Fourth Virginia and left us exposed to a flank movement from that direction, I determined to swing my regiment back from the right, still dismounted, and cross Mountain Run. This was successfully done and we took up another line on the west side of the creek. Farley remained with me during this movement, and was quite useful in aiding in its orderly execution. The piece of artillery which had been sent to me by General Stuart was posted at the most eligible position and was carrying on quite an active duel with the artillery of the enemy operating from the hill near Stevensburg. After our new line was formed and the enemy making no very determined movement against it, we had a breathing spell. Farley was near me

in the road leading from Stevensburg to Brandy Station, not far from the crossing of Mountain Run. We were very near, each mounted, and had ceased to pay much attention to the artillery duel, and were laughing and chatting over the incident of Turner, the man with the "striped hat," having brought down his man in a very cool, nonchalant manner, as I have related above. Our horses were facing in opposite directions, mine nearest the enemy. A twelve-pound shell from the enemy's gun on the hill (we had evidently been located by a field glass), struck the ground about thirty steps from our position in an open field, ricochetted and passed through my right leg above the ankle, through Farley's horse, and took off his right leg at the knee. My horse bounded in the air and threw me, saddle and all, flat on my back in the road, when the poor fellow moved off with his entrails hanging out towards the clover field where he had been grazing in the early morning, and died there, as I was afterwards informed. Farley's horse dropped in the road, terribly lacerated, and Farley fell with his head on his horse's side. As soon as we discovered what the trouble was my first apprehension was we would bleed to death before assistance could reach us. I therefore directed Farley to get out his handkerchief and make a tourniquet by binding around his leg above the wound. I got out my handkerchief, and we were doing our best in the tourniquet business when Captain John Chestnut and Lieutenant John Rhett of my regiment came to our relief, soon followed by Doctors Watt Taylor and Gregory, surgeon and assistant surgeon of the regiment.

Farley's horse was struggling in the last agonies and I was afraid would injure him with his hoofs. I therefore requested the gentlemen present to move him on the other side of the road, and it was done. With that splendid chivalric nature in which he much excelled he said, "Gentlemen, return to Colonel Butler's assistance" (we were not more than fifteen or twenty feet apart), "he requires your attention more than I do." His leg was taken off as smoothly as if it had been cut with a saw right at the knee joint. Mine was shattered above the ankle and dangled by the skin and the cavalry boots that I wore. After its mission of destruction had been thus completed, the shell dropped near Farley's horse.

Dr. Gregory took charge of Farley, and as they were about to remove him he asked permission to have his dismembered limb, took it in his arms and embraced it with some affection. He was carried to the rear. I never saw him afterwards, but learned that he died about the time my leg was being amputated. I was placed in a blanket, with a man at each corner, and as they walked with every possible care the grating of the bones was anything but pleasant. After a time the ambulance, which had been employed in other parts of the battlefield, arrived, and I was placed in that. Before the ambulance reached us, however, I was placed in a horse trough found in the camp that Black's regiment, the First South Carolina, had left that morning. I was carried to Mrs. Fitzhugh's farm house, and there the amputation was performed about five o'clock. We were shot about one o'clock. I was told that Farley was carried to a farm house, never recovered from the shock of the shell, as very few men ever do, and died about the time Dr. Taylor was practicing his skill on me.

Farley was splendidly mounted that day, on a horse he had captured from a Yankee major a short time before. He was finely caparisoned, all of his accoutrements being the best, his horse a deep bay. My poor horse that had carried me through many close places and borne me on long and tedious marches was a chestnut sorrel. His hind legs were crooked, showing great propelling power, and was nick-named by the soldiers "Old Bench Legs."

Farley was not only a splendid speciment of physical manhood, as handsome as a picture, his seat and pose in the saddle being perfect, but he was most genial and companionable. His courage and gallantry was of the highest and best order. Young, hopeful, dashing, brave, tireless in the performance of duty, it does seem very hard that he should have been thus suddenly taken off.

I venture the opinion, however, that if he had been allowed to choose the manner of his death, he would have selected it on the field of battle in front of the enemy, dying in defense of his country just as he met the grim messenger. (Can you tell me where he was buried?)

I suspect in the length of this letter you have more than you bargained for, but I feel it is due to poor Farley that the real facts of his wound and death should be left of record. Not only

that, but the events which led up to it. This is my apology. There are so many romances written and published about the war that it is important to get the truth of history. The truth is quite sufficient for the vindication of those of us who engaged in it.

I intended to add to this a short sketch of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton and Captain Robin Jones, of the First South Carolina Cavalry, both of whom were killed the same day as Farley—both the very highest type of the gentleman and soldier, but I have extended this commmunication far beyond what I intended when I took my pen to answer your letter.

Very truly yours,

M. C. BUTLER.

NOTE—After the noted cavalry review to which General Butler refers, we rode with the gallant young Farley from the reviewing ground to the camp of the First South Carolina Regiment, of which I was a member, and which was near Fleetwood Hill, General Stuart's headquarters at the time. I was mounted on a fine young chestnut bay, one of Kentucky's best bluegrass equine products. Young Farley seemed to have special admiration for the animal—a good horse to a cavalryman being considered of priceless valuation. So he inquired whether the horse had been appraised—as for every horse killed in action the government paid its owner the appraised valuation, Confederate cavalry horses being private property. Hence, he added: "If he has not been appraised, you should have it done at once, because we're sure to have a fight very soon"—apparently more anxious about my pecuniary interest than for his own personal safety. In a few short hours he lay dead on the battlefield, or within its radius. True to his prediction, the noted cavalry battle of Brandy Station opened before sunrise the following morning, in which the chivalrous young hero lost his life; and my horse, about which he seemed so anxious, was shot and killed under me about the same time Farley received his mortal wound and General Butler was seriously wounded, losing a leg—the same shell inflicting both wounds.

Young Farley was a native of this place, a son of the late Major Wm. F and Mrs. Phoebe Farley. We can add nothing to the graceful and well-deserved tribute General Butler pays the long-sleeping, valorous hero, William D. Farley.

In answer to General Butler's enquiry as to the place where young Farley was buried, we are able to say that he was interred at Culpepper Court House, Va., where his remains still rest, not far from the spot where he was killed, and where lie a number of other Confederates, whose graves are lovingly cared for by the good ladies of that place.—ED. L. HERALD.

COLONEL T. J. LIPSCOMB

COLONEL THOMAS J. LIPSCOMB

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care—
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

The battle of Brandy Station was fought on the 9th day of June, 1863. In this cavalry fight General Butler and Captain Farley had each a leg shot off and their horses killed by the same cannon ball. General Butler's horse was a splendid chestnut sorrel named Benchlegs. After the cannon ball had passed through his stomach he ran one mile and a half with his entrails hanging out, back to camp. General Butler was then colonel of one of the best cavalry regiments any war ever produced, the Second South Carolina Cavalry. Frank Hampton was lieutenant-colonel, and Thomas J. Lipscomb was major. Lieutenant-Colonel Hampton was killed just before Colonel Butler was wounded. Major Lipscomb rode up to have Colonel Butler and Captain Farley moved back to the rear. Butler said in the coolest manner possible: "Major Lipscomb, you will continue to fight and fall back slowly towards Culpepper, and if you can save us from capture do it." Butler was lying on a litter. Farley was in an old horse trough and quietly reached out and took hold of his dismembered leg and said, "Come, we will go together." And at nine o'clock that night the soul of this chivalrous young hero went out into the great beyond. His remains rests under a beautiful monument, among the people he loved, at Culpepper, Virginia. Butler was soon in the saddle again as brigadier-general, and the gallant Major Lipscomb was immediately promoted to colonel of this brave old veteran regiment, and had the distinction to command it during the remainder of the war. Captain Robin Cadwallader Jones, another young hero, gave up his life in this same fight at Brandy Station. He was the uncle to our honored fellow-townsmen General Wilie Jones and Captain Allen Jones, and was the handsomest man in York County when the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861. He helped Colonel Black raise the First South Carolina Cavalry Regiment. While raising his company

he would give his notes for horses and turn them over to the gallant boys who were not able to mount themselves. After the Confederate sun sank behind the horizon at Appomattox, the widow of this gallant hero paid every dollar that these numerous notes called for, leaving her and their four orphan children almost penniless. He lived in affluence before the war. More than 100 slaves and large tracts of land were his then. In leading the charge his was the only horse in the company which could jump the wide ditch, and there he was right in the midst of the enemy, and fought to the death before his men could cross lower down and rescue him. Thus ended the career of this typical American soldier, one of the bravest of the brave. Here Stuart and Hampton met Pleasanton and Gregg; here the great cavalry battle occurred, and here the mouldering bones of many a cavalry hero attest full well how that field was fought and won.

On one occasion when Butler and his cavalry were in Maryland, Tom Purdee, who was orderly to Colonel Frank Hampton and retained as such by Colonel Lipscomb, rode up to Colonel Lipscomb about dark and said, "Colonel, I am sorry, but this jar of preserves was all that I could get for your supper," and just as the men had unsaddled, some one said, "The Yankees are coming." Colonel Lipscomb had the saddle-up call sounded and went to fighting, contesting every foot of ground until it was too dark to fight. The Yankees camped where Colonel Lipscomb had hid the preserves. Just before dawn next morning Colonel Lipscomb with his gallant boys, were riding over the men in blue and after fighting all day resumed his old camp that night, when Tom Purdee said, "I wish we had the preserves, but of course the Yankees got the jar." They had nothing to eat, and the preserves had to be found, so Colonel Lipscomb looked under a bush and there they were, and began to eat, after giving Doctor Taylor and Chaplain Manning Brown some. When the jar was about half emptied, Tom Purdee said, "Colonel, have you got a match? I want to light this piece of candle," and by the flickering light they could see the largest kind of black ants hanging to each of the preserved pears as they would take them up. Doctor Taylor and Chaplain Brown immediately took ipecac. Tom Purdee said, "Colonel, suppose we hold to what we have got," and were soon

asleep, while the doctor and the chaplain were wide awake, and oh, so hungry.

In 1863 Captain McDonald, of the First Michigan Cavalry, was sent out with a squad of men to do up the "Iron Scouts." Dick Hogan, Bill Mikler, Jack Shoolbred, Newt. Fowles, Barney Henegan, Calhoun Sparks, Cecil Johnson, Hugh Mikler, Prioleau Henderson, Joe Beck, George Crafton and Jim Dulin were the kind of men that Captain McDonald was sent after. Only three or four of the above scouts met him. They saw him coming and when it suited them they charged him, killing and capturing the last one of them. Jack Shoolbred, having emptied one pistol, threw it at the gallant Captain McDonald, striking him on the head, and, he being stunned by the blow, Jack drew his other pistol and shot him in the shoulder. McDonald said, "You have wounded me, and I will surrender." Thus ended McDonald's raids for a while at least.

In this same year, 1863, Dick Hogan established what he called Libby Prison No. 2, away back in the thick pines, where, as Dick said, wild Yankees did not go, in a secluded place in Stafford County. He secured a two-story log house for this prison, for the purpose of keeping prisoners until he had caught at least twenty-five or thirty, which he would send under an escort back to our lines. This was a very dangerous operation to perform. Captain McDonald was recaptured by the Yankee cavalry while he was being sent back to our lines. Hogan and Mikler would scatter their men all over the country. One day Dick Hogan and Wallace Miller stopped at a house about three miles from Libby No. 2 when the lady ran out and said, "Mr. Hogan, there is a Yankee at my table." Hogan said, "Miller, hold my horse," and soon had the bluecoat securely locked up in Libby No. 2.

Brigadier-General Thos. L. Rosser and his Virginia brigade, Brigadier-General P M. B. Young and his Georgia brigade, Brigadier-General John Dunovant and his South Carolina brigade, formed Butler's division—First Division Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia—in 1864. Here is one of General Rosser's reports, which gives a very good idea of the many disadvantages that our cavalry labored under. General Rosser says: "I often went into battle or on a raid with one-third of my men dismounted, and generally succeeded in mounting them from captures."

Some horses were as good and kind as their masters were to them, and had a real affection for their riders, while others acted like devils, as the following shows: In the month of January, 1865, General W M. Gary's scouts did good work on the Chickahominy. His brigade was composed of the Hampton Legion, Colonel Robert Logan; the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel A. C. Haskell, and the Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Wm. T. Robins. General Gary's scouts from the Hampton Legion were under Sergeant Dave Dannelly, D. H. Tompkins, Jim Day, George Dannerly, John DeVore, Bill Lumpkin, Bill Carter, Joe Maroney and Ben Carson; there were others in the other two regiments just as good.

One day General Gary sent Captain Dabney of the Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry, with his company, to drive in the Yankee pickets. The scouts, of course, had to lead the charge. So Dan Tompkins was selected to perform this thrilling task, which he did handsomely as we will soon see. Being on a splendid Yankee horse, as soon as the horse heard the Rebel yell he became unruly and ran away with him. The nearer he approached the vidette, stationed about two hundred yards this side of the regular picket post, the more serene the vidette looked to him. Dan thought his wild horse would soon have him shot and captured, but as he rode up to the Yank he at once surrendered. Dan said, "Why didn't you run?" And he replied, "I have been trying to make this d—d horse go ever since I heard you coming, but not one foot would he budge." Dan took the prisoner and his beautiful horse while Captain Dabney picked up a horse or two at the picket post. This stubborn horse was a perfect beauty, and when Dan got back to camp Bill Lumpkin fell in love, not with the Yank, but the horse, and Dan let him have him, which he petted and prized very highly indeed. A short time after this General Gary sent Dannelly's scouts down to Harrison's Landing, on the River James, where they picked up four Yanks on picket, and in bringing them out on up the Chickahominy they stopped at Mr. Gates's house to feed and eat breakfast, and just as they had finished Mr. Gates said, "Here comes the Nigger Squadron" (two companies). The scouts only had time to mount their horses bareback as they took them out of the stable. Lumpkin was already in the lot petting his beautiful horse, and just as he made

the spring to mount, the infernal horse jumped from under him, and then and there he was murdered. The negroes and their white officers followed the bareback riders to the woods, but nothing could induce them to follow, as they had been bush-whacked several times before. They left in a hurry for fear the scouts might return with others. Poor Lumpkin died fighting like a man; there was no use to ask for mercy. That evening our scouts went back and got Lumpkin's remains and gave him as decent a burial as they could under the circumstances.

"Do we weep for the heroes who died for us,
Who, living, were true and tried for us,
And dying sleep side by side for us,
The martyr-band
That hallowed our land
With the blood they shed in a tide for us?"

BUTLER'S CAVALRY AT BRANDY STATION

On the morning of the 9th of June the atmosphere was in a condition peculiarly favorable for the transmission of sound, and the firing of the pickets at Beverly's Ford aroused Stuart's entire command. At early dawn General Hampton rode in person to Colonel Butler's camp, which was half way between Brandy Station and Stevensburg, and directed him to mount his regiment, move one mile to Brandy Station, and there await orders. In executing this order, Butler left Lieutenant W W Broughton, officer of the guard, with fourteen men, in charge of the camp, directing him to send two videttes about one mile to Stevensburg. Butler had hardly reached Brandy Station when Lieutenant Broughton reported that the enemy was advancing on the road near Stevensburg and that the wagons of the regiment were in danger. Knowing that there was no force of cavalry between Stevensburg and Culpepper Court House, six miles away, where lay General Lee with Longstreet's and Ewell's Corps, Butler did not wait orders, but moved at once to meet the danger. He sent forward, at a gallop, in advance of the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton with twenty men, to observe and delay the enemy until the regiment could reach the range of the hills known as Hansborough's Mount, where Butler wished to contest his advance. Colonel Hampton pursued the direct road to Stevensburg, and meeting Lieutenant Broughton's party, learned that a squadron of the enemy had advanced into the town and had again retired. As Hampton's party, now numbering thirty-six men, reached Stevensburg, he found this squadron drawn up in a position of observation on the east side of the town. He immediately ordered a charge, which the enemy did not wait to receive but retired in the direction of their main body. Colonel Butler had, in the meantime, led his regiment on a by-road to the east of Stevensburg, and reached the main road just in rear of this retreating squadron, the pursuit of which was continued past Doggett's house to the wide stretch of open field beyond, over which the enemy was seen advancing in force. Judging that the attack would be made from the open field north of the road,

Butler withdrew his regiment to the line of wooded hills already described. It was necessary for him to occupy a line from Doggett's house to Hansborough's, a distance of nearly a mile, and to cover this line he had less than two hundred men. Leaving the thirty-six men under Colonel Hampton to act mounted on the road, Butler deployed the remainder of his regiment on foot along the line on the north side of the road. Colonel Hampton was ordered by Butler to charge anything which might assail him. The position in which Butler awaited attack was well chosen. The woods concealed the smallness of his numbers, and even on the road the sloping ground prevented the enemy from discovering any but the leading files of Hampton's mounted detachment. The enemy's advance was at first cautious, even timid. As Butler had anticipated, the first attempt was to break the line of his dismounted men on his left, and two such attacks were made; but both were repulsed by the close fire of his Enfield rifles. The enemy now turned his attention to Hampton's position, and prepared to carry it by a direct sabre charge in the road, supported by squadrons on either flank. To meet this attack Colonel Hampton dismounted nearly one-half of his men for protection of his flanks, retaining but twenty to meet the enemy's mounted charge. Between Hampton's position on the road and the nearest point of the line of Butler's dismounted men was a considerable gap.

At this juncture Colonel Wickham arrived with the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. He had been turned off from the direct road to Stevensburg by Captain W D. Farley, volunteer aide-de-camp to General Stuart, and had been guided along the same obscure road by which Butler had advanced. He now found himself on the right of Butler's dismounted men, the head of his column resting on the main road east of Stevensburg, just in rear of the position held by Hampton's mounted detachment. The charge in the direction of his march was most unfortunate, and was the real cause of the stampede which ensued. Had Wickham moved through Stevensburg, as he would have done had he not met Captain Farley, his regiment would have been in position to meet the enemy, whose advance might have been checked at the strong line occupied by Butler. The circumstances in which Wickham was placed were peculiar. His own regiment was in a position where it was impossible for it to act, enclosed as it was in a thick

pine copse, on a narrow by-road, where even a column of fours could scarcely move. It was, therefore, necessary to turn the head of his column westward toward Stevensburg, and after thus gaining the main road to wheel about by fours, placing his left in front. Ignorant of the dispositions made by Butler and of the events which had already occurred, Wickham naturally hesitated to give orders either to Butler or Hampton until he could bring his own regiment into action.

Major T. J. Lipscomb, commanding the Second South Carolina Cavalry after Colonel Butler was disabled and Colonel Hampton was killed, in an appendix to his report dictated by Colonel Butler, states that the command was turned over to Colonel Wickham by Colonel Butler, and that it was suggested that Colonel Hampton's position be strengthened by sharpshooters on the right, and by a mounted force in the road. The communication between Butler and Wickham was made through Lieutenant-Colonel W H. Payne of the Fourth Virginia. Very few of Hampton's men continued on the road with the Fourth Virginia. Most of them gave way to the left toward the line of the dismounted men of their own regiment. Simultaneous with the charge on the road, a squadron of the enemy had attacked the left of Butler's line, which was held by Lieutenant Markert, but the attack was readily repulsed, and Markert's line, still intact, offered a good rallying point for Hampton's men. Adjutant Moore says (now General James Moore): "I was told that some of the men, among whom was Lieutenant W H. Waring, as soon as they got out of the road, stopped and began firing into the enemy, nor did they leave their position by the road until the head of the charging column had gone so far beyond them as to render them liable to be cut off and captured; that Lynch, of Company H, knocked two dragoons off their horses with the butt of his rifle before he was surrounded and captured; and I remember that when I was engaged in rallying these men, Babb, of Company E, brought me a prisoner whom he had captured after a hand-to-hand fight; and I saw Pender, of Company H, who was badly wounded before the charge, just afterwards on a fine horse, having killed the Federal dragoon who rode him."

Colonel Hampton, while engaging one of the enemy with his sabre, was shot through the body by another, and was mortally

wounded. He succeeded in reaching the house of John S. Barbour, west of Stevensburg, where he died that night.

Major Lipscomb's report narrates the events which now followed. He says:

"The enemy having gained possession of the road and passed through Stevensburg on the road to Culpepper, the right of our line fell back obliquely to the road leading from Stevensburg to Brandy Station. They were rallied and formed by Colonel Butler between Stevensburg and Norman's Mill, but the columns of the enemy pouring out of the woods on his left, and threatening to gain his rear, compelled him to fall back beyond Norman's Mill and take a new position on the hill near Beckham's house. Colonel Butler ordered me to hold my position, and if they pressed on the right to move in that direction. The firing on the right gradually got to my rear, and I was in the act of moving when Captain Farley, of General Stuart's staff, brought to me a squadron of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, with orders to hold my position. I immediately put all the riflemen in position. About half an hour afterwards I received orders from Colonel Butler to retire with rapidity across Mountain Run. My line was extended, and by the time the riflemen were mounted the right and left of our line had both fallen back across Mountain Run. Having sixteen dismounted men with me, I was obliged to retire slowly to protect them. When I reached the open field I found a column of the enemy on either flank, from three to four hundred yards distant, and also moving to Mountain Run. Our artillery fired two shots which fell near me, and which, I think, caused the enemy to take me for one of their own columns, as they did not fire on me until after I had crossed the Run."

Butler had now secured a good position covering the road to Brandy Station and where he might expect soon to be reënforced by the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. Moreover, he threatened the enemy's flank should he advance towards Culpepper Court House. The one gun which had followed Colonel Wickham from Brandy Station was now available, and Butler proposed to make a stand. But while in the road, side by side with Captain Farley, their horses' heads in opposite directions, a shell from the enemy struck the ground near by, ricochetted, cut off Butler's right leg above the ankle, passed through his horse, through Farley's horse, and carried away Farley's leg at the knee.

The Hon. John T. Rhett addresses his narrative, from which I have already largely drawn, to the Hon. M. C. Butler; and thus describes a scene which for knightly courtesy and heroism cannot be surpassed:

"After we crossed the stream the enemy placed a gun in position in full view of us all. While they were so doing you ordered us to retire. As we were moving off I was turned in my saddle looking backwards. I saw the artillerymen fire the gun, heard an exclamation, and saw that the shot had taken effect in the small group with you. Captain Chestnut and myself, with a few men, hastened to the spot. We first went to you, sending some men to aid Captain Farley. When we had placed you in a blanket, you said to us, 'I wish that you two gentlemen, as you have placed me in the hands of my own men, would go and take charge of Farley.' We went to Captain Farley, told him that you had sent us, took him out of a blanket and placed him in an old flat trough. He was very cool, in fact pleasant and smiling, though evidently in great pain. Just as we were about to send him away, he called me to him, pointing to the leg that had been cut off by the ball, and which was lying near by, he asked me to bring it to him. I did so. He took it, pressed it to his bosom as one would a child, and said, smiling, 'It is an old friend, gentlemen, and I do not wish to part from it.' Chestnut and myself shook hands with him, bidding him good-bye, and expressing the hope that we should soon see him again. He said, 'Good-bye, gentlemen, and forever. I know my condition and we will not meet again. I thank you for your kindness. It is a pleasure to me that I have fallen into the hands of good Carolinians at my last moment.' Courteously, even smilingly, he nodded his head to us as the men bore him away. He died within a few hours. I have never seen a man whose demeanor, in the face of certain, painful, and quick death, was so superb. I have never encountered anything so brave from first to last."*

General Wade Hampton told me that but for the fact that the "Fourth Virginia Cavalry, under the command of Colonel Wickham, broke and ran, that his brother, Colonel Frank Hampton, would not have been killed that day."

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*The above is taken from the "Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry," by H. B. McClellan.

When an officer gets nervous and excited, in other words scared, his men generally fall into the same error and with a little encouragement they leave in confusion.

The total Confederate loss in this fight was 523 officers and enlisted men. We captured three pieces of artillery, six regimental and company flags and 486 prisoners. The Yankees lost 936 officers and enlisted men. The forces engaged on the Yankee side, according to their general, Pleasanton, were 10,981 effective men, twenty-four regiments of cavalry and two brigades of infantry. On the Confederate side were 9,536 effective men, fifteen cavalry regiments and no infantry. Both sides had their own horse artillery. Take from this number of 9,536 Robertson's brigade, which did not fire a gun, and could not from where he was, and Fitz Lee's brigade did not take part in the fight until late in the afternoon, save one regiment, the Fourth Virginia; thus we can safely assume that not more than 7,500 effective men took an active part in this great cavalry fight on our side.

After Doctor Taylor had amputated General Butle's leg on the battlefield, and he had recovered from the effects of the anesthetic, he asked Doctor Taylor if he had talked any during the operation, and the good doctor said, "Yes, you strongly admonished W C. Swaffield to keep his little sorrel mare under better control in line while drilling." Of course, the general remembered of nothing what was said and his mind was only wandering in the past.

AFTERMATH OF BRANDY STATION

The Second South Carolina Cavalry went into the battle of Brandy Station, June 9th, 1863, with 240 men. The next day we reported for duty about 200 men under the command of Major Thomas J. Lipscomb, Colonel Butler having lost a leg in that battle, and Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton having been mortally wounded, dying at eight o'clock that night. On the 13th of June Captain J. P. McFie arrived with a detachment of 118 men who had been sent back to South Carolina to remount. This brought the effective force of the regiment up to about 320 men. I have before me in my note book a copy of my field return, made just about three weeks afterwards, when we were going into the battle of Gettysburg, which shows that of the 320 only 137 were left to go into that battle. The difference represented the loss of the regiment during the three weeks in skirmishes preceding Upperville, the loss in that battle and the engagements following that battle, at Warrenton, Va., Rockville, Md., Westminster, Pa., Hanover, Pa., and at Hunterstown, Pa., at which last engagement, with Lee's army to our back, we fought to a late hour of the night, on the 2nd of July, repelling an attack of the Federal cavalry on the wagon train. At the close of the third day of Gettysburg we had scarcely one hundred men in the saddle. I have more than once heard General Hampton state that the loss of the cavalry division of the Army of Northern Virginia was, during the Gettysburg campaign, greater than that of any other division of the army. The Second South Carolina Cavalry seems to have borne its full share of the loss.

After we returned to Virginia we recruited up some by the return to duty of wounded men, and men with disabled horses. We carried into the second battle of Brandy Station (August 1, 1863,) 150 men. We lost in that battle thirty-seven men and fifty horses. On that day, at the opening of the battle, Hampton's Brigade was commanded by Colonel L. S. Baker, of the First North Carolina, General Hampton being disabled by wounds received at Gettysburg. Colonel Baker was wounded and the command next devolved upon Colonel P M. B. Young, of the

Cobb Legion. Colonel Young was wounded and Colonel Black of the First South Carolina succeeded to the command. Colonel Black was wounded and Colonel T. J. Lipscomb, of the Second South Carolina, then took command. He was disabled and carried off the field, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rich, of the Phillips Legion, took command of the brigade during the remainder of the battle.

I recall these facts because there seems to be a general impression that the losses of the cavalry were always small, and it was comparatively a safe arm of the service. In this connection I will mention the troop in which I went into service in 1861, in the Hampton Legion; the Beaufort District troop. We came into service with seventy-three men in 1861. In 1864, when they were sent back to recruit, Lieutenant John C. Davant, in command, marched eighteen men from the Grahamville depot to the old club house on their parade ground.

FROM BRANDY STATION TO UPPERVILLE.

On the 17th June we moved from camp near Brandy Station, and crossing the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, passed through Warrenton and camped not far from that town. The next day an advance of the enemy was reported and we moved back through Warrenton and were soon engaged with the Federal cavalry. We fought in an incessantly falling rain until dark, driving them back some distance. We fought until night, and then in the pitch darkness, we wended our way back to the piece of woods which sheltered us the night before, and went into bivouac, where all night long we strove for comfort, between rail fires and the continual rain. We did not get much comfort.

On the 19th we moved back through Warrenton and out on the turnpike, leaving Thoroughfare Gap to our right, and reached Rector's Cross Roads that evening. We learned that General Stuart had been having a severe engagement with the enemy that day, and that Major VonBorcke, his magnificent-looking Prussian staff officer, had been severely wounded.

On my last visit to Colonel Butler, after he lost his leg, and just before we left camp near Brandy Station, he placed in my charge all the papers relative to the application for his appointment as brigadier-general. These papers had been sent on to

Richmond, but somehow they had not been sent to General Stuart for his approval. This approval was necessary, and Colonel Butler, through his personal relations with Major Sam Melton, who was assistant adjutant general of the Confederate States, had obtained these papers from the files of the adjutant general's office. Colonel Butler gave the papers to me and charged me to take the greatest care of them, and to deliver them into the hands of General Stuart himself, and nobody else.

I had been for more than a year acting in that close relationship with General Butler which results, or should result, always, from the association of an adjutant with the colonel of his regiment. And in addition to the strong feelings of friendship for him, I had an opportunity of witnessing again and again, not only his dashing courage, but his quick and intuitive instinct as to what was the best disposition of his troops as he went into action, the weak point of the enemy, and where to attack. Added to this was the wonderful magnetism of the man himself, which seemed to give him complete control of his men, and to make them follow unhesitatingly wherever he chose to lead. I doubt if there is a man now of the old Second who does not recall the thrill that went through him when Butler ordered "Charge!" and how he felt ready to ride on, even into the "jaws of death," when he heard the order given. I felt the responsibility of being in charge of these papers, and at every fight we went into this responsibility seemed to grow heavier, as I thought of the danger of their loss. So, as soon as we met General Stuart at Rector's Cross Roads, I rode up to him and presented the papers, informing him of their nature and delivering the message of Colonel Butler. He directed me to hand them to Major McClellan, which I did, and drew a long sigh of relief as the major placed them in the leather pouch which he carried slung over his shoulder.

Night was now fast approaching, and with it came the rain which lasted all night long. We had not seen the wagons so long we had almost forgotten how they looked, and for days had no rations except the green corn and apples we gathered, and our horses had to depend entirely on grazing when they got a chance. The morning of the 20th dawned on a wet, bedraggled and hungry set of men and horses, and still the rain kept pouring down.

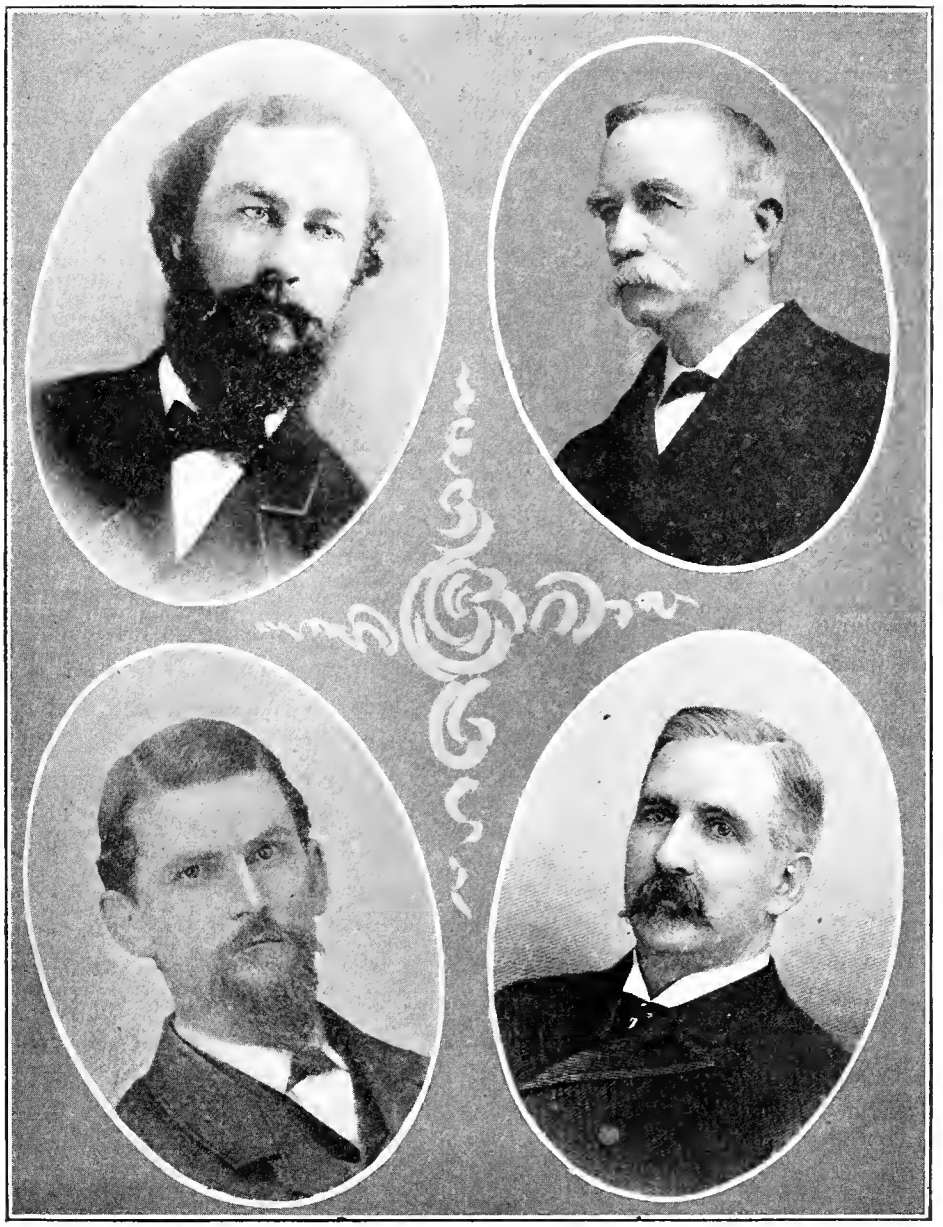
We were ordered out to relieve Robertson's Brigade, and soon we were engaged in another fight with the enemy's cavalry in the pouring rain. We held our ground and drove them back. Late in the day I was directed by Major Lipscomb to go and select a place to bivouac in. I picked out a grove on the Upperville Pike, and there we settled down for the night.

With a premonition that there would be business on the morrow, while grazing my horse I had cut a bundle of clover with my hunting knife, thinking that my duties as adjutant might prevent any chance of my horse grazing in the morning. This I used as a bed, and drawing my revolver round to the front, buttoning up my overcoat and pulling my oilcloth over me, I went supperless to bed. The oilcloth and overcoat kept me (and my pistol, more important than myself,) tolerably dry above, but the water crept up from below through the clover, and my back and about one-half of my body was wet all night. Tired nature asserted herself, however, and while I was aware of the discomfort, I slept through it all.

UPPERVILLE.

The morning of 21st June came. The rain ceased, and the mists disappeared before the rising sun of the beautiful Sabbath day. Two squadrons were sent at once to the front under Captain Gary and Captain Chestnut, and the rest of the regiment were ordered to graze their horses. About nine o'clock we were ordered to the front and were soon engaged with the advancing enemy. The fight began on the Upperville turnpike and about three miles west of Middleburg, with the village of Upperville in the rear. We had present only four regiments of Hampton's Brigade, the First South Carolina and the Phillips Legion being absent. The Second South Carolina Cavalry and the Cobb Legion were on the north side of the pike, and under the command of Colonel P. M. B. Young, of the Cobb Legion. The other two regiments of Hampton's Brigade were on the south side of the pike, under the command of Colonel L. S. Baker, of the First North Carolina. The Jeff Davis Legion being next to us and the First North Carolina on the extreme right.

As the fight progressed I could see the enemy were moving heavy bodies of infantry over to our right, evidently with the



ALFRED ALDRICH
MAJOR T. B. FERGUSON

JAMES W. MOORE
JOHN C. CALHOUN

intention of turning our right flank. I could distinguish the infantry by the close order in which they marched, and the gleam of their bayonets as they came into view, passing over a crest of hill where the woods were sparse. As we afterwards learned, this was Vincent's Brigade, over 1,500 strong, and largely outnumbering our entire brigade. In the meanwhile our brigade was fighting in front of us the three brigades of Gregg's Calvary Division. Far over to our left we could see the smoke of battle and hear the roar of cannon where an attack was at the same time being made on the brigades of Robertson, Jones and Wm. H. Lee, the latter under the command of Colonel Chambliss, General Lee having been severely wounded at Brandy Station.

These forces were holding the other road, and were engaged with the three brigades of Buford's Division of Federal cavalry. The two roads came together in our rear at or near Upperville. It was apparent at once that even if we held our front, and the forces of our right or left were driven back, we would have to retire to save ourselves from capture. After fighting several hours the Federal infantry succeeded in outflanking our right by their overpowering numbers and that part of our line had to retreat. The Jeff Davis Legion, next to us, was the last of the line, on the other side of the pike, to fall back, and the right flank of Colonel Young's two regiments was then left entirely unprotected. At this juncture the enemy in front of us came rushing on with cheers; but were met and checked by a steady fire of our sharpshooters. One officer on a handsome gray horse was particularly conspicuous by his daring attempts to lead his men in a charge up to our lines. He rode ahead of them and came within seventy yards of us. Major Lipscomb ordered William F Jackson and Jacob Berg, of Company B, who were mounted and acting as couriers for him, to fire on this officer. They both fired at him, but he remained unhurt, although Jackson was a fine rifle shot. His horse was, however, restive, and I suppose disturbed his aim. Berg asked Major Lipscomb to allow him to dismount, saying, "I think I can get him then, Major." On receiving permission, Berg sprang to the ground, and at the crack of his rifle the officer on the gray horse wheeled and dashed in a gallop to the rear of the dismounted Federal skirmishers. He was evidently badly wounded, but managed for the time to keep his

saddle. The enemy now ceased cheering, but poured in a rapid fire on us from their repeating Spencer rifles, to which our sharpshooters replied by a steady fire from their old-fashioned muzzle-loaders. Colonel Young ordered me to go to General Hampton and say to him that all our troops on the other side of the pike had retired, and he was left without any support, but was able to hold his position as long as it might be necessary; and ask what orders he had for him.

I found General Hampton on a ridge in the rear overlooking the battle. He was as calm and composed as if no battle was in progress, and the only evidence of anxiety he showed was to ride forward from his staff and inquire: "Well, Moore, what is it?" I delivered Colonel Young's message, and he at once said: "Tell Colonel Young to fall back to the next crest, I am going to make a stand there." Just then a limber chest, of one of Hart's guns blew up. His battery was in the rear of Colonel Young's two regiments, and, under their protection, was pouring a heavy fire into the enemy. As the limber chest exploded, dismounting the gun, an immense cloud of smoke arose obscuring all for the instant, and the next moment the four horses came galloping out, hurrying to escape the scene of death behind them. General Hampton quietly remarked: "Well, I am afraid Hart has lost a gun this time." We retired in perfect order and took up a new line of battle on the next crest; but it was impossible to bring off Hart's gun, so it had to be abandoned. It was one of two rifled Blakeley guns bought by General Hampton in Europe and presented to the battery by him, and was highly prized by the men.

After holding this crest for a time, evidently intending to make only a temporary stand here, we fell back to a line which was selected for our second position in the battle. The position we retreated to ran along Goose Creek and we held it for several hours; but, being outflanked again, we had to retire. The enemy had got a number of guns bearing on us, and their fire was very severe. I recall seeing five horses of Hart's battery lying dead in a pile. Among other men of our regiment, Salmon, of Company K, received a ghastly wound, the entire side of his face being torn away by a fragment of a shell. The withdrawal from the position was not an easy matter, from the nature of the ground, being rocky hills and covered with thick woods and exceedingly difficult

for horses to find a passage through. It was, however, accomplished in good order, and we took up another position in a wide open field about half a mile to the rear. Before reaching the line along Goose Creek our brigade was reinforced by the First South Carolina Regiment, which had been absent guarding the wagon train. They went at once into the fight in their own gallant way. They were a "fighting regiment," as were all the regiments of Hampton's Brigade; and they immediately made themselves felt by the enemy on the part of our line where they were stationed.

To cover our withdrawal from this line along Goose Creek General Stuart placed the gallant Captain Angus P. Brown, of the First South Carolina, with his company at the bridge and instructed him to hold it as long as possible. This was done in a most gallant manner, and the bridge was held to the last possible moment. When his men at last retired to save themselves from capture, Captain Brown was on the ground with two wounds, one in the leg and one in the head. He was apparently mortally wounded and it was impossible to carry him off. When the Federal cavalry crossed the bridge two of them tried to ride their horses on to Captain Brown as he lay there apparently dying; but the horses, more humane than their riders, could not be forced to trample on him. At this juncture, a Federal lieutenant rode up and made the men desist from their inhuman conduct. He had an ambulance brought up, and Captain Brown was placed in it and carried to the Federal field hospital.

I am happy to say he survived the war, and at the time of writing this sketch is still living in Columbia, S. C.

When we took up the position in an open field, after leaving the line of Goose Creek, the enemy drew up line after line of mounted men, until the whole country, as far as we could see, was blue with them. Here it was that Gregg's Division was reinforced by the reserve brigade of Buford's Cavalry Division, making four brigades of cavalry in our front, besides Vincent's Infantry Brigade on our right flank. With such a force it was only a question of how long we could hold our line; and after finding we were again outflanked, we retired slowly upon Upperville.

When the Federal cavalry formed in long lines in front of us, I had expected they would advance on us in a charge, and we

would have a "grand mix up" on a field so well adapted for it. This seemed to be the hope of our men, for there was nothing Hampton's men liked so well in a fight as a chance to use their sabres.

We could not risk advancing to charge them, as our right flank had already been doubled back (or *refused*, as it was generally termed,) to meet that portion of Vincent's infantry brigade which had passed our right flank and was working its way steadily toward our rear. But we were waiting for them to charge, to teach them the lesson we soon afterwards taught them near Upperville.

Their cavalry, however, remained drawn up in line, and they brought up several batteries and opened a heavy artillery fire which inflicted a terrible loss on us before we retired as already stated.

Among those killed at this portion of the field was Cecil Johnson, of Company B, Second South Carolina Cavalry. He was a nephew of Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin J. Johnson, of the Hampton Legion, who was killed at the First Manassas. Cecil Johnson was one of the finest soldiers I ever saw. Utterly devoid of fear, with a cool, calm judgment, never missing a day's duty, ready for any emergency, and always to be depended upon, no matter what he was called upon to do, he filled completely my idea of a model soldier. He fell, while firing his last shot, with his rifle at his shoulder.

The converging roads before mentioned now brought Robertson's Brigade up near the left flank of Hampton's Brigade, and lessened a good deal the front line we had been covering. The Second Cavalry, being on the left of Hampton's Brigade, was ordered to retire first, the whole brigade retiring (as it had done all day) en echelon of regiments. After leaving the open fields near Upperville, and while passing through a piece of woods, we heard the unmistakable uproar of a furious cavalry fight in our rear. Major Lipscomb at once wheeled the regiment about, and we went at a trot for the scene of conflict. Before we got out of the woods we were met by a lot of men from Robertson's Brigade with dismounted horses hurrying to the rear. For the first time during the day I saw General Stuart. He was galloping toward the front, and a lot of led horses came swinging on

at a gallop to meet him. He sat his horse as if he were a part of him, and reining him back for an instant, he caught the connecting rein of the horses directly in front of him and, throwing it over his head, passed on through to the front.

The led horses passed on to the left of our regiment and went to the rear. They were followed by a regiment of Robertson's Brigade, which struck the head of our column and for a moment or two delayed it. But Major Lipscomb ordered the men to force their way through the North Carolinians, which we did, and passing on at a gallop we emerged from the woods upon the open fields near Upperville. Here we found three regiments of the brigade reforming after a desperate conflict with overwhelming numbers. Each regiment had charged and defeated three regiments of Federal cavalry successively, and had driven them back over a half-mile. The opposing forces were about two hundred yards apart. Each engaged in reforming their ranks after the charge and getting ready to renew the conflict. Back behind the Federals' fresh regiments were rapidly advancing to the support of the disorganized masses in front of them, and the fields for a mile back were blue with reinforcements hurrying to the front.

We came up at a gallop, and under General Hampton's orders to cover the rest of the brigade while they were reforming, we passed by our left flank, the Jeff Davis Legion being on our immediate right, and halted in close column of squadrons about sixty yards in advance, and between them and the enemy, who were both in front and on the left flank. In the meanwhile the Federals had placed a lot of sharpshooters behind a stone wall in our front, was opened a galling fire on us. As our regiment was nearest them, their fire was directed principally at us. Here we lost, besides others, Sergeant Holliday, of Company F, and Sergeant Hood, of Company C, two of the best non-commissioned officers of the regiment, who were both killed at this point.

Expecting that as soon as the brigade was reformed we would be ordered to charge, and knowing that a deep ditch ran diagonally across in front, hidden by a tall growth of timothy, I rode forward about seventy-five yards to select a place for the regiment to cross when the charge was ordered. As I reached the ditch, I nearly rode upon a Federal dragoon, who was lying in the grass

with a terrible sabre wound in his head. He was lying face down, and raised his head and groaned as if the blood was smothering him. I started to dismount to turn him over on his back. Just at that moment two balls struck my horse, one barely missing my knee, the other striking him behind the left ear. He fell dead and rolled over on me with my right leg under him. I tried in vain to draw my leg out from under my horse, and then I realized that, lying hidden by the tall grass, I was liable to be trampled to death by the horses of our own men, when they advanced to the charge. I managed to raise myself high enough for my head to be just visible above the tall grass, and called to Major Lipscomb, and asked him to send some men to take my horse off me. The regiment had seen my horse go down with me, and thought we were both killed. As soon as my voice was heard and my head seen the entire first squadron started forward to aid me. Major Lipscomb halted them and sent Lieutenant John G. Wham and three men, who raised my horse off me and dragged me out from under him. As soon as I regained my feet and found that my leg was not broken, and that I could still use it, I felt that I could then take care of myself, and I determined not to risk any further the lives of the brave men who had come to my aid. The Federal sharpshooters in front of us were then giving their almost undivided attention to the group around me, and the balls were singing in every direction about us. So I directed Lieutenant Wham to mount his men at once, to scatter them and return to the regiment. I can see him now before me with his look of surprise as I gave the order, and for an instant he stood gazing at me in apparent astonishment. I repeated the order, adding: "Some of you will be killed here in a few moments, and I can take care of myself now." He gave the order to his men, they mounted and galloped back in open order to the regiment. I unstrapped my overcoat from the bow of my saddle, and threw it in the hollow of my left arm, then I reached under my horse, burst loose the button that held the holster, and drew out the pistol from it. I carried a revolver in the holster on my saddle in addition to the Colt's Navy in my belt. And bending as low as I could in the tall timothy grass to avoid the aim of the Federal sharpshooters, I made good time back to the regiment.

I was carried behind one of the men to the rear and there met a detachment of the Cobb Legion, which had about fifty captured Federals in charge, most of them with sabre cuts in their heads. I made one of them dismount, and mounting his horse I rejoined the regiment.

The brigade being reformed and the enemy having turned both our flanks, we were ordered to retire, which we did slowly and in perfect order, our regiment bringing up the rear and covering the rest of the brigade. After we had left Upperville behind, the Federals made their final dash on us. They were met by Colonel P. G. Evans's regiment of North Carolinians, who were covering Robertson's Brigade, and on whom the advance was made. Colonel Evans met them with a dashing counter-charge, and the North Carolinians drove them headlong before them, but their gallant colonel was killed in the charge.

We moved down at a gallop to the support of the North Carolinians, but the repulse of the enemy was final, and they made no other demonstration and followed no further.

An accurate description of the fight by Hampton's Brigade near Upperville is given by Major H. B. McClellan in the "Life and Campaigns of General J. E. B. Stuart," in which he quotes from the account of General Hampton. I make the following extract from his admirably written description of the battle of Upperville:

"While these events were occurring on the north of the Upperville Pike, General Gregg was handsomely pushing his advance upon the town. Robertson's Brigade held the road and the open fields north of it. As he retired from the town one of his regiments was thrown into some confusion, which was, however, instantly relieved by the splendid conduct of Hampton's Brigade on the right. As the enemy followed Robertson on the road Hampton charged their flank with the Jeff Davis Legion. General Hampton gives the following account of this action: 'We repulsed the enemy, who threw a fresh regiment on the right flank of the Legion. I called up the right wing of the North Carolina Cavalry, five companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon (afterwards brigadier-general), and in turn charged. Another regiment charged the North Carolinians, when Colonel Baker, with the remaining five companies, struck them upon the flank. Baker

was charged by a fresh regiment. Then I put in the Cobb Legion and broke the attacking party. The Cobb Legion was again attacked, and again with the Jeff Davis Legion I turned the flank; and this series of charges went on until all of my regiments named had charged three times, and I had gained ground to the right and front of more than half a mile. At this moment the Second South Carolina Cavalry was brought up in good order from the rear, and under its protection I reformed my command, and retired in column of regiments, at a walk and without molestation. In the meantime everything upon my left had given way and the enemy were in Upperville. I came into the road beyond the village and formed to support Robertson."

After this quotation from General Hampton of the affair near Upperville, Major McClellan sums up the result of the battle of Upperville as follows: "Hampton brought off eighty prisoners from the fight. The enemy advanced but a short distance beyond Upperville. The last charge of the day was made by Colonel P G. Evans's regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, of Robertson's brigade. This was the regiment which had become disordered in retiring through the town. Colonel Evans was determined to atone for this disgrace. Placing himself at the head of his column of fours in the narrow lane and pointing with his drawn sabre toward the enemy, he cried, as with the voice of a trumpet, 'Now, men, I want you to understand that I am going through!' He kept his word, but fell mortally wounded in the midst of the enemy, whose ranks he had penetrated too far for the recovery of his body. A feeble attempt to follow this regiment as it returned from the charge was checked by Hampton's brigade [this was the forward movement led by the Second South Carolina in support of the North Carolina Regiment, of which I have written,] and darkness closed down upon the scenes of this hard-fought day. Had a longer term of daylight permitted any further advance by the enemy, they would have come into collision with Longstreet's infantry, which had come down from the gap to Stuart's aid. He acknowledged in his report that he was unable to follow Stuart into the gap, and, except that he assured himself that the enemy had no infantry force in London Valley, was unable to transmit to army headquarters any other information as to the result of the reconnoissance 'beyond that given by the negroes here.'"

I will make one more quotation from Major McClellan's account of the battle:

"If victory in any passage of arms is to be claimed by either side, it must be accorded to Hampton's Brigade, which at the close of the day relieved the pressure on Robertson's two regiments, drove back the forces opposed to it, regained more than half a mile of ground, and retired from the battle at a walk and unmolested. This success was mainly due to that personal influence which both during and since the war has marked Hampton as a leader of men. When the Jeff Davis Legion was countercharged, its position seemed perilous. Hampton saw the danger, and turned to Baker's regiment. Drawing his sabre, and raising himself to his full height, he cried, 'First North Carolina, follow me!' And those North Carolinians could as little resist that appeal as iron can fail to obey the magnet."

With the charge of Evans's North Carolina Regiment the battle was virtually ended. We waited quietly for a while for any demonstration of the enemy, and finding that they had no intentions of attempting any further advance, we retired again at a walk. Just after reaching the village of Paris we met some of Longstreet's infantry advancing to our support and deployed as skirmishers, but their services were not needed. The Federal cavalry never came in sight of them.

And as the shades of night were falling we dismounted from our weary horses, and lay down to rest from the toils and dangers of the bloody battlefield of Upperville.

The above sketch was prepared by my comrade, General James W. Moore, the distinguished lawyer of Hampton, S. C., who was adjutant of the Second South Carolina Cavalry—than whom there was no better soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia.—U. R. BROOKS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALVIN HARPER (NEGRO)

The annexed statement is an account of the wounding and subsequent death of Captain W D. Farley, being the recollections of Calvin Harper, a faithful colored servant of the noted scout, and given practically in Cal's own words, which, if not literally correct, are doubtless approximately so. And while the faithful old ex-Confederate servant may say nothing of special interest, he is entitled to some recognition for his loyalty and trustworthiness to his young masters (as he followed more than one of them) and in being thus, he was frequently under fire of the enemy. Indeed, we were more than once impressed at the physical courage manifested on the part of negro servants in the war, and not only their faithfulness and loyalty to their masters, but their apparent loyalty to the cause for which those masters were fighting, while indifferent to their own freedom, which was easily obtainable by simply stepping across the line into Yankee soldierdom. Yet we never knew of such an instance. But let the old negro veteran tell his story in his own way. He says:

"About three or four o'clock on morning of the fight I awoke Captain Bill Farley and told him I heard a cannon fire twice on Rappahannock River. While we were talking the cannon fired the third time. Captain Farley then told me to go and wake up General Stuart and tell him. Then Captain Farley asked me was I certain I heard two cannons fire. I told him I did. About that time the General come. He told Captain Farley to get his horse and ride down to the river and see what was the matter, and to carry two or three couriers with him. About seven or eight o'clock Captain Farley returned and said: 'Get ready and pack up. I saw four columns going up the Stevensburg road. Get ready quick as possible, and go and order General Butler out on the road.' I said to Captain Farley, 'Can I go with the General?' He said, 'Yes, pack up all my things, and you can go.' Captain Farley's last words to me were, 'Don't let Major (Henry) Farley have my black horse.' I then rode with the general all day until about three or four o'clock in the evening, when General Hampton rode up, and General Stuart asked him who were those on top

of the hill. General Hampton replied that it was the enemy. General Stuart then said to Hampton, 'You must cut them in two.' General Hampton then pulled his hat down over his face and said, 'Forward, men! Forward!' Just at the old red house, below Brandy Station, General Hampton did cut them in two, in a short time upon the hill.

"I followed Captain Farley to his grave. He was buried in Dr. Thomas's vineyard, at Culpepper Court House. I then went to Lieutenant Farley, of the Third Regiment, at Chickamauga.

"I saw President Jeff Davis, who came to us on Sunday morning after the fight. We were on top of Lookout Mountain.

"I served the balance of the war with Lieutenant Hugh Farley, and at last drove the hearse that contained his remains to his last bivouac."

CHARGE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN AT TREVILLIAN STATION

New York, November 5th, 1908.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Colonel Brooks: I mailed you on the 29th ult., copy of my diary, kept during the year 1864, together with other papers, which I trust will be of service to you in writing the history of "Butler and His Cavalry."

I have a number of letters written during the war by myself and other people, which give the particulars in regard to different battles, and the campaign in which General Butler's command was engaged; but it takes a lot of time to go over them. If you are not in a hurry, I will have them looked over and see what can be found.

I enclose you two letters from Ben Maynard to my sister, which are interesting. One refers particularly to the fight at Trevillian Station, and states General Hampton complimented me in person for the charge I made under orders direct from him. The other refers to the fight at Reams Station.

I also send you copy of a letter, dated July 31st, 1864, written from "Malone's Crossing," by myself to my sister; this contains an account of our bringing out of the enemy's lines a lot of oats, fodder and beef cattle, which had been bought by Major Melton, brigade quartermaster; also an account of the fight at "Lee's Mill," in which W H. McDonald, of my company, was wounded and one horse killed; also in the junior company of my squadron, which was commanded by Captain McIver, afterward Chief Justice, Lieutenant Weatherby was seriously wounded, one killed and two wounded.

I have no doubt I can find other letters, giving detailed accounts of the various fights in which we were engaged. In the first day's fight at "Trevillian Station" my squadron was kept mounted; the balance of General Butler's command was dismounted, the fourth man holding the horses; when General Custer's brigade got around in our rear, the horse-holders became frightened and turned the horses loose, when they stampeded. Just at this time General Hampton came out of a piece of woods,

and, jumping a fence, galloped up to my command and ordered me in person to throw the command in a column of fours, charge down the road and attack the cavalry in our rear, which I did, completely routing them.

It turned out that the regiment which we struck with great force was commanded by Colonel R. A. Alger, afterwards general, and secretary of war. General Alger—whom I got to know quite well—and I have discussed this charge several times. General Hampton also has talked it over with me many times, and complimented me for it on the field at the time, as is stated by Mr. Maynard in his letter of July 31st, 1864.

The second charge I made was under orders from General Butler, and was made through the lines of General Sheridan, throwing them in confusion, and back to my original position. It was on this charge Sergeant Holcome, who was riding by my side, was killed.

Mr. Ben Maynard, who wrote the enclosed letters, was one of the most gallant soldiers of the war, and deserves special mention. General Butler knows of many gallant acts of his, and one particularly, when he called for a volunteer to take a message to General Hampton, Maynard said he would take it; there was a rain of bullets and shrapnel, and it did not look as if one could live and pass where Mr. Maynard had to go. He was at school in Baltimore when the war came on, ran away, came through the lines and joined my company at Pocotaligo.

If you cannot get a muster roll of my company in Columbia, I will have the one here copied and sent to you.

Wishing you much success, I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

J. C. C.
E. E. M.
Enclos.

ORDER No. 38.

Headquarters Second Battalion Cavalry S. C. V.,
Grahamville, S. C., May 5, 1862.

In pursuance of orders received from Colonel Colquitt, commanding Fourth and Fifth Military Districts South Carolina.

A re-organization of the Second Battalion of Cavalry, S. C. V., will take place tomorrow, the sixth inst., according to the recent Act passed by Congress.

At each company headquarters an election will be held and a separate poll will be opened from 11 A. M. to 3 P M. for the following officers:

A major to command the battalion, and for each company one captain, one first lieutenant, one second lieutenant, one junior second lieutenant.

The three highest commissioned officers in each company will act as managers of the election. As soon as the polls are closed the managers will count the votes cast for the company officers, and will forward a certified statement of the result of the election to these headquarters.

Immediately after counting the votes for company officers, at least one manager from each company precinct will report at headquarters with the different boxes containing ballots for major, count the votes and furnish a certified statement of the result.

In accordance with the "Act" referred to above, only those will be entitled to vote in the re-organization who will be permanently attached to the battalion.

No company is allowed more than eighty men, rank and file.

By order of

(Signed) JAMES P. ADAMS,
Major Commanding.

CAPTAIN CALHOUN.

Grahamville, S. C., May 6, 1862.

This is to certify at an election held for officers of Co. "B," Second Battalion, Cavalry S. C. V., in accordance with orders to re-organize under "Conscription Act" of the "Confederate Congress," that the following is the result:

Captain John C. Calhoun received all of the votes polled at said election.
Larkin Newton received 28 votes for first lieutenant.
T. D. Bellotte received 37 votes for first lieutenant.
W. H. McLeskey received 1 vote for first lieutenant.
Aaron Boggs received 50 votes for second lieutenant.
T. W Hunnicitt received 4 votes for second lieutenant.
M. P. Rogers received 5 votes for second lieutenant.
J. E. Dodd received 6 votes for second lieutenant.
J. M. Reid received 1 vote for second lieutenant.
J. M. Reid received 44 votes for junior second lieutenant.
W. H. McLeskey received 20 votes for junior second lieutenant.
T. D. Bellotte received 1 vote for junior second lieutenant.

We therefore declare the following officers are duly elected:

John C. Calhoun, captain; Thos. D. Bellotte, first lieutenant; Aaron Boggs, second lieutenant; James M. Reid, junior second lieutenant.

(Signed) JOHN C. CALHOUN,
LIEUTENANT L. NEWTON,
AARON BOGGS, Second Lieut.

Official:

JAMES P. ADAMS, Major Commanding.

DIARY OF CAPTAIN JOHN C. CALHOUN, CO. "C," FOURTH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY, BUTLER'S BRIGADE, HAMPTON'S DIVISION.

May 4, 1864.—Left Fort Hill for Columbia on way to Virginia.

May 9, 1864.—Left Columbia for Greensboro, N. C., to join regiment.

May 11, 1864.—Arrived at Greensboro, N. C., and joined regiment, which arrived on the 12th.

May 13, 1864.—Regiment rested and remained over at Greensboro.

May 14, 1864.—Marched with regiment to "Grahams," N. C., 22 miles, and halted for the night.

May 15, 1864.—Marched with regiment to "Cedar Grove," N. C., 20 miles, and halted for the night.

May 16, 1864.—Marched with regiment to "Mount Teroja," N. C., 22 miles, and halted for the night.

May 17, 1864.—Marched with regiment to "Oak Hill," N. C., 20 miles, and halted for the night.

May 18, 1864.—Received information of Colonel Spears making a raid on the Danville Railroad, and made a forced march from "Oak Hill," N. C., to Clarksville, Va., twenty miles, where the regiment remained for the night awaiting information.

May 19, 1864.—Hearing of Colonel Spears making his way towards "Roanoke Station," on Danville Railroad, made forced march to Roanoke Station, 30 miles, and halted for the night.

May 20, 1864.—Hearing Colonel Spears had returned to his lines, took the most direct road to Richmond and marched to "Keysville," Va., 22 miles, where the regiment halted for the night.

May 21, 1864.—Marched with regiment to "Burkville," Va., 23 miles, and halted for the night.

May 22, 1864.—Marched with regiment to "Amelia," C.-H., Va., 23 miles, and halted for the night.

May 23, 1864.—Having been taken sick at "Greensboro," N. C., and gradually getting worse until now am too unwell to travel with regiment, consequently take the cars for "Richmond." Remained in bed in Richmond from the evening of the 23d until the 1st June, 1864. Disease, *chill and fever.*

June 1, 1864.—Hearing of the engagements of the 28 May at "Hawes Shops," and the 29th near "Cold Harbor," and the 30th at "Cold Harbor," and the heavy loss of my company, got up out of bed and joined my company and regiment near "Cold Harbor" on the march towards "Bottom's Bridge." Regiment halted for the night about 8 miles from Bottom's Bridge.

June 2, 1864.—Early in the morning marched with regiment to "Bottom's Bridge" and took position to repel the enemy from crossing the Chickahominy River. Slight skirmishing in the evening; only the Sixth S. C. Cavalry engaged; the Fourth held as reserve. Fell back two miles to

camp for the night. Brigade left on duty at "Bottom's Bridge" for the night.

June 3, 1864.—Marched down to "Bottom's Bridge" again early; after taking position and remaining a short time the regiment was ordered back to camp, except my squadron, which was ordered to take up the picket line of "White Oak Swamp," and I placed in command of outposts. After going around and placing the pickets (about 40 miles) returned to headquarters' outpost about 10 o'clock.

June 4, 1864.—Visited the line of pickets in the morning, relieved by Captain Goodwin, of the Sixth Regiment, about 11 o'clock at night, and marched back with squadron to "Savage Station" on York River Railroad, where the regiment was arriving just before daylight; raining hard.

June 5, 1864.—The whole brigade moved camp to "White Oak Swamp" on "Bottom's Bridge" and "Charles City" road, about nine miles from "Savage Station." Remained in said camp until the 8th.

June 8, 1864.—The whole brigade marched from "White Oak Swamp" to "Mechanicsville," about 27 miles, and halted for the night.

June 9, 1864.—All the effective men of the brigade started from "Mechanicsville" on an expedition after General Sheridan, who was going to the relief of General Hunter in the valley with 10,000 cavalry and several batteries of artillery. The entire command of the expedition rested on General Hampton, whose force consisted of about 6,000 cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The brigade marched about 30 miles on the road towards "Gordonsville," bearing into the "North Anna" River and halted to feed; after resting about three hours, again took up the line of march and reached "Louisa" C.-H. on the 10th about mid-day. Passing on about three miles the brigade halted to graze, when we heard of the near approach of the enemy. The brigade went on then nearly to "Trevillian Station" and halted for the night.

June 11, 1864.—Our brigade was engaged today in one of the hardest fights which has occurred in Virginia. I and my command were steadily under fire from 7 o'clock in the morning to 2:30 P. M. I made two mounted charges with my "squadron," in the first of which I charged through the enemies' line of skirmishers, throwing them in great confusion; went some two hundred yards to the rear of their line and drove off a squadron of their cavalry and charged back through their lines, and occupied my original position. In the second charge I only had 65 men in my squadron, the remainder having been detailed off, and with them I charged, under the eye of the commanding general, two regiments of the enemy. *In both of these charges I was complimented.* The loss of my squadron in these charges was 23.

June 12, 1864.—Notwithstanding being very unwell and much worn out from previous illness, and having eaten nothing for two days, I attempted to lead my command into action, when the enemy made a furious assault on our lines about 4 o'clock P. M., but having double-quicked about 50 yards, I *fainted* and had to retire.

June 13, 1864.—The enemy being completely beaten and routed, and I feeling a little rested, having slept in a house nearby, joined my command and followed in pursuit of the *fast retreating foe.* Marched all night.

June 14, 1864.—Continued in pursuit and halted for the night, after crossing "North Anna" River.

June 15, 1864.—Continued in pursuit, and after a hard day's march halted for the night in Caroline County, near the Telegraph Road.

June 16, 1864.—Continued in pursuit, and after a very hard day's march, halted about 11 o'clock at night on the "Mattapony" River.

June 17, 1864.—Continued in pursuit, but followed down the "Mattapony" River rather to watch the fords and bridges. Encamped in a very fine clover field near a handsome little cottage on the river. The enemy about four miles on opposite side of the river.

June 18, 1864.—Changed our direction for the "White House" and marched to the Pamunkey River; crossed at Wickham's ford and halted for the night; I in command of regiment.

June 19, 1864.—Made a severe march and halted about 5 hours, at 10 P. M., in a clover field, about seven miles from White House.

June 20, 1864.—Took up the line of march about 3 o'clock A. M. for "White House;" encountered the enemy's pickets about daylight and captured them. The command being dismounted to fight, I was placed, by General Butler, in command of the horses. At night the whole brigade retired three miles to graze the horses.

June 21, 1864.—The command advanced again, and, our brigade being dismounted, drove the enemy to their gunboats. I went with the regiment as long as I could walk, being very unwell and weak, when I volunteered on Colonel Funstain's staff (commanding the brigade), and acted during the remainder of the day with him. In the evening late we took up the line of march to Bottom's Bridge, and, after marching almost all night, arrived there just before daylight.

June 22, 1864.—Being now quite seriously ill, I leave camp, under orders from the surgeon, for a hospital, and arrive in Richmond about dark.

June 23, 1864.—I leave for the "Hugenot Springs Hospital" and arrive on the morning of the 24th, and remained at the Hugenot Springs Hospital sick until 14th July, 1864.

July 14, 1864.—Leave Hugenot Springs Hospital for camp at Stoney Creek Station," on W. & P. R. R. Stop for the night at Mrs. Cock's, 18 miles.

July 15, 1864.—Lost the road. Stopped for the night at Dr. Boisseau's, 30 miles.

July 16, 1864.—Reached camp at Major Malone's farm, 18 miles.

July 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, August 1st, 2d, and 3d remained in camp on ————. Had some severe skirmishes with enemy.

August 4, 1864.—Removed camp nearer the railroad. Remained in this camp until 11th.

August 11, 1864.—Stopped for the night on Swift Run, 17 miles.

August 12, 1864.—Stopped for the night at "Manchester," 16 miles.

August 13, 1864.—Stopped for the night at "South Anna," 24 miles.

August 14, 1864.—Halted for the night at "North Anna," 14 miles.

August 15, 1864.—Having received orders to return to Richmond as soon as possible, made a forced march back to "Ashland." The night of the 15th marched to "Chickahominy."

August 16, 1864.—Marched via Richmond to "Deep Bottom," and from there to "Savage Station" on York R. R., where we halted for the night.

August 17, 1864.—Rested in camp.

August 18, 1864.—Remained in line of battle from daylight until about 4 o'clock, when we attacked the enemy at "White Oak Swamp" and defeated them.

August 19, 1864.—Moved camp to near "White's Tavern."

August 20, 1864.—Remained in camp.

August 21, 1864.—Regiment crossed to South-Side; I being too unwell to march, was sent by surgeon to hospital in Richmond.

August 22, 1864.—Entered General Hospital No. 4, Richmond; remained in General Hospital No. 4 until 28th.

August 28, 1864.—Went to Hugenot Springs Hospital.

CASUALTIES OF COMPANY "C," FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY, IN BATTLE.

BATTLE OF HAWES SHOP SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

Lieutenant T. D. Bellotte, severely wounded and missing.
Corporal Moore, wounded and missing.
S. A. Bellotte, slight wound in elbow, not missing.
Z. D. Bellotte, mortal wound in body and missing.
A. Collins, wounded and missing.
A. Day, dead and missing.
N. Day, dead and missing.
J. T. Day, missing.
C. M. Faut, wounded and missing.
J. Henderson, one finger off; not missing.
W. C. Kirkey, serious wound in thigh; not missing.
William Lee, wounded and missing.
B. Mirk, missing.
W. H. McDonald, flesh wound in head; not missing.
C. Smith, missing.

HEAVY SKIRMISH FIGHT SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1864.

John Glenn, wounded, slight; not missing.
D. N. Halcourt, very slight wound; not missing.
S. N. Price, slight wound in right arm; not missing.

I submit this for the benefit of the poor people that may come to Uncle Andrew for information, the friends and relatives of those mentioned.

The cases of some are not known. I put a dash after the name and write missing.

The casualties of the regiment are 180 in all since we have been fighting.

I would write more but I have been quite unwell today. Let me hear from you often.

Love to all of my dear relatives and friends.

Ever your most devoted cousin,

(Signed) B. G. MAYNARD.

Headquarters Butler's Cavalry Brigade,
Near Reams Station, July 14, 1864.

Dearest Cousin: For many unavoidable reasons I have failed to write to one whom I love very much, but, though leading at present a very active life, I steal time enough to express my attachment and love for you.

I am now perfectly inured to the hardships of a Virginia soldier, and can stand anything, it seems to me, in the way of exposure and fatigue, as I was thoroughly tested on the raid in pursuit of Sheridan, on which raid I broke my white horse down, but was furnished with another one by Uncle John Maynard.

I presume you saw by the papers what a successful expedition it proved, terminating in the utter defeat and disorganization of his whole force, so much so that whenever we confront him now he falls back as if in unbounded honor of our brave boys. *In the fight at "Trevillian Station" Captain Calhoun led two very gallant charges, which reflected such a lustre upon his military capacities that he was complimented on the field by General Hampton.*

I have been detailed as courier to General Butler, and am very well pleased, as both my horse and myself get plenty to eat, and as I desire to be absent from the company in Captain Calhoun's absence for many reasons, which I will not trouble you to explain. The captain is now at the hospital near Richmond, "Hugenot Springs," where he is improving and expects to return to the company in a day or two.

I will reveal to you several small items of news which may prove interesting, viz: A scout who has just returned from the rear of the enemy's lines reports officially that the Sixth army corps from Grant's army has been ordered towards Washington, as Early's movements have caused great uneasiness in the Federal ranks. Report from scouts also affirm that Sheridan, with his artillery wagons and his whole command, were moving towards Weldon, but they encountered General Fitz Lee's command, and, after a sharp picket engagement, retired.

I hope that Uncle Andrew got the letter I sent him by Miss Crawford.

Write soon and direct your letter as usual, as the Petersburg railroad is opened again.

Love to all, and much to you, dearest cousin.

Your most affectionate cousin,

(Signed) R. G. MAYNARD.

To Miss M. M. Calhoun, Fort Hill.

Maloan's Farm, July 23, 1864.

Mr. Editor: In the correspondence of "N." in your recent issue of the 13th inst., relating to the fight "at Trevillian's Station under Generals Hampton and Butler, whose forces were engaged and sustained the blunt of the onslaught," errors are very apt to occur where there is a more or less degree of excitement, must be admitted. With all due deference to the brave and able generals for the stragetic and judicious manoeuvreing of their forces on that occasion, yet there is a slight mistake in the accounts given as regards the charge that was made "by only three companies" and by General Hampton in person against nearly the whole of the Yankee forces, when separated and cut off from the rest of his command, "two thousand of the enemy occupying one portion of the road and over four thousand on the other." The charge was made by Captain John C. Calhoun, Co. "C," Fourth Regiment South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade, and not, as stated by the correspondent, to be "by General Hampton in person."

"Credit should be given to whom credit is due." Therefore I beg leave to call your attention to it and request the correction of that portion of "N's" correspondence. By so doing you will oblige the author of this, who was present and an eye-witness to the charge when made.

(Signed) M.

NOTE.—The above is an extract taken from the *Daily Southern Guardian*, published in Columbia, S. C., dated August 2, 1864.

(General Hampton made the charge with the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, and not the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, 11th June, 1864, at Trevillian. General Hampton emptied two saddles with his own pistol and Lieutenant John Bauskett killed the Yank who was about to kill the gallant W. Gilmore Simms, of Co. F, cadet Company Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, who was promoted for gallantry.—U. R. BROOKS.)

Camp Near Reams Station, Oct. 7, 1864.

My Dear Cousin: As this is the first opportunity which has presented itself since my arrival in camp to write you a few words expressive of my love, etc., I with great pleasure avail myself of it.

After three days very pleasantly spent in Richmond I started (September 24th) for my command, and found it encamped on the Plank Road not far from the Weldon R. R. I reported to General Butler, as he directed me, and as he had over his full quota, he ordered me back to my company, much to my satisfaction, the next day. I reported to Lieutenant Dickson for duty the 26th, and on the 28th was detailed for picket, and before we were relieved the enemy made a demonstration on our lines, driving in the pickets and dashing on towards the South-Side Railroad. Colonel Jeffords, who commanded the picket detail from our brigade, after gathering us together, started off to check, if possible, their advance, but later in the day,

having ascertained that they were in strong force, "both infantry and cavalry," he dispatched a courier to General Dunovant requesting that he bring his brigade to the front and giving all the information that he had received during the day. Accordingly he advanced within a mile or two of the vidette line, and after a long conversation the general instructed Colonel "J." to move with the picket detail under his charge up to the point that our reserve post had been before the enemy advanced. He obeyed, moving cautiously by a blind road to the position named, and found no enemy up to that point, but just as we halted General Pryor, "the noted scout," dashed up and informed him that the enemy was drawn up in line of battle on the opposite side of the Squirrel Level Road, their right resting immediately in his front, and after an investigation he came back and directed me to go, with all possible speed, to the general and inform him that the enemy were drawn up in line of battle on the Squirrel Level Road, "infantry in the rear and cavalry in the front," and that the line extended for a mile parallel with the road. I dashed off and met the general advancing, delivered the message and walked on back with the column. On the way General Butler met us, and, after receiving all the particulars regarding the day's transactions, he remarked with emphasis, "Advance the column, general, we will attack them." And taking the lead himself he moved off in a gallop.

A few minutes after and nothing could be heard but the booming of cannon and the roar of musketry. Everything was progressing favorably when a large buck, emerging from a thicket before us, bounded across the field, having been driven from his hiding place by our skirmish line, which was advancing. It was a beautiful sight at any time, but the diversion in the hour of battle was indeed pleasant. The fight lasted until dark, when we retired, the enemy having been well paid for their boldness.

The next day we marched and counter-marched, and at night about 9 o'clock we were blown to horse and started, as we supposed, to flank the enemy, but to our surprise we went on until a report, as of about twenty (20) guns, was heard, and the column came to a dead halt and in a few minutes we were retracing our steps. Upon ascertaining what caused the disturbance it proved that the enemy had picketed twenty (20) or thirty (30) men on the road that we were moving up, and upon the approach of the column we were ordered to halt and Captain Butler, by order of the general, dismounted and approached on foot to give the password when, to his surprise, he was captured and hurried to the rear. They then fired on the head of the column and retired in great confusion, by doing which three of them were shot by their own side. A darker night never passed over my head. You could not see your hand before you. I ran my horse into a tree two or three times. It started to rain about midnight, and at daybreak we started again for the field of action, to witness the most severe fight that I have ever been in. It was now raining quite heavily, and we were getting ourselves and guns quite wet when the command was given to dismount to fight. "Action front, deploy as skirmishers on the right and left—forward," and we moved onward to the fight, death or vic-

tory our only resolve. We were halted on the crest of a hill in an open field, with no shelter from those deadly missiles of war but the hand of God and the canopy of heaven. We were all waiting for the enemy, with our fingers upon the trigger, when the Yanks opened fire on our left flank. We were all down in a minute stretched at full length on the ground, and after exchanging several volleys with them, we had to fall back, the enemy having flanked us.

Mr. Davis, a very fine gentleman, and a member of the dragoons, was killed dead by the first volley. We fell back and then took our position on the left of our line, where we fought them until 2 o'clock, when General W H. F. Lee's division, having gone round with the intention of flanking the enemy, dashed up to our assistance, but having taken a wrong road, charged up in our rear instead of the Yankees', but caused them to fall back. We no sooner saw them retreating than we moved up forward from our breastworks with a yell and drove them until they got shelter from their entrenchments, being a distance of about half a mile. Our line being regularly formed, we moved on until a portion of the line faltered, when General Dunovant rode to the front of the line and in a clear and distinct voice ordered the men to follow him, and while cheering them on was shot through the head and fell from his horse a martyr to the cause of Liberty and Independence. But Colonel Stokes, who was next in command, stepped into his boots (to use a vulgar expression) and nobly led them on to the charge.

We were then facing the enemy's breastworks, and such a storm of shot and shell was never heard of. The shells cut the tops of large pine trees off by the dozens. It seemed to me impossible for man to escape without being covered with bullet holes, but Providence provides for us all. We retired at dark with at least a quarter of a mile of the enemy's ground in our possession.

The first fight took place on the 29th of September, and the last and large fight on the 1st of October. What made our last fight on the Vaun road so bad was that it rained heavily all day, and we were soaked to the skin during the whole fight and shivering all the time with cold. After the fight was over we had to walk a mile through mud and water, sometimes up to our knees, to get to our lead horses.

I consider the man who escaped that fight lucky, for it was enough to kill any one, though it gave me nothing but a slight cold in the head.

During the second charge one of my most intimate friends in the dragoons was wounded, the doctors say mortally, though I hope not. Ben Bostick is his name. I carried him off the field.

If I have taxed your patience by continuing too long on one subject it is because this is the subject uppermost in my mind, and because I thought an account from one who participated in the fights would prove more interesting than a newspaper account.

From the 1st until yesterday we were at the front, expecting an advance from the enemy, cut off from all writing material, clothing and the like, so

you see I have taken the first opportunity that has presented itself to perform the pleasant task of writing to you.

I wrote to the captain the first day I got to camp but have not had a word from him. He is wanted very much in camp, as things are not going right in his company.

We are wanting officers shamefully in the regiment, as there are but two lieutenants for duty and two captains. To give you an idea of the scarcity of officers, Lieutenant Dickson has been acting major. The captain I expect though every day, for he said in his last letter to Lieutenant Dickson that he was improving and expected to return soon.

I have my white horse with me now and he is in excellent condition. He was appraised at $2,500 the other day, more than I thought he would bring by $500.

I am writing this letter under a very nice canvass fly tent, which has been issued by the brigade, one to every two men.

Tom is one of the coolest men under fire I ever saw, and is a splendid soldier in every respect. Lieutenant Dickson says he is the best man in the company. In the fight of the 1st of October Tom was twenty yards nearer the enemy's breastworks than any man in the brigade, excepting Mr. Thurston. They were together in the engagement. Mr. Thurston is well and stands the campaign better than I thought he would.

I want you to prove a better correspondent than you have done, and I will do the same. It gives me more pleasure than you can imagine to receive letters from you.

Give much love to Uncle Andrew and Aunt "M." and to the boys. Little Lula, of course, must not be forgotten.

Remember me to grandfather and my other aunts if they still remain at Fort Hill. Tell old Cristy I have wished for some of her cakes and waffles many times.

Receive, dear cousin, for yourself that affection and love which you know I always bear towards you.

Your most devoted cousin,

(Signed) B. G. MAYNARD.

Wilson is well and parching coffee for my supper now in front of the tent.

I will write in a day or two to Aunt Margaret. Write long letters and plenty of them, like mine today. B. G. M.

A DARING YANKEE SPY

Office of 105th Company, C. A. C.,
Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.,
January the 20th, 1908.

Captain Geo. D. Shadburne, City.

My Dear Captain: I am enclosing you two copies of letters which father forwarded to me, and which he thought you might be interested in, and requested me to show them to you.

I should have delivered them personally, but it seems almost an impossibility to leave the barracks, let alone leaving the reservation, as I am very busy making out my notes for my studying at home. There now remains but sixteen days of the three-year period of enlistment which I gave my oath to serve, and I am very happy in the anticipation of my home-going.

If the letters are not in your way, will you please pigeonhole them until I can call and get them, as father wished me to send them on to my uncle in Chico (the gentleman whom I brought with me for a call last May).

Trusting that yourself and Mrs. Shadburne, and also those dear little ones, are enjoying the best of health, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely,
MORTIMER B. BIRDSEYE, JR.

Sergt. 105th Co., C. A. C.

Department of Justice.
Washington, December 4th, 1908.

Colonel M B. Birdseye.

Dear Sir: Your letter received. Yes, I was captured by the Harris Light Cavalry (N. Y) about July 20th, 1862, at Beaver Dam Station, on what is now the C. & C. Railroad. Colonel Mansfield Davies was the colonel in command. Kilpatrick was also there as lieutenant-colonel. I was sitting in the depot when the regiment rode up. They gave me no notice that they were going. They carried me back to Fredericksburg; thence I was taken to Washington and was exchanged in ten days. I have

met General Davies and Ben Kilpatrick since the war. You will see an account of my capture in the history of your regiment. I was not then a commander, but was serving at General Stuart's headquarters. I had a letter from Stuart to General Jackson. You can find the letter in a supplementary volume of the War Records. I am now writing an account of this affair, and shall publish it in some magazine.

Very truly,
(Signed) JNO. S. MOSBY.

Port Chester, N. Y., November 1, 1908.

Col. M. B. Birdseye, Fayetteville, N Y

Dear Colonel: According to promise, I send you the statement of Thaddeus J. Walker, word for word, as he wrote it to me.

I will first give you an account of Mr. Walker. He was born near Petersburg, Va., July 15th, 1847; enlisted in Confederate Army, March 7th, 1862, and served in the President's Guard around Richmond about one year; was then transferred to the Second Maryland Cavalry, commanded by Major Harry Gilmor, and served in the Shenandoah Valley until captured by the "Pennsylvania Bucktails," May 26th, 1864; was taken to Point Lookout and held prisoner eight months and then paroled. Since the war he has resided in Philadelphia, Pa.

Yours truly,
EDWIN CHURCH.

Walker's Statement

Sometime early in the year 1864—January, as I remember—while on picket duty near Winchester, Va., the first incident of my story occurred. I was standing in a clump of trees and bushes near the bank of the Opequan Creek, beside my horse, carbine in readiness for any alarm, when I heard a faint "Hello" from another clump of bushes not far distant in my front. I was at once on the qui vive for business. It was a clear, cold morning, and as I listened intently, watching closely the bushes in front of me about a hundred yards, where we knew the Yankee pickets were stationed, again came the hello, and cautiously from under the shadow of the trees came three men—seemingly

without arms—dressed in what afterwards proved to be a mixed uniform of blue and gray. Seeing them waving a white rag, I ordered them to come forward, one at a time. After a short talk with them I found them to be from the Union cavalry, who stated they were tired of the war, fighting for negroes, etc., and wished to be sent to Richmond.

I was much taken with the spokesman of the party, who was a good-looking and very intelligent young man, about twenty-two or three years of age, with bright eyes and face. I finally took them back to the headquarters and turned them over to Major Gilmor, of the Second Maryland Cavalry. He questioned them closely, and finally ordered me to take them up the valley to Staunton and turn them over to the provost marshal, J. Q. C. Naidenbush.

Just at that time I was expecting a short furlough or "horse detail." I obtained it and started for Hanover County, Virginia, near Old Church, about sixteen miles from Richmond, with the three prisoners in my charge. We were soon on our way next morning, after an early and not very elaborate menu of rancid bacon and corn pone, with coffee made from roasted acorns (don't smile; this was a good breakfast compared to some we had). We were soon off, the stage rattling up the pike containing at least two hearts filled with buoyancy, for my companion (as I had learned to call the spokesman formerly alluded to) was an exceedingly congenial and companionable fellow, who, by his engaging manner and his pleasant conversational powers soon ingratiated himself into my good opinion, and we felt as if we were old college chums who had met again after a long separation. How little did I think that my congenial companion was one of the most famous and daring young cavalry officers of the Union Army, who was in our lines on one of the most dangerous and hazardous errands a soldier could be engaged in. But to my story: Arriving at Staunton, I proceeded direct to the headquarters of the provost marshal, Colonel Naidenbush, who paroled them, under oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, I think. Upon this point I will not be positive, yet it seems to me that must have been the only means by which they could be released to go where they choose. After a few hours in Staunton, spent in making ourselves more presentable in the way of clothing, etc., my companion and

myself bade good-bye to the other two men, who remained in Staunton, and we were soon on a train bound for Richmond, I intending to remain there over night and go out to my home on the Topopotomoy Creek, in Hanover County the next morning.

To shorten my story, my companion accompanied me to my home. I had formed such an attachment for him that I felt loath to part with him, and I extended the invitation, which was at once accepted. We reached home the next morning, and I feel sure that he never forgot the cordial and homelike reception accorded him in that old Virginia farmhouse. Lieutenant Murray (his assumed name) soon endeared himself to all of us—father, mother and three brothers—as he had already to myself, and joined heartily in the sociabilities of the neighborhood, visiting with me wherever I went, and being a brilliant talker, with gentlemanly manners, he always found a welcome. I had noticed on several occasions when dancing was enjoyed, he always declined. How vividly I could recall and remember a short time later why he did not and why he would not share my room with me, and on one bracing morning refused to accept my banter for a short race up the lane. I did not know that the poor fellow had but one foot, the other being a splendid imitation made of ivory. I must mention that during his stay at my home he paid two visits to Richmond, and in some plausible manner obtained a permit from General Winder, who was then provost marshal of Richmond, and who seems had as much confidence in him as I had, to visit the fortifications and other points around the city, and which pass I was told by himself on his return he made good use of. He also on two or three occasions went to the Old Church Tavern and postoffice, ostensibly to get mail. He was in correspondence with his mother, I believe, and received several letters from Belair, Hartford County, Maryland, while with us. He often expressed himself as having "two mothers," as mine had been so kind to him as if he were one of her own sons. He was attacked with chills and fever, the prevailing disease of that section, and it was my dear mother's nursing that restored him. A day or two after his recovery, he again visited Old Church and never returned. But I must digress a little. During one of our visits in the neighborhood, he was introduced to a very estimable and cultivated young lady, Miss S. K. H., who, strange to

say, doubted him from the first moment she was in his company, and I have in my possession a letter from her advising and warning me against him. How strangely her suspicions were verified will be shown later in my story. I began to feel now that his visits to Richmond were for the purpose of learning all he could of the city. Just after he disappeared, General Kilpatrick made a raid through our neighborhood, and again, strange to relate, our farm was not visited or disturbed, and after events assured me that this immunity was due to my companion, Lieutenant Murray; also his visits to Old Church, which was on the main road to the Peninsula and the route General Kilpatrick was supposel to take, were for the purpose of holding communications with him by signal.

Some days afterwards, it may have been a week or more—I cannot remember the dates now—a daring raid was made upon Richmond by Kilpatrick and Ulric Dahlgren, presumably for the purpose of capturing Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, and on the night of the memorable first day of March, on the banks of the Mattopony River, Colonel Dahlgren and a small body of his men became separated from the main body of his command and in the darkness of night ran into a body of Confederate cavalry commanded by Captain Pollard, of Richmond, who fired a volley, killing Colonel Dahlgren, some of his staff and several of his men.

Now comes the sad sequel to my story; the body of the brave, but unfortunate, young colonel was captured and taken to Richmond, and, I believe, embalmed, but I never learned what became of his body. (Would be glad if any reader of this article can give me the information.) While his body was lying in Richmond, one of the first to visit it was Miss S. K. H., of Hanover, who at one glance identified the body as that of poor Murray, my prisoner, my companion, and my friend. My father, uncle, and others who had seen him, also identified the body as that of my friend, Lieutenant Murray. I shall always believe that he was a true friend at heart, though an enemy in disguise, and as I look back into the dim vista of those past dark days of blood and strife, when brother was fighting brother, I shall never forget my feelings of bitter sorrow and regret when I heard the news. I was then with my command and could not see him.

It may be said he was a spy, and that he imposed to some extent upon the hospitalities and confidence of his friends, but I have never felt in my heart an unkind memory for him. Was not our noble patriot, Nathan Hale, a spy, and yet a trusted friend of our glorious Washington? Was not the brave, unfortunate Andre a spy, and though an enemy, a brave and chivalric one? And does it not seem to require a brave, courageous spirit to embark upon such desperate enterprises, one who will dare and die, if need be, for the cause he espouses and which he deems right? And I recall just here one of my own comrades of my own command, poor Andy Leopold, who was hung in the old Capitol prison at Washington for the same offense; as all seems fair in love and war, he, poor fellow, dared and died for the cause that he loved.

Was not poor Murray (I shall always remember him by that name) just as brave and chivalrous? Why should not I, his friend, drop a silent tear in his memory and earnestly trust in the hope that a just and merciful Providence will give us a happy reunion in that Eternal Camping Ground above the stars, where the martyred loved ones who have passed on before us are awaiting the last bugle call to welcome us to a home where there are no wars and no tears?

On the night above mentioned, when Colonel Dahlgren was killed, General Hampton took three hundred men from Butler's Cavalry and one gun from Hart's Battery and routed Kilpatrick with his fresh troops at two o'clock in the morning. The Yankees were badly demoralized, and Colonel Dahlgren, alias Lieutenant Murray, rode right into our cavalry, and, of course, lost his life. A good spy will never surrender.

After the dismal failure of Kilpatrick to capture our President he was displaced and Sheridan put in command of the Union cavalry in Virginia—U. R. BROOKS.

BATTLE OF BETHESDA CHURCH

On the morning of the 25th May, 1864, General M. C. Butler, whose new brigade had recently arrived from the seacoast of South Carolina, was directed to establish a strong picket post at Knowles' Crossroads in front of General Early's Division, stationed near Bethesda Church, in front of Richmond. General Butler ordered Colonel B. H. Rutledge, of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, to report with two squadrons to General Early for instructions as to the location of the picket post at or near the Cross Roads.

Colonel Rutledge was unfamiliar with the country and rather complicated military field maps, and, therefore, naturally could not understand from General Early the situation, or where he was expected to go, consequently he returned to General Butler, informing him of his dilemma, requesting that some one else be sent to General Early, who was somewhat rough and impatient at his not being able to understand the country from the map. General Early could "cuss," and did "cuss." Colonel Rutledge could "cuss" too, but General Early out "cussed" him.

The staff and couriers realized that there would soon be "music in the air." General Butler rode out in person, evidently a good deal provoked at the way Colonel Rutledge had been treated. Butler had served with Early before, and knew how to take him. Besides, he was fond of General Butler, and the friendship was reciprocated, and he took General Butler's "cussing" like a little man.

They met in the turnpike, both mounted, near General Early's headquarters, and we heard substantially the following exchange of compliments:

Butler: "General Early, I have been ordered to picket in front of your division at Knowles' Cross Roads, and if you don't assist me in getting to the position I will take this cavalry back to camp and you can go to —— and do your own picketing."

No use to tell all that General Butler said.

Early: "Well, get down, Butler; get down, and we will talk it over."

The two generals dismounted and got straddle of a log, each with a military field map. Before beginning to examine it, Early said: "Butler, wouldn't you like to have a drink?" Butler replied: "Well, yes; it's about the time of day that a cavalryman enjoys a little something." And they "smiled" at each other from a canteen produced by General Early. Then they proceeded to business, facing each other straddle of a log with maps before them, Early explaining the position of his own troops, and, as well as he could, the location of the enemy. Butler soon caught on, bid Early adieu, mounted his beautiful gray horse, and moved with the two squadrons on the road to the crossroads.

We had not proceeded far beyond Early's lines before we ran up against a strong force of Yankee infantry. Having been ordered to picket at Knowles' Cross Roads, Butler, as usual, made up his mind to get there, if he had to fight every step of the way. The result was he "bucked up against" the infantry obstacles in his path, and from about two o'clock in the afternoon until dark, with a mere handful of dismounted cavalry, we kept up as severe a conflict as was ever waged.

General Butler had sent to General Early for reinforcements, and towards sunset Terry's Infantry Brigade moved up to our support. General Butler directed him (Terry) to swing his brigade around to our right, and after a short engagement the Yankees retired.

Generals Early and Ramseur, of North Carolina, rode up between sunset and dusk. The former, always fond of chaffing the cavalry, remarked, "Well, Ramseur, I told you as soon as the infantry appeared the Yanks would travel."

Butler interposed: "Infantry be d—d. Here we have been fighting all the afternoon as infantry against about ten to one, and you have been lounging back there in the woods almost within sight smoking your pipes while we have been catching the devil."

General Ramseur, a striking, handsome, dashing-looking young man with a record as a soldier as good as the best of them, laughed very heartily at this "passage at arms" between two friends. I am inclined to think there was another "smile," but the fighting was all over. During the warmest progress of our fight a few men of the squadrons would break away from our line

of battle for a short distance when the blue coats would charge us. General Butler directed Major John R. Blocker of his staff to dismount in rear of our line, draw his sword and cut down the first man who left his post. The gallant Major Blocker immediately dismounted and sent his superb sorrel horse "George" to the rear, and moved up and down immediately in rear of our line, announcing his intention to kill the first man who moved from his position until ordered. He stepped out into the turnpike and received a minnie ball in his thigh which shattered the bone. He was carried into Richmond to the Jackson Hospital, where he died in three or four days.

Major Blocker, when the war broke out, was a cadet at West Point, in the second or third class, resigned and joined the Confederate service and was captured at Roanoke, N. C., in February, 1862, but was paroled and in the summer of the same year was exchanged, and before the exchange of prisoners was consumated he reported to General Henry A. Wise, who said that there was no use for him to report for duty for at least thirty days, but remarked, "I knew the lieutenant would come." In the early spring of 1864 he was promoted to the rank of major and assigned to duty under General M. C. Butler, who put him in charge of his skirmish line. Major Blocker met the fate of so many of the best young men of the South. But his case was peculiarly a sad one. He had recently married a charming daughter of Edgefield, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Emma Nicholson, with every prospect of happiness, when he was cut down in the heyday of life on the field of battle.

Our loss in killed and wounded was otherwise heavy.

A strange thing happened that day, among the other stirring incidents that I have related. As I have stated, General Butler was on his handsome gray horse, a short time before presented to him by his college chum and friend Dick Gist, of Union, S. C. We captured a prisoner on the Yankee skirmish line belonging, as I now remember, to a Maine regiment. Nat Butler got into conversation with the prisoner, who inquired who that was on the gray horse. On being informed it was General Butler, he said: "I shot at that man six times," and described every position the general had taken during the fight. The staff couriers, orderlies, escort, everybody whose duty it was to accompany General Butler,

offered to chip in and buy him a horse of a different color, if he would not ride the gray again. The poor animal was killed under the general in the very next fight, one of four horses that met the same fate during the war. He was the most graceful rider in the Army of Northern Virginia—two years with two legs and two years with one leg of his own and the other he bought, which was shot, and he said with a smile on his face that he really did not feel the bullet when it went through his right leg (which was wood). Besides these four horses killed under him, he had a handsome deep bay wounded by a canister shot in the hind leg, but he got well.

It was curious to note the difference in the demeanor of horses in battle, as in men. This bay horse did not appear at all alarmed at the fire of artillery, but the whiz of a minnie ball demoralized and almost made him frantic, so much so that the general had to give him up.

And poor old "bench legs," as the men used to call the chestnut horse ridden by the general, was disemboweled by the same twelve-pound shell that tore off his rider's leg at Brandy Station, 9th June, 1863, could be ridden right into a battery of artillery in full play without manifesting any emotion, but the whiz zip sound through the air of a bullet upset him completely.

But to return to our narrative, we did not reach Knowles' Cross Roads, for the next day Early's Division was moved to the right. Soon after this came old Cold Harbor, and other desperate struggles made by General Grant to turn General Lee's right—something he never accomplished.

"I wish to be known for just what I was
When I rise up at the judgment day!
I wish them to say: 'There's an old Confed,
And he's wearing the same old gray.'
I never was ashamed of it yet, and that's
Not all—I never shall be!
For the proudest years of my life, at last
Were the years when I followed Lee."

BATTLE OF HAWES' SHOP

Carlton McCarthy says that the arms and ammunition of the Federal soldiers were abundant and good—so abundant and so good that they supplied both armies, and were greatly preferred by Confederate officers. That the Confederate soldiers fought the trained army officers and the regular troops of the United States Army, assisted by splendid native volunteer soldiers, besides swarms of hirelings—white, black, olive and brown—gathered from every quarter of the earth by steamer loads. The Confederate soldier laid down life for life with his hireling host, who died for pay, mourned by no one, missed by no one, loved by no one; who were better fed and clothed, fatter, happier, and more contented in the army than ever they were at home, and whose graves strew the earth in lonesome places where none go to weep. When one of these fell, two could be bought to fill the gap. The Confederate soldier killed these without compunction, and their comrades buried them without a tear.

On the 28th May, 1864, the battle of Hawes' Shop was fought. My comrade and distinguished friend, Mr. Edward L. Wells, scholar, author and historian, and gallant soldier, says:

"When Hampton encountered Sheridan's advance guard he drove it in upon the main body, which he then vigorously attacked with Wickham's and Rosser's brigades, and soon the two regiments of Butler's brigade were put in on Wickham's right. Thus Rosser was on the left, Wickham in the centre, and Butler's two regiments on the right, the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry occupying the extreme right. W H. F Lee's division was sent by a road leading to the left in the hope of turning the Federal right flank, but this proved impracticable, and he could only use the artillery and cover Rosser's left. The Federals were at first pressed back, having their second division, General Gregg commanding, engaged, but being reinforced from the first division they held their ground. It was discovered also from infantry prisoners that the Federal infantry in force were just behind their cavalry on the south bank of the Pamunkey River, in supporting distance. It was evidently, therefore, useless to pursue the fight

further, the object of the reconnoissance being gained on obtaining this information.

"The order was consequently given to withdraw from in front of the combined cavalry and infantry. This was effected without difficulty by Rosser, and in excellent style. Wickham's brigade was also got out promptly. But the two regiments of Butler's brigade did not fare so well. The engagement took place in a thick wood with much dense under cover. This was an advantage to the Confederates, who availed themselves of the trees and logs and inequalities in the ground for protection, and could thus obtain the benefit of their greater skill in shooting. They were doing good execution from their long rifles with terrible minnies, and had no idea they were intended to leave their position. Moreover, the denseness of the cover, together with the smoke, much increased the difficulty of passing along the line the order to fall back. So it happened that these regiments became flanked and suffered considerably. General Hampton, perceiving that something was wrong, rode in and brought them out in good order, and formed them two or three hundred yards back across an open field, where a thrown down fence afforded some protection. Here they awaited 'their friends the enemy,' but the latter had enough and did not advance. The presence of Hampton, calm, cool and reassuring, had braced up every one. They never doubted when he told them so. And his kind words to them that night just before dismounting at camp, and his concern for their casualties, dwelt in their memories ever afterwards.

"There was a squadron of the Fourth South Carolina on the extreme right which suffered more than the others. Couriers sent to order them out were killed, and consequently they received no instructions to fall back, and being separated by thick cover from the rest, remained continuing to fight on as before. At length the right company (Company K, Charleston Light Dragoons) was surrounded on three sides, perceiving which, Lieutenant Nowell, in command, gave the order to retreat. This they did coolly, fighting their way through at close quarters in good order and successfully took position in good shape on the right of their reformed regimental line. Out of forty-seven dismounted men taken in, they lost nineteen and an officer, and only one unwounded prisoner, a youth only eighteen years of age. As,

however, they were very good shots with both rifle and pistol, and did not fire in wild volleys, but singly and coolly in sportsmanlike style, it is not at all unlikely the company inflicted three casualties for every one received.

"The spirit existing among them may be judged by the following incident. One of their number had been shot through the arm, and obliged, therefore, to drop his rifle, but he had come out with the others, holding his pistol in his sound hand. Some one offered to relieve him of the pistol, but he declined, saying: 'I want that to shoot a surgeon,' and all who heard the remark laughed. As a matter of fact he retained the pistol in the hospital, and arm too. Poor boys! No one ever fought better, but their ranks suffered heavily, far more than any other company engaged. But not far wrong were our pagan ancestors, who believed the souls of those who bravely fell in honorable battle were transported at once, all sins forgiven, to Valhalla. Surely the Christian's God could do no less.

"The character of the fighting done in this engagement may, perhaps, be best judged by the impression it produced on the Federals who witnessed it. General Custer refers to Butler's brigade, which took into the fight less than one thousand dismounted men, as consisting 'of seven large regiments, principally from South Carolina,' and says of his own brigade, 'Our loss was greater than in any other engagement of the campaign. We held our position until after dark, when we were relieved by the infantry.' Colonel Kester, First New Jersey Cavalry, reports to the governor of his State that the battle was the severest cavalry fighting of the war. 'The enemy was a new brigade from South Carolina, and was very formidable.' Alger, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, says it was 'an obstinate resistance, fighting our men hand to hand.' General Davies, in his 'Life of Sheridan,' writes: 'Much of the very stubborn resistance exhibited in this action was due to the presence in the field of the troops from South Carolina referred to. This brigade, raised in South Carolina at the beginning of the war, had never before left that State nor had seen any active service, and when, with full ranks, and weapons and uniforms all fresh and untarnished by war or service, they joined the veterans who had been for three years exposed to the losses and trials of active duty in the field, their reception was not of the warmest, and it

was not thought that much could be expected from them. The existence of this prejudice, and their own desire to show themselves at least the equals of their comrades, caused them to exhibit a desperate courage in this, their first engagement; and, as was said by veterans on both sides, they were too inexperienced to know when they had suffered defeat, and continued to resist long after it was apparent that the position they held was turned and efforts to maintain it were hopeless.' A staff officer of Sheridan's has stated, to the writer's personal knowledge, that his general was very much worried over the losses his command had sustained in this action, which he said were the heaviest he had ever suffered, in proportion to the number engaged. He remarked: 'It is the first time we have met those Carolinians of Butler's, and I wish to God it might be the last.' In his official report he says that the Confederate force 'appeared to be the cavalry corps and a brigade of South Carolina troops 4,000 strong and armed with long-range rifles, commanded by a Colonel Butler. These Carolinians fought very gallantly in this, their first fight, judging from the number of their dead and wounded and prisoners captured.' It should be remembered that fighting on the part of the Confederates was done by two brigades and two regiments of South Carolina troops, the latter numbering less than 1,000 instead of 4,000 as stated. He speaks of it as an 'unequal contest,' and so it was, but in a sense opposite to that intended by him. He also adds that the battle 'was fought almost immediately in front of the infantry line of our army, which was busily occupied throwing up breastworks.' This accounts for the fact that infantry prisoners were captured by Hampton, and would seem to prove that they must have been engaged. These, among many similar quotations which might be given, sufficiently illustrate what was thought of Butler's 'long shooters,' the withdrawal being made, as a matter of course, after the enemy's position was developed and the fact was established that the brigades of Rosser, Wickham and two regiments of Butler were attacking the combined cavalry and infantry of the Army of the Potomac.

"This reconnoissance, made in pursuance of orders from Lee, was perfectly successful in its chief and all-important object—ascertaining clearly the position of the Federal infantry. It was one of the steps in the manoeuvres of Lee leading up to Cold

Harbor, and as that battle was a decisive victory for the Confederates, the preliminaries must have been successfully managed by Hampton, both in demonstrating the movements of the Federal infantry and cavalry and in veiling those of his own army. Perhaps had Sheridan, possessing such superiority in numbers and equipment, refrained from the fruitless excursion to Richmond and confined his efforts more closely to the normal functions of the cavalry of a great army, the battle of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania might have had different results for his friends. It is said by one writer that his Richmond raid came about from its being reported to General Grant by Meade that Sheridan had said he 'could beat Hampton's cavalry' if permitted to act independently, upon which General Grant replied: 'Does he say that? Then let him go and do it.' He went, but did not 'do it,' and in the meantime left his army groping in the dark.

"The engagement at Hawes' Shop gave a serious experience to the Federal cavalry, one which they never forgot, and they courted no renewals of similar contests. It also increased the prestige of Hampton's Cavalry with the infantry of their own army, and many kindly greetings came from those veterans to the new comers during the following few days."*

In the latter part of the summer of 1864 a Confederate colonel who had just been captured was questioned by General Sheridan, who was walking back and forth pulling his mustache in an excited manner. Finally he asked the Confederate officer if he knew General M. C. Butler, and, being answered in the affirmative, said: "That damned man has caused me more trouble than all the rest of the 'Rebel cavalry' put together."

My old comrade, J. Lawson Walker, of Company B, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, Captain Barber's company, Colonel B. A. Rutlege's regiment, reminds me in his letter of date 26th August, 1907, of how the last of our hard-tack and raw meat was devoured on Friday, the 10th June, and that we got nothing more to eat until Monday, the 13th June, 1864, and how Nealy Grant drove a two-horse wagon in a gallop just behind our line of

*The above is taken from "Hampton and His Cavalry in 1864," by Edward L. Wells.

battle at Trevillian, throwing out ammunition to the men on the afternoon of the 12th June. We were about out of cartridges and were prepared to repulse the next charge with rocks. Nealy Grant was one of the heroes of this terrible fight and died 10th September, 1907, at his home in Chester County, S. C., eighty-seven years old. General Butler ordered him to go, and he accomplished this remarkable feat and escaped through a perfect hail of bullets. Butler's cavalry repulsed seven distinct charges that afternoon. Battery M, of the United States Regulars, and Hart's Battery had a regular duel over our heads about dark. I really thought it was the grandest sight that I had ever witnessed. Battery M was demolished.

The grandfather of the able and courteous city editor of *The State* was the Rev. William Banks, who was the chaplain of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry. The reverend Mr. Banks was captured by a squad of Yankees in 1864. The reverend gentleman was wearing a very nice suit of clothes and had a very fine horse called Chester. The Yanks appropriated everything he had, then dressed him up in an old filthy Yankee private's uniform with an old blue cap that was so small he could scarcely make it stay on his head. When Mr. Banks was thus clad they placed him upon an old mule and turned him loose, as it was against the rules of war to retain chaplains in captivity.

One of the most fearless and coolest boys in the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry is my life-long friend Glenn E. Davis, the city sheriff of Charleston. When we wore the gray we slept under the same blanket upon the cold, wet ground; we have been together when bullets were singing; were young boys then, are old men now; were friends then, are friends now.

Glenn Davis was one of the best shots with a pistol I have ever seen. When Sherman was marching through North Carolina, Glenn had about seven men and they charged twenty-five "bummers," who were fixing to burn a house after they had stolen everything in it. The Yanks, acting on the principle that a guilty conscience needs no accuser, and had been deaf to the cries of the women and children through Georgia and the Carolinas,

broke and ran for life when they heard the "Rebel yell." Our boys killed several of them. Glenn Davis looked back in the direction of the house and galloped back, leaving his party, and found three horses still hitched to the porch railings of the house, and just as he came within a few yards of same a Yankee, seeing that he was alone, came out of the front door and jumped behind a pillar of the porch, firing at Davis with his pistol. He shot three times and missed. Davis could not get a fair shot at him until he ventured to put his head out a little for the fourth shot, when Davis got his first pull, a lucky one, too, taking him just above the ear. So when the squad got back to the house there were three more horses for our cavalry and one Yankee less in Sherman's Army. There was not a soldier so proud of his regiment, the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, as was Glenn Davis, and his admiration for our dashing Major-General Butler was beautiful. He used to say that Marshal Ney could not be compared to him. When I think of these—General Dunovant's old couriers—Glenn Davis, Postell Mood, Ben Raysor and Flynn Davis, friends of my youth, I am reminded that

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetner of life! and solder of society!"

A FEW LETTERS

Confederate States of America,
War Department, Ordnance Bureau,
Richmond, May 23rd, 1864.

Colonel Hugh K. Aiken to Major Tom Ferguson.

Dear Major: I trust all arrangements have been properly carried out for your command as far as the junction—Burksville. You must draw there three (3) days' rations, which will do you to Richmond. Send Gibbes off as soon as he issues the rations to you. Come Wednesday to where you can get forage—fifteen or even twenty miles. Thursday, I will send you forage from here if you get to Richmond, or will send me word where you will be. On Friday you will camp near the James River, at a place called Manchester, just opposite Richmond, where the regiment will remain until all arrive here are entirely equipped. We are much needed here—will go into service at once. We are very much censured for the delay. General Butler has issued orders to the colonels to report what has become of the respective regiments each day since the order was received. Prepare a report accounting for each day as I have written upon the back. Make the company officers have a requisition ready for me, soon as they arrive here, for everything they may want. They will also be required to account for all ordnance stores heretofore drawn. Be careful not to let men ride horses with sore backs. Come on in good order and be on the lookout all the way. Instruct your advance guard to keep near the wagon trains. Send a man ahead of you Thursday and Friday to report to me at "ordnance office," enquiring for Colonel A. I look for Colonel Miller tonight and nightly until he comes. No news here. General Lee has fallen back to Hanover, and the fight, is supposed, will come off near Richmond. Send Gibbes on here by Wednesday or Thursday. Tell Willie Rob Taft is dead. Nelson's battalion lost very heavily. Captain Brooks lost seventy-one men out of eighty; came out with nine men, he wounded in three places. General Walker lost his

COLONEL HUGH K. AIKEN

foot. Maloney lost two horses shot, Hagood one, Tracey one and Martin one. My regards to all.

Yours, etc.,

H. K. AIKEN.

Lancaster, S. C., July 14th, 1908.

Colonel U R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Colonel: I do greatly enjoy your sketches in the Sunday *State*, and have traveled with you again over the campaign of 1864 with its varied memories. I am glad that you have undertaken this work, because you participated in making the history that you are writing and know that it is true; though, I I agree with you entirely that one person could not see it all, who was a participant in the field, and could only see what was taking place around him. I hope there are still left enough of assistants to get the correct data for your historical sketches. In your description of that "feeling" skirmish at Cold Harbor on the 30th of May, I think you said there was some confusion about the order of retreat, which there was, and I think I can give some information on that point and show (if it were needed) the character of our general as a cool and fearless leader of men. As I was about the last to get back to our led horses, when I got there and got mounted my bugler, who was my horse-holder, told me that the regiment had gone, that Colonel Stokes had gone, and unless we started right away we would not be able to overtake them. But as I saw General Butler on the field some fifty yards distant, I told my bugler, no, we had better wait and see if Butler needed us. Shortly after this General Butler beckoned me to come to him, when he told me to take my men (some fifteen or twenty) and the other scattered troops that were there, throw them into column of fours facing toward the field we had just left, and to let the rear of the column be covered by the woods just in our rear. I did so and had not more than got to the head of the column and taken my place before we heard the Yankees coming at a trot or half gallop, their sabres and iron stirrups making a considerable clanking, from which I guessed there was about a brigade of them. General Butler sat there in twenty or thirty paces of us, perfectly cool, and when the Yankee brigade had cleared the woods in front

of us, by about two files in column of fours, gave the order "Draw saber," and afterwards, "Show them the steel." The order was promptly obeyed and we heard in the charging brigade the orders, "Halt! Halt!" which were also promptly obeyed, and with our general at our head, sabre in hand, we sat there and dared them until they headed column to the rear and moved out of our sight, leaving us to retire in good order at will, back to the main body of our troops at Old Cold Harbor.

When the memorable stampede took place just about dark the same evening, Colonel Rutledge, with the remainder of the regiment that had not gone with Colonel Stokes, were about to go into bivouac in the old field at the Cross Roads. On hearing the rushing, it was supposed of a cavalry charge, we quickly mounted and were drawn up in single file in front of the Fifth Regiment, where we awaited the charge, ready to do what we could. A riderless horse passed our front in a mad gallop, and I have always thought that he was fired at by a dismounted man, who at the time shouted "Yankee!" and ran across the road into the timber. The next day Colonel Stokes, with the body of the regiment, joined us. It seems that he, not knowing where our headquarters would be, had bivouacked some further up the road between Cold Harbor and Mechanicsville. How we were employed between this time and the march to Trevillian, you know better than I do. I had intended to give you my recollections of the two days' fight at Trevillian, but do not feel able at this time to do so, but if desirable, will do so whenever I can, and will give you any other information that I can.

I do not like to use the personal pronoun so much, but was commander of the Fifth squadron, Companies "H" and "I," of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, and cannot get along well without it, but I hope you will excuse me of egotism, though at the same time never held any position that I was or am prouder of.

Very respectfully, your friend and comrade,

J. C. FOSTER.

State of Georgia
Treasury Department
Atlanta, Ga.
R. E. Park, Treasurer.
C. T. Furlow, Assistant.

June 24th, 1908.

General M C. Butler, Edgefield, S. C.

My Dear General Butler: I wish to thank you for your kind words in regard to my little sketch of the Twelfth Alabama Infantry. The scene of part of my career in the Confederate Army is located in the Valley of Virginia, and in the northern part of the State, and I have had the privilege of seeing General Hampton and yourself upon your splendid horses, both in my estimation the very incarnation or impersonation of the God of War, and I have sometimes been envious enough to wish that I could be riding by your side instead of tramping along on foot. Your kind words in regard to my sketch are highly appreciated by me, and I thank you. The words were written "warm from the heart and faithful to its fires."

With highest regards,
Most sincerely yours,
R. E. PARK.

Rockland, Maine, July 27th, 1908.

Colonel U R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Old Comrade: For we are all comrades, whether we wore the blue or the gray. A recent letter of mine was published in the July issue of the *Confederate Veteran*. The sentiments expressed therein have been kindly received by some of the old boys who were on the firing line, and I am the recipient of several excellent letters. One sent me a piece published in *The State*, issue of July 19th, 1908. This has reference to a book you contemplate getting out. I noticed in the article something about the scenes that occurred at Gravelly Run, Dabney's Mill, etc. As I was at that time connected with the Fifth Corps, there is a possi-

A. I. MATHER

bility that you and I were not far apart during those stirring scenes.

Would like to shake hands with you and talk over old times.

What about your book?

The war ended with me at Appomattox, and I consider all the old Confed. Vets. brothers and comrades always.

Most fraternally yours,

A. I. MATHER.

A. I. Mather, secretary, became a master Mason in 1865 and served as worshipful master of Rockland Lodge from 1869 to 1872 and from 1884 to 1886. He has been secretary of the lodge twelve years. He was deputy grand master for his district in 1888 and 1889. Mr. Mather was high priest of Temple chapter in 1885 and 1886, received the order of high priesthood in 1887 and was grand master of the first veil in 1889. He was thrice illustrious master of King Hiram Council in 1887 and 1888, and in the grand council has served as conductor and captain of the guard two terms each. He was eminent commander of Claremont Commandery in 1906-7 Mr. Mather was the first in this section of the State to petition for degrees in the Scottish Rite. He was thrice potent master of Rockland Lodge of Perfection two years and sovereign grand prince of Rockland council, Princes of Jerusalem, four years. Mr. Mather is a florist.

GREAT MEN PROFITABLE COMPANY

Thomas Carlyle says: "One comfort is, that great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world, and this not as a kindred lamp only, but as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light fountain as I say of native original insight of manhood and heroic nobleness; in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever you will not grudge to wander in such neighborhood for a while."

When a battle was just begun one day in Virginia a certain colonel rode up to General Hampton and said: "General, I am not equal to the task. I have turned my regiment over to the next in command." He was shaking like an aspen leaf. General Hampton calmly said to him: "Colonel, you are a gentleman, and you have heavy responsibilities. Now, return to your command and be what Almighty God has made you—a man." The very presence of General Hampton seemed to inspire him, and he returned at once to his command and fought gallantly through the remainder of the war. But for the greatness of Hampton what would have become of this gentleman, this colonel, and his posterity?

On the morning of the 27th October, 1864, about the break of day, just as the battle of Burgess Mill commenced, General Butler said some very soothing words to a private soldier who was very badly frightened, and the advice calmed him perfectly and he fought like a man the remainder of the day.

In all ages great men unite other men to them. It was wonderful how Hampton and Butler controlled the men under them.

FIGHT AT MATADOQUIN AND TOTOPOMOI CREEKS, 30TH MAY, 1864

A heavy engagement with the Yankees between Butler's and Gary's Brigades on Matadoquin and Totopomoi Creeks and Butler's Brigade at and near Old Cold Harbor next day was most important to General Lee as developing General Grant's movement to turn General Lee's right.

General Butler received the following order direct from General Lee—I have in my possession the original:

H. Q. A. N. V., 30th May, 1864, 8 A. M.

General: General Lee directs me to say that General Fitz. Lee has just reported that the force of the enemy that was on our left at McKenzie's Corner yesterday afternoon has withdrawn by the way it came hy Doctor Shelton's. The General thinks the enemy is moving around towards our right, and desires that you will push some bold scouting parties up the road in which your command is and endeavor to ascertain which way they are going. You will extend this information to Colonel Gary and request him to move up the roads he occupies, sending forward good scouting parties, and try to find out where the enemy is crossing. Use every prudent means to find out which way the enemy are going.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
C. MARSHALL,
Lt. Col. & A. D. C.

Brigadier General Butler, Commanding, &c.

General Butler immediately on receipt of this order moved with his brigade via Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor to execute it, meantime extending the order to General Gary as directed.

He found the enemy's cavalry in strong force in the neighborhood of Matadoquin and Totopomoi Creeks.

Carrying out his instructions, he made a vigorous attack to develop the strength of the enemy, if possible, ascertaining the purpose and direction of their movement. We tried conclusions with him for several hours and it appeared the Yankees were heading for Cold Harbor. They brought up field artillery—we had none—and gave us a good many doses of schrapnel besides volleys and scattering shots from their repeating carbines, being

constantly reinforced during the afternoon. We gave in return the best we had in the shop. The result was General Butler withdrew his line and at one time there was a good deal of confusion covering in his retreat the strategic point of Cold Harbor. The Yankees did not pursue very actively, so that we reached Cold Harbor just before sunset. We halted and bivouacked for the night. General Butler meantime informed General Lee of the situation, with a report of the fierce encounter he had had with a largely superior force of the enemy. The result was General Early was at Cold Harbor the next day with his division ready for Grant's flank movement. For this important work General R. E. Lee selected General M. C. Butler, because he knew that Butler would do the right thing at the right time. General Lee set a trap for Grant and Butler led him into it. Here is General Butler's report:

Headquarters Cold Harbor, May 30, 1864.

General: I drove in the enemy's cavalry pickets at Baker's house at 2 o'clock today, and encountered their main force at Matadoquin Creek and after an engagement of about three hours was forced to retire by exhaustion of ammunition and largely superior numbers. I do not think they had infantry, and from all I could learn I do not think they have infantry moving down this side the Pamunky River. I will send scouts tonight and endeavor to get between the Old Church Road and the river, and will notify you of their reports. They have a large force of cavalry; prisoners say a corps.

Very respectfully,

M. C. BUTLER,
Brigadier-General of Cavalry.

Here is another report from General Butler:

Headquarters Bottom's Bridge,
June 2, 1864, 1:30 P M.

Major-General Fitz Lee, Commanding Cavalry Division.

General: The enemy has appeared at Bottom's Bridge; they have as yet developed nothing but pickets. Deserters of this morning say that a force of infantry from Williamsburg is to cross at Bottom's Bridge. I have scouts across and will forward information. I have some reason for doubting the veracity of the deserters, and the genuineness of their intentions. One of your men reports a dust moving toward McClellan's Bridge. Four German deserters, who came in early in the morning, do not confirm altogether the reports of the last two. B. F. Butler seems certainly to have joined Grant. Only two pieces of artillery have reported to me, and

I have them masked at Bottom's Bridge. I could probably hold the position for some time, but it would be well to reinforce it if practicable. In order to facilitate communication between us, I would be obliged for four or five men who know the country and where your headquarters are.

Very respectfully,
M. C. BUTLER,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

The next day, the 3rd day of June following, occurred that sanguinary battle of Second Cold Harbor, where Grant's losses in a half hour's time amounted as reported to be thirteen thousand men. "Walk into my parlor said the spider (Lee) to the fly (Grant.)"

It was here also that Grant's men refused to obey, when ordered to assault General Lee's lines again, so completely demoralized were they by the slaughter they had just suffered at the hands of General Lee's "incomparable soldiers."—See Wilkinson's History, "A Yankee Soldier Who Heard the Order Given and Saw it Disobeyed." Owing to the timely notice furnished General Lee by General Butler on 30th May, of Grant's approach towards his right at Cold Harbor, he did not succeed then or thereafter in flanking "Mars Robert." He had to adopt General McClellan's plan of getting to Richmond at last. It has been stated, if I am not mistaken, officially stated, that General Lee killed, wounded and captured in three weeks sixty-five thousand of Grant's men, equal to the entire army under General Lee's command. The Sixth Yankee Army Corps in three weeks lost twelve thousand men out of thirty thousand. General Grant never manouvered—no need to against one of the greatest military chieftains the world has ever known. General Grant himself was a very great master in the art of war, and it is no disparagement of his illustrious career to say that if he had come upon the military stage in Virginia with his methods of hammering in 1862 and 1863, when General Lee "knocked out" McClellan, Pope, McClellan again, Burnside, Meade and Hooker, the chances are he would have met a similar fate. In a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, General Charles A. Whittier of the Union Army says: "The Army of Northern Virginia will deservedly rank as the best which has existed on this continent, suffering privations unknown to its opponents, it fought well from

the early Peninsula days to the surrender of that small remnant at Appomattox. It seemed always ready, active, mobile. Without doubt, it was composed of the best men of the South, rushing to what they considered the defense of their country against a bitter invader, and they took the places assigned, officer or private, and fought until beaten by superiority of numbers. The North sent no such army to the field, and its patriotism was of easier character, etc."

But I am drifting into a field of conjecture. That night of the 30th of May, 1864, a very unfortunate and unnecessary stampede occurred. General Butler had ordered a detail of thirty men under a commissioned officer to picket in our front. The Yankees had shown no disposition to follow us up that night, and it was thought a comparatively small picket reserve only was necessary, especially as we all were to "sleep with one eye open" in camp. About the time the thirty men were ready to move, a captain of a Georgia battalion that had just arrived from home for Young's brigade rode up to General Butler at the head of his battalion, and after introducing himself, requested him—General Butler—to order a court to enquire into his, the captain's conduct, that he had been at Gaines' Mill all day in hearing of our guns and had been directed by a colonel who he did not know to remain at Gaines' Mill, and that he wanted a court of enquiry. General Butler informed him that he would be accommodated as to the court, but he must go on picket with his battalion, that we were all worn out and exhausted after the day's operations. Thereupon the captain enquired of General Butler if there was a doctor anywhere near. General Butler asked him what he wanted with a doctor, to which the captain replied he was feeling very badly and would like to consult a doctor. Then the fur began to fly. General Butler, with unmistakable emphasis, said "No, sir; you have no use for a doctor tonight, you must go on picket and if necessary see a doctor tomorrow, if you shall need one." The impression made on the staff and couriers standing near that the "Dominecker" had struck the captain and he wanted to plead sick to get rid of the detail of picket duty. But he did not know his man. General Butler then instructed the battalion commander, with two squadrons, to move his command up the road beyond the thirty men of his brigade, and return for instructions. The cap-

tain accordingly returned, dismounted and was given his lesson as follows: That he should move cautiously up the road towards the enemy, throw out an advance guard of fifteen or twenty men under a commissioned officer, to be preceded by three or more videttes riding some distance in front of his column; that as soon as his videttes were fired on by the Yankee videttes, as would most likely be the case, he should halt his main column, keeping his advance guard and videttes well to the front, and at daylight, when he could see the surrounding country, either advance or retire to an eligible position, according to the lay of the land, and await orders, resisting as well as he could any attack of the enemy, until we could get up to his relief, meantime reporting at intervals during the night.

General Butler had given these same instructions in minute detail to the lieutenant in command of the thirty men of his brigade before the captain appeared on the scene. A short time before the picket column started Colonel Robins of the Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry rode down to our bivouac. Being a veteran of many campaigns, a most accomplished soldier, and not having been engaged that day, General Butler, feeling some anxiety on account of the inexperience of the troops sent on picket and the *indisposition* of the captain in command, requested Colonel Robins to accompany them, see them located for the night, etc., and report back to him. Colonel Robins very cheerfully consented and rode at the head of the column to the point where the picket post might be established. This arrangement made us feel reasonably secure for the night. We were spreading our blankets under the large trees bordering the cross roads at Old Cold Harbor when, without a word of warning or report of trouble, we heard the rush of horsemen coming on us like a cyclone from a clear sky. Imagine our surprise and astonishment when the troops sent on picket came rushing down upon us, in a wild stampede, through tree laps, over fences, ditches and everything in their path. General Butler naturally supposing that the Yankee cavalry was after the picket detail, ordered staff, couriers, escort, everything in reach, to throw themselves across the road, pistol in hand, to stop if possible the stampede. Meantime dispatching Nat Butler, his aid-de-camp, to order up the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry Regiment at the double quick. This

splendid regiment responded quickly and was promptly deployed in our front. An incident happened in one of the other regiments. I do not care to record further than to state that about the time Nat got into the camp a loose horse of one of the stampeders rushed wildly into the camp and a pistol fired accidentally from one of the holsters on the horse, caused a good many of the men to take to the bushes. However, the Fifth came up without a "bauble" and soon restored order. We stopped as many of the stampeders as possible, but learned afterwards that a number of the Georgia battalion in their flight got as far back as Mechanicsville. When Colonel Robins got back, returning deliberately, he explained that the unexpected happened, and that when the Yankee vidette fired on the aproaching column of Confederates, they broke into a wild stampede. That it was the most inexcusable, unaccountable performance he had ever known or heard of; that there was not the slightest excuse or reason for it, except the one shot from the Yankee vidette a long distance off. We soon restored order and General Butler thanked Colonel Robins for his services and we found our blankets for the remainder of the night. I have gone somewhat more into detail describing this fiasco than perhaps its importance justifies, but a good deal was said at the time about "a stampede in Butler's brigade near Cold Harbor," when as a matter of fact we had only thirty men in it, and they claimed that being behind in the column, they were run over by the men of the Georgia battalion of Young's brigade. This battalion was not a worthy member of that dashing, splendid command, which have never before known what a stampede was. From that day to this I have never heard what became of that captain—I hope he found the doctor!

Young's brigade, composed of the Cob legion, full regiment; Jeff Davis legion, six troops; Phillips' legion, six troops, and Seventh Georgia cavalry, was one of the crack brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia. I do not think the stampeded battalion had joined the brigade up to the time of the Cold Harbor incident. The 30th of May, 1864, was an eventful day of an eventful year. It simply fell to our lot to uncover and for a time check one of Grant's most important movements. It is quite safe to assume that others under like conditions and circumstances would have done as well, and I trust that the survivors of other

commands will make a record of the part they played on that day. After the 30th of May we were engaged almost daily in fierce combats with the enemy as a part of that great Army of Northern Virginia in its matchless defense of Richmond until Trevillians, on the 11th and 12th days of June, just eight and nine days after Cold Harbor, and what followed of which in previous papers I have endeavored to give an accurate account. If I have committed errors, and they are thought worthy of correction, I should welcome the corrections.

THE GREY HORSE "ARAB"

On the 15th of March, 1901, General Butler wrote to his old scout, Prioleau Henderson, about "Arab," the fine little horse that carried Henderson so many miles during the campaign in Virginia and elsewhere in the late War of Secession. "You rode Arab on the raid made by General Stuart in October, 1862, across the Potomac River, around McClellan's Army, through Mercersburg, Chambersburg—near Gettysburg—and through Emmettsburg, Pennsylvania, back to the Potomac, which we crossed at White's Ford not long after sunrise. The march of the day and night from Chambersburg, Pa., where we spent the night, to Leesburg, Va., measured ninety-six miles. We made this march in less than thirty hours. As I now recall the facts, your horse, Arab, and a horse ridden by Colonel Jenifer of Stuart's staff, were the only two in the entire column that made this ninety-six miles without change."

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and so does He create men and horses with great fortitude and endurance for war. On the 22nd May, 1901, General Hampton wrote the following to the veteran scout about Arab: "If your good little horse Arab does give an autobiography he will surely deserve an equestrian statue, for he saw more of the war between the North and South, I am sure, than any other living horse. I remember him well, and when I last saw him he—like his master—was active in the political campaign of '76 in our State."

Recently the writer of this sketch dropped a line to his old comrade to let him "ride" Arab—that is to say—to copy a few notes from what Arab saw, and he answers from Walterboro, S. C., 1st August, 1907:

Dear Comrade: Your favor of 30th July to hand. You are welcome to ride Arab as much as you choose. Arab says: "We were near Greenwood Church, Va. A great Yankee regiment were returning to their camp from a scout. We saw them before they got to the fort at the run. Mikler concealed his men in the thick pines at the back of the run, and waited until they rode in and halted to water their horses, when he ordered his men to fire.

Imagine the scene that ensued. Mikler's intention was to fire on them and 'then get away.' But seeing such a stampede among them he ordered a charge, and we ran them into their picket lines near Dumfries. O! what a glorious race it was. We found the killed and wounded all along the route, as we returned from the pursuit with our prisoners. It was a four or five-mile race. The only horse I knew that could outrun me that day was Shoolbred's, a large and beautiful bay, with flowing mane and tail and black legs. His name was Don. Don's master loved him like a brother and had ridden him from the beginning of the war. Jack Shoolbred, in the latter part of 1863, while in a house, the Yankees surrounded it and captured him and his fine horse, Don, but Jack never could recapture him as he was ridden during the remainder of the war by the adjutant of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, who was not required to do picket duty. Jack escaped that night."

Mikler remarked one day that he was going down to stir up the First Michigan Cavalry, which was making daily scouts to Brentsville, Occuquon and other places. One morning he saw a squad of ten Yankees just across the river, so he got Mr. Bradford to pilot him to a blind ford about a mile above in order to take them in the rear. After getting across Mikler told his men: "Now, boys; follow me close and we will capture this squad if there is not a larger force in sight." Upon striking the open field Mikler halted to form his men, and only four were so far advanced —Mikler, Hogan, Hanly and Henderson. Mikler said: "Boys, there are only ten of them. Draw your pistols and follow me." The Yankees, instead of charging the four scouts, sat upon their horses with Sharp's rifles and fired, missing every one of our boys, who rode up and emptied three saddles and kept in close pursuit of the other seven flying horsemen. After a short distance they dropped two more from their saddles, captured four and ran the lieutenant down and caught him. Hanly, after doing good service with the "Iron Scouts," and not having the fear of God before his eyes and being instigated by the devil, deserted and joined Wilson's United States Cavalry and was captured by our cavalry the latter part of June, 1864, but made his escape the very night of the capture.

Some time after this the Iron Scouts left Prince William County and went to Mosby's Confederacy in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Mosby was a tall and rather thin man, perfectly erect, clean-shaven face, keen piercing gray eyes that looked like he could see through you, dressed in a Confederate major's uniform, rather the worse for wear, a black hat and feather, with a splendid pair of cavalry boots, a pair of Colt's army pistols around his waist, his coattails worn and ragged on each side from constant rubbing of his pistols. Mosby invited the Iron Scouts to join him in a little fun, which they gladly accepted. Mosby gave but few orders and when they started back to Prince Willim and Fauquier Counties Mosby had about ninety or one hundred men and Mikler about nineteen. When they left Warrenton Court House for the junction, about nine miles away, Mosby's scouts reported that a body of the enemy were encamped not far off. Mosby soon gave the order to follow him, and away they went, but soon found that they had charged into an encampment of Yankee infantry instead of cavalry. Mosby retired without the loss of a man and brought off a few prisoners. From these prisoners Mosby ascertained that the First Virginia Yankee Cavalry were encamped in the houses at the junction. Within a mile of the junction Mosby gave the command: "Follow me." The first to reach the junction were Mosby, Mikler, Gillespie, Thornwell and Sim Miller, with perhaps a half dozen of Mosby's men, the main body perhaps one hundred and fifty yards in the rear. Mosby's men dashed up in front of the house, the men with cocked pistols, when as sudden as a flash of lightning from a cloud came a sheet of fire from doors and windows. Mosby ordered his men to dismount and charge the house, while he himself stood at one of the windows shooting inside. Mosby then led the charge upstairs, fighting his way up step by step until he reached the top floor where the Yankee officer was killed. Mosby and Mikler walked down stairs after killing and capturing everything in the house and were sitting on their horses waiting for their men to get the captured Yankees and horses in shape, when a regiment of Yankee cavalry, the Eighth New York, surprised them, and then the thing to do was to get away if possible; and then another regiment of cavalry, the Fifth New York, came up and recaptured everything and killed and captured some of

Mikler's and Mosby's men. In getting away Gillespie Thornwell was mortally wounded and taken by the enemy to Alexandria, Va. Sim Miller was badly wounded and was with Gillespie Thornwell when he died. Sim is now the Rev. Mr. Miller of the Baptist persuasion. Arab was shot in the thigh. Prioleau Henderson rode him to Mr. Williams' house and got a Yankee horse which he had left there. Mr. Williams put Arab in a secluded pasture where he soon recuperated. About two weeks after this a squad of Yankees rode up to the pasture and Arab jumped the fence and outran the whole business. He could not stand the sight of a bluecoat. This horse acted like he had reason. The Yankees rode up to Mr. Williams' house and said: "What kind of a d—d old gray horse on three legs was that we got a glimpse of in your pasture? If he keeps on running like he did when we last saw him he will be in Washington city by this time." In January, 1863, a Yankee cavalryman deserted and reported to Mosby for duty, and he proved to be one of the truest and best men in this celebrated command.

One of the most daring scouts in any army was a Texan named Burke. On one occasion Mikler's scouts were in a thicket of pines between Bristow Station and Catlett's watching the railroad to see from the numbers of the enemy if there was any chance to make a dash upon them. As the scouts were about leaving, some one said: "Here comes another detachment." When Henegan said: "Look, Sergeant, at that officer on the right at the head of the column, don't you recognize him." All of them looked closely in the direction indicated and readily recognized in the would-be Yankee major, Burke, "the Texas scout" of General R. E. Lee. Burke told Prioleau Henderson on one occasion "that he had three passes, one from General Robert E. Lee, one from General Meade, chief in command of the Federal army, and another from General Pleasanton, in command of the Union cavalry.

In the autumn of 1863 Dick Hogan, Barney Henegan, Prioleau Henderson, Jack Shoolbred and another scout rode up to Mrs. Maxfield's house one day about 11 o'clock A. M. and found that the enemy had just left after robbing her of everything they could lay hands on—chickens, ducks, geese, bacon, flour, potatoes and even her sheets and wearing apparel. They told her that she had been harboring Hampton's scouts and they intended to break

it up. There were seven in the Yankee squad and five of the Iron Scouts, who took a near cut on them, and at Mr. Trenniss' house they caught sight of them. Now the race began. The Yanks threw away everything they had stolen. Our scouts killed two, wounded three, captured one and only one escaped.

One afternoon Bill Mikler, Barney Henegan and Prioleau Henderson were riding along down near the Stafford County line. Just before sunset they started across a field for a house. The horses of Mikler and Henderson jumped the fence, but Henegan dismounted and let the fence down, and just as he mounted his sorrel mare, Emma, after going over, two Yankees rode up beside him, one on each side, both questioning him as to what command he belonged to. Barney called Hogan and said: "It flashed through my mind in an instant to pull them off their horses. I did so, and here they are." He got each by his neck and held them tight while their horses walked from under them. Barney was six feet four inches high and was a perfect athlete with not a surplus pound of flesh and was about 27 years old. Barney Henegan was the very life of the scouts. When any of them got into trouble among themselves Barney would throw oil upon the troubled waters and everything was amicably adjusted. He was the peacemaker. Barney studied law before the war and was quite a war orator. He would frequently appear before the court martial and would frequently out talk them all when his friends were in trouble. Once he beat General Stuart in a speech and got his man off—and Barney was the man. He departed this life about twenty years ago.

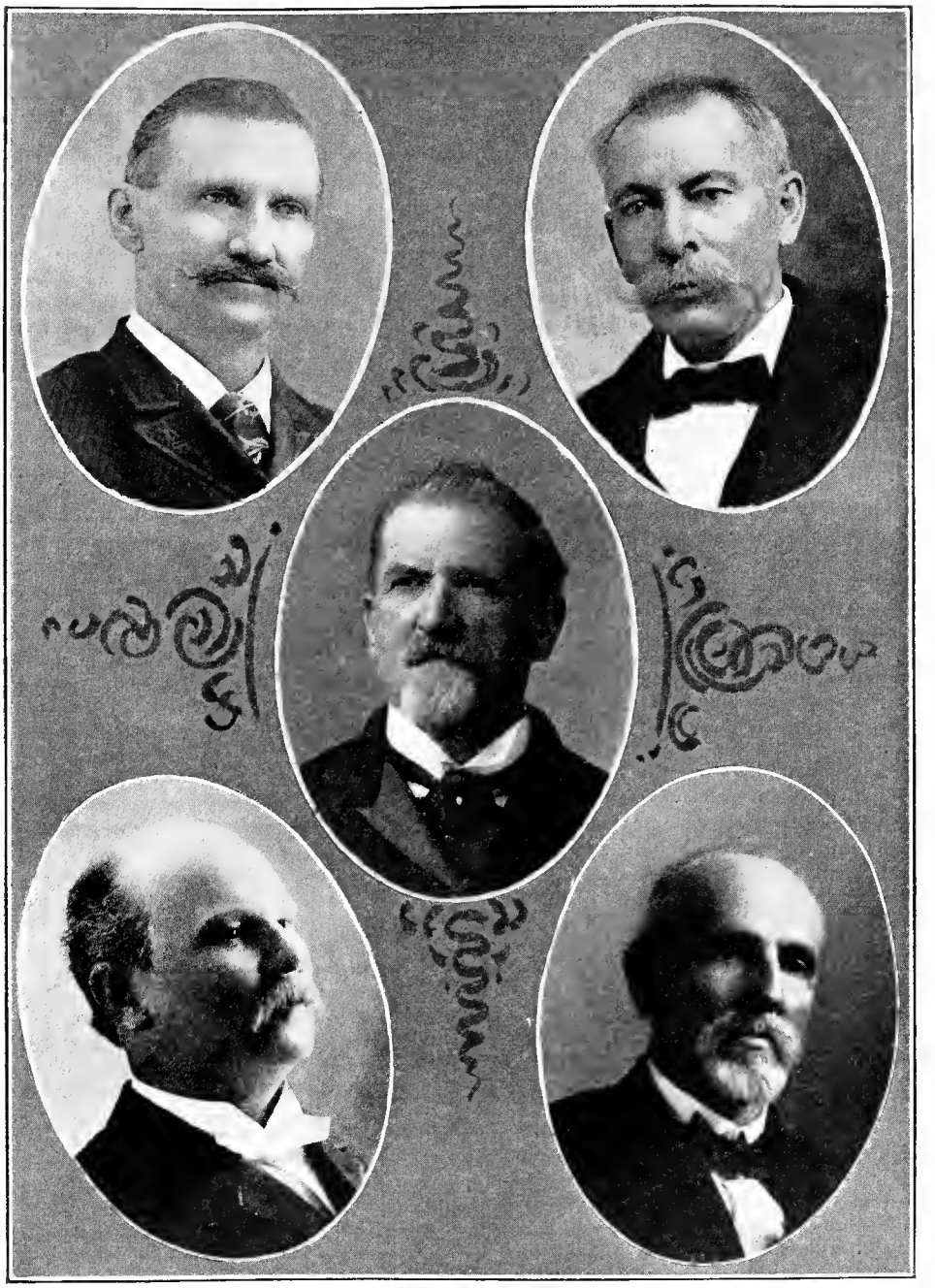
"When marble wears away,
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfil their trust."

BATTLE AT TREVILLIAN STATION

"Memory crowds and the shadows luminous and gray file before me." Time is always snatching something from us; its fleeting moments pass as quickly as they come, never, never more to return, as water which is gone from its source runs to it no more.

The Confederate soldiers course is almost run out, the past time appears as a shadow; so will that which is now to come, when it shall be once over, and no tears, no entreaties, no endeavors can recall the least moment we have already let slip unimproved; therefore it is our duty to record the gallant deeds of our brave comrades who fell on the bloody fields of strife, battling under the Confederate flag which waved so proudly over our Confederacy for four long years. Should we fail to do this, then why find fault with those who fought us so hard and so long for not giving us justice in writing up the part they took in this terrible strife? Every heroic virtue grew in the matchless inspiration of the war. Every noble quality flourished in the stern and splendid discipline of these unrelenting years. Courage, patience, sentiment, devotion, duty, unselfishness and deathless patriotism flashed like radiant stars across the gloom and darkness of the time. Men learned there to love their country better than themselves and to pledge their loyalty freely with their lives. Women raised in luxury forgot their selfish comforts in their solemn duties, and the white hands of fashion swept the looms of labor and fastened the bandages of blood with a self-denying heroism that was indeed sublime. "When triumphs came they rejoiced with reverent gratitude, they met disasters in their turn with dignity."

The most decisive cavalry fight that ever occurred on this continent was fought at Trevillian Station, Virginia, on the 11th and 12th days of June, 1864. The hero of this fight was General M. C. Butler, who was then about 27 years old, and was one of the most dashing figures seen in this most terrible struggle. At the head of his old brigade, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, moulded like an Apollo, with a face as sweet and handsome as that of any god of old, he sat on his horse like



LIEUT. MAT. J. HOUGH — JOHN BAUSKETT

REV. DOWLING

LIEUT. MIMS SULLIVAN — JARRARD D. SULLIVAN

Gallant Jarrard Sullivan, Orderly Sergeant Company A, Sixth S. C. Cavalry, rode at head of regiment wherever it went.

a typical South Carolina cavalier; gentle as any fawn when comrades were assembled in social converse, fierce as a veteran grenadier when the foe was to be met face to face. His plume always showed in the lead where calm judgment of a soldier was needed or the dash of a knight ready to face any odds was called for.

On Wednesday, the 8th of June, our scouts—Shadbourne, Shoolbred, Miller, Scott, Hogan and others—reported to Generals Hampton and Butler, who were then on the Chickahominy, that a large body of Yankee cavalry had moved out from behind Grant's lines and was then crossing the Pamunky at a point heading northward. General Butler received orders to draw three days' rations for his men, which consisted of about one and a half pounds of hard tack and a half pound of bacon, that had to be eaten raw while in the saddle, as we were only allowed time to stop long enough to graze our horses from 12 M. to 2 P M. every day and from 12 to 2 A. M. at night. We had no time to unsaddle for eight days and nights, and the saddle up call soon sounded again. We moved on the morning of the 9th towards Gordonsville in the following order: Hampton's Division of Cavalry, composed of Rosser's, Butler's and Young's brigades, the latter commanded by Colonel J. G. Wright, ("Old Gid" as the boys called him), of the Cobb legion in front. Fitz Lee's division, composed of Lomax's and Wickham's brigades, came next.

"And they rode forth so glorious in array,
So mannerly and full of gentle grace,
That every tongue would be compelled to say
They were the noblest of a noble race."

Upon General Hampton, the ranking Major-General of Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, the command devolved. The first night after leaving camp we grazed our horses, as stated above, half way between Richmond and Trevillian Station on the Virginia Central Railroad, the second night of the march we reached Trevillian. Our division halted thus: Rosser up the road towards Gordonsville, Butler near the station, Wright just behind and Fitz. Lee still further back near Louisa Court House.

It is proper to state in this connection that before leaving the neighborhood of Richmond reports had been brought in to General R. E. Lee, ("Mars Robert",) that General Phil. Sheridan

was moving towards Gordonsville as was supposed at the time to join Hunter, who was coming up the valley with a strong force to attack Lynchburg. If the junction of Hunter's and Sheridan's columns had been accomplished the plan evidently was to attack Richmond from the rear and compel General Lee to abandon his lines of defense. This same Yankee General Hunter, a Virginian, is the man who burnt the barracks of the Virginia Military Institute. General Early was sent by rail with his division or corps to intercept Hunter and General Hampton with the two divisions of cavalry to stop Sheridan. Hunter was turned back by Early, as will be seen from the sequel. Sheridan met a crushing defeat by Hampton at and near Trevillian Station. I have in a previous chapter given an account of Gregg's defeat near Samaria Church on the 24th of June, and Wilson's defeat near Sappony Church on the 28th of June, 1864. Just sixteen days after Trevillian Station, how completely he was routed and had to flee for his life—these three simultaneous movements by Grant, strong, formidable, led by his best officers, I suppose in military parlance, would be styled "grand tactics," bold in conception but in execution dismal failures. Grant underestimated the genius of his great antagonist and incomparable qualities of his Confederate soldiers. Be that as it may, we will leave it to be decided by the military historians and critics who come after us.

On Friday night of the 10th of June, after the last of our hard tack and raw meat had been devoured, ammunition was issued and at daylight we were in motion. Jim Quattlebaum and myself were on picket that night, and to say that we were hungry and mad would not exactly express it. You may be sure staff and couriers had all they could do that night. The division was mounted on time, ammunition distributed, rifles slung ready for the fray. We waited in this attitude until about sunrise. General Rosser rode down to General Butler's headquarters, and being on the *qui vive* for news, the staff and couriers heard the following colloquy between Rosser and Butler—devoted friends: "Butler, what is Hampton going to do here today?" "D—d if I know," replied Butler. "We have been up mounted since daylight and my men and horses are being worsted by non-action." "Let's ride down," said Rosser, "and enquire what Hampton's plans are." "All right," said Butler, and after extending an order to dis-

mount and "stand to horse," the two set out to find General Hampton. The general was lying on a carpenter's bench or table in the horse lot in an oak grove in front of the house, where he had made his headquarters. As the two young and handsome brigadiers dismounted and approached General Hampton, he rose and greeted his two subordinates in a most cordial and friendly manner. Rosser spoke first and remarked: "General, what do you propose to do here today, if I may enquire." Hampton replied: "I propose to fight," thereupon Butler suggested "that the surrounding country being thickly wooded, did not seem a suitable field for the operation and manouvering of cavalry." This suggestion appears to have impressed General Hampton, for he at once replied: "Well, let's ride out and reconnoitre a little." The two mounted, and followed by staff and couriers, moved in the direction of Butler's outposts. Rosser returned to his command. To make the situation clear, it is proper to state just here that our (Butler's) brigade was picketing in our immediate front nearest to the Yankees, the other commands above and below. Generals Hampton and Butler had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before they met Captain Milligan of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, coming in rather hurriedly with his squadron. He had been picketing in our front and reported that he had been driven in by a strong force of Sheridan's cavalry. This information appears to have decided General Hampton as to his action, who thereupon directed General Butler to bring his brigade up and attack Sheridan, saying he would hold Young's brigade in reserve to support him on either flank, if the situation made it necessary; that Fitz. Lee's division would be ordered to move up and support him on the right, that Rosser was up the road, for any emergency that might arise in that direction. General Butler thereupon promptly ordered his brigade in to attack. He first sent forward Captain Snowden with a squadron from the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry and directed him to charge any force of the enemy he might encounter and thus develop his strength. Snowden moved forward in gallant style, charged at the first sight of the enemy, and ascertained the fact that they were in strong force in our front. The country was thickly wooded and General Butler dismounted his entire brigade, except one squadron, and pushed in with our long-

range Enfield rifles, Colonel B. H. Rutledge commanding the left wing, Colonel Hugh Aiken the right, Colonel John Dunovant of the Fifth Regiment South Carolina Cavalry being absent suffering from a wound received at Hawes' Shop 28th May, 1864. Major Jos. H. Morgan was in command and was in the center.

We drove Sheridan's troops a half or three-quarters of a mile through the woods, momentarily expecting support on the right. General Butler was sitting in a blind road in the woods about the centre of his brigade in line of battle, the firing on both sides being fast and furious, when the following incident occurred: One squadron of the Fourth South Carolina Regiment, under Captain Barber, was about to give way. General Butler, with staff and couriers, spurred his horse into the woods, checked the confusion, realigned the regiment and pushed it forward. I would not like to see in cold type some of his expressions, brought forth by the incident. However, it was all over in a few minutes, and the whole line moved forward. When we returned to the road we discovered a Yankee officer mounted about thirty steps from where we were stationed. He had evidently been separated from his command. Two of the couriers, Henry Watson being one of them, jumped from their horses, presented their carbines, and were about to fire on the officer, when General Butler gave them a sharp order not to fire, at the same time calling to the officer to ride out to where we were. He promptly did so, and but for the order to the couriers he would have been a dead man in short order. It turned out to be Captain Charles Loeser of the Second Yankee Dragoons Regular Cavalry, and we overheard the following colloquy: General Butler ordered him to dismount, that he was a prisoner and must deliver up his arms and horse, meantime introducing himself. It was the work of a few minutes when this part of the ceremony was disposed of, and in handing his sword to General Butler asked permission to break it, very much mortified at the dilemma in which he found himself. The General said very quietly: "No, sir; I cannot permit that," and then enquired how he happened to be separated from his command. Captain Loeser (afterwards we learned was promoted to lieutenant colonel) explained that his regiment had charged and driven back a part of our line and upon our rallying, renewing our forward movement, we had driven his regiment in some

confusion, and he became separated in the thick woods. He was a very handsome-looking soldier, very much mortified and humiliated. General Butler tried to relieve this by some pleasant remarks, what any soldier might expect in battle, that there was no disgrace attached to it, etc., etc. And now comes a part of the incident that partook somewhat of the comical as well as tragic. Captain Loeser asked General Butler if General Rosser was anywhere in the neighborhood, and upon being informed that he was, requested to be sent to him, as he was at West Point with him, and as he had a great horror of being robbed as a prisoner, he thought he would get better treatment in the hands of his West Point chum. General Butler remarked he should not be molested while under his charge, but that he would send him, under guard, to General Rosser, saying at the same time, that he would have to take possession of his horse, accoutrements and arms, as they were legitimate captures, etc. To this Captain Loeser readily assented and remarked that his mount, a handsome chestnut sorrel mare, was "played out" (we were all played out in that sense). General Butler then directed his brother and aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Nat Butler, the handsomest boy in the Army of Northern Virginia, to conduct Captain Loeser to General Rosser with his compliments, meantime to see to it that nobody interferred with his prisoner. Nat rather protested, unwilling I suppose to leave his chief in the midst of such a fierce fight. General Butler then sent to Captain John C. Calhoun, whose company was mounted, directing him to detail a non-commissioned officer to report to him. Corporal Sheppard, from one of the mountain counties, Anderson, if I am not mistaken, a tall, square-built young fellow. Captain Loeser was turned over to him and started to find Rosser, with the same orders given to Nat.

Sheppard reported that when he reached the Gordonsville road he halted with Captain Loeser in a fence corner when he saw the head of Rosser's column coming down the road with Captain Jim Thompson's battery of horse artillery in front. When they discovered the "Yankee officer" sitting in the fence corner, one of Thompson's men rode up and said: "Hello, Yank, I want them boots." Sheppard remonstrated, repeating General Butler's orders, whereupon the artilleryman replied: "I don't care a d—d about General Butler's orders," and they went through

Captain Loeser in the house of his friends, took about all of his personal effects, changed coat, hat and boots with him, and left him in a most forlorn condition to meet his West Point associate. Of course General Rosser knew nothing about the treatment of his Yankee friend until he had been metamorphosed. General Butler regretted afterwards he had not allowed Captain Loeser to break his sword, as we found after he had gone it had been presented to him by a lady whose name was engraved on the brass hilt, and who we learned he afterwards married. Let us go back a little. Soon after the capture of Captain Loeser General Butler received a message from Colonel Rutledge, in command of the left wing, that he was being flanked and to send him reinforcements. General Butler turned very coolly to the messenger and said: "Give my compliments to Colonel Rutledge and tell him to flank back." I heard these two officers laughing about the message, Colonel Rutledge remarking that it was the cheekiest order he had ever received, that he was in the woods with his line stretched out to the limit, doing his best to take care of the enemy in his front, and to receive an order to "flank back." The general replied: "Didn't you know, pressed as I was in front and on both flanks, I had no reinforcements to send you." General Butler did report to General Hampton the situation, who immediately ordered Colonel Wright to report with his brigade to General Butler, who ordered him to deploy on Rutledge's left. Meantime General Custer, that dashing dare-devil cavalryman commanding one of Sheridan's brigades, found an old road on Butler's right. He moved rapidly past our right, got in our rear, and captured some of our men, a number of our led horses and ambulances and wagons. Two of the men were bravest of the brave, couriers to General Hampton, Wade Manning and Alex Taylor.

Rosser heard of this, came thundering down the Gordonsville road, charged Custer, another of his West Point chums. Rosser led the old Laurel brigade in a pell-mell rebel yell charge. Among the foremost in this dashing charge were Private Charles B. Rous, Captain McGuire, Captain Hatcher, Colonel E. V White, Major P. B. Winston, Major Holmes Conrad and General Thos. L. Rosser. Of the Yankees were Color Sergeant John Nash, Colonel Clarke, General R. A. Alger and General Custer. When

Major Conrad shot Color Sergeant John Nash, General Custer saw him falling with the United States flag and rushed forward and saved it. Rosser and Custer were near enough to shoot each other at this critical moment. Rosser's Confederate flag was flashing in the Southern sky.

"On to death and glory dashing,
On where swords were clanging, clashing;
On where balls were crushing, crashing,
And Rosser's men won it, routed and riven,
Reeled the foreman's proud array.
They had struggled hard and striven,
Blood in torrents they had given;
But their ranks, dispersed and driven;
Fled in sullenness away."

Thus Rosser routed Custer, capturing his ambulances and wagons and the caissons of his battery and many provisions, besides recapturing everything that Custer had captured from us. I will here mention a few of the brave men of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry who were shot near myself: Colonel Hugh Aiken was shot through the right lung, Sergeant-Major Oscar Sheppard was mortally wounded, Captain Jas. J. Gregg of Company B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, was shot in the arm; Abner Bushnell, shot in the hip. Dick Berry, while trying to show me a Yankee in the thick bushes, was shot through the arm. Why he did not first shoot the Yankee and then show him to me I never could understand. Wyly Moyer was killed.

"A grave in the woods grass overgrown,
A grave in the heart of his mother,
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone
There is not a name, there is not a stone,
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But his memory lives in the other."

Lieutenant John Bauskett took command of Company B immediately after Captain Gregg was shot and behaved most gallantly. Lieutenant Colonel L. P. Miller of the Sixth Cavalry was not in this fight, having been left in charge of some dismounted men near Richmond.

The gallant Major Tom Ferguson commanded the regiment after the brave Aiken fell. Gen. Hampton rode up to Major Ferguson and ordered him to mount his regiment and follow him. We were surrounded and Hart's battery was in great danger of capture, but Hampton with our regiment soon saved the battery and cut our way out in good order. The support that General Hampton had promised General Butler on his right did not materialize, and Custer, mounted as he was, had an easy time getting round our right and rear. Soon after Wright's brigade got in position on Rutledge's left, General Butler received a message from General Hampton to withdraw his lines and retire towards the railroad. I can never forget Butler's reply. He was pressed on both flanks, with Custer in his rear, and he said to the messenger from General Hampton: "Say to General Hampton it is hell to hold on and hell to let go. If I withdraw my entire line at once the blue coats will run over us, and that the best I can do is to mount one regiment at a time and gradually retire." This was done as speedily as possible and we came out in good order. I heard General Butler say afterwards that if his troops had not been the finest in the world they would have become demoralized and precipitated confusion that might have led to a serious disaster. As it was, we got back to a large oak tree where the ambulances had been gathered, the surgeon having established a field infirmary there and were attending to the killed and wounded. Among the latter was Colonel Hugh Aiken, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, the regiment to which I belonged, commanding the right wing of Butler's brigade. A more gallant, fearless soldier never put a squadron in the field. It was supposed at the time his wound was mortal, but he recovered, rejoined his regiment, and was killed near old Kellytown in Darlington County, S. C., 24th February, 1865, while boldly leading a reconnaissance, Col. Zimmerman Davis, of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, was with Colonel Aiken, and has given a vivid and graphic account of the fight. At this field infirmary Generals Hampton and Butler met for the first time since they separated early in the morning. General Hampton was very much worried at the situation. He directed General Butler to take the Phillips legion of Young's brigade and charge the enemy that had collected in considerable force at the railroad. The Phillips legion, in column of fours, were near by, with Captain Buchanan

sitting at the head of the column. While General Butler was engaged in throwing forward a strong line of mounted skirmishers preparatory to making the charge, the enemy keeping up a rapid fire, Captain Buchanan was hit in the breast by a Yankee bullet. He was taken from his horse and was supposed to be mortally wounded, but he recovered, survived the war and represented his district in Georgia in the United States Congress, in which sphere he distinguished himself as ably as he had done as a soldier. We made the charge with the Phillips legion mounted as directed, drove the Yankees pell-mell from the railroad. Rosser had done some effective work up the Gordonsville road. The result was no little confusion among "our friends the enemy." When we reached an eminence near the railroad, from which we could see in all directions, the confusion of Custer's command was in full view. General Butler sent Captain A. P. Butler (tall Pick) to find General Hampton and to say to him if he would send a piece of artillery he could destroy Custer. Pick had scarcely got out of sight before Butler received a message from General Hampton directing him to withdraw to the field infirmary as quickly as possible. When we reached the point we discovered the Yankees moving in line of battle towards us. Here we witnessed an act of gallantry worthy of any soldier. Lieutenant Long of my regiment, the Sixth South Carolina, was acting as Provost Marshal and headquarters escort and with about thirty men, kept the enemy in check until I could get the ambulances with the dead and wounded across the ravine (just in our left rear). The main part of our command had been left along the railroad. Long promptly obeyed the order and charged with his small detachment, cutting and slashing right into the enemy and evidently surprised them by the audacity of his charge. However, it had the desired effect. Long returned with several empty saddles, but he accomplished his purpose. We succeeded in getting the ambulances along an open ridge in the face of a galling fire across and on the same side of the ravine. As we ascended the hill in an open field on the other side, General Butler rode up to one of the guns of Hart's battery pelting away at the Yankees. Captain Church, the gallant and accomplished Adjutant-General of Young's brigade, dashed up to him and said: "General, for God's sake get away from here, that is the enemy,"

pointing towards a line of Yankees. General Butler replied that the gun must be saved, ordering the sergeant in charge to move up the hill towards Rosser's position, meantime concentrating a sharp fire from his troops on the advancing Yankees. Very soon the two generals, Butler and Rosser, joined. Each organized a line of battle from their respective commands and moved on the Yankees, driving them down the hill. Passing through a peach orchard, encouraging their men in the fierce contest, Rosser received a painful wound in the right knee, which required his men to take him from his horse and carry him to the rear. The day's work was nearly ended. General Butler kept up the fight until after sunset, when both sides pulled out for the night. Thus ended the battle of the 11th of June, 1864, not very satisfactory I imagine on either side. I do not pretend to give an account of what transpired in other parts of the field. One thing I think I may safely claim without disparaging anybody, that our brigade held up our end of the line throughout the entire day. We bivouacked on the night of the 11th at Green Spring Valley about three miles east of Trevillian Station. There we fortunately found an abundance of water for man and beast. We slept on our arms.

SUNDAY, 12TH JUNE, 1864.

The next morning, the 12th, we moved back to the railroad bright and early. General Hampton placed General Butler in command of the First Division Cavalry, A. N. V., which he commanded with great credit to himself to the end of the war. There was no confusion on our side this day, so far as our division was concerned. General Hampton went back to look after the other troops under his command.

General Butler withdrew the line a few hundred yards to the crest of a hill, so as to be able to sweep the field in front. Our line was formed as follows: The Fourth South Carolina on the left, the Sixth in the center and the Fifth on the right. Young's and Rosser's brigades stretched out on the right of our brigade. Two Napoleon guns of Thompson's battery were posted somewhat to the right of the center of our brigade. Hart's battery and the other two guns of Thompson's battery were stationed at intervals along the line. The line of our brigade made rather a sharp angle at the railroad in order to get the benefit of the

railroad embankment. The Sixth South Carolina Regiment occupied this angle, afterwards properly styled the "Bloody Angle." This was the situation when between 1 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon on the 12th of June, 1864, Sheridan moved up to attack us. Everybody was of course dismounted fighting on foot. At the far side of the field from our line, not more than two hundred yards distant, was a piece of woods skirted by a rail fence, and just against the angle above described was the house of a Mr. Ogg in an oak grove in our front. When the skirmish line of the Yankees opened a brisk fire from the woods, we gave them as good as they sent, we having in the meantime thrown up such breastworks as could be improvised with our hands and bayonets on short notice. The two brass twelve-pound Napoleons joined in the fray. The shots from these two guns attracted a concentrated fire upon them. The cannonniers were shot down as fast as they could be posted. So fatal was the enemy's fire that General Butler directed Major Preston Chew, then commanding the two batteries, not to attempt to man the guns, as it was murder to keep them there. They were consequently withdrawn until towards dusk, as will appear later. Sheridan made seven distinct assaults on our line, directed mainly on our brigade. We could distinctly hear his bugles sound the charge, and next morning found demijohns and jugs that had been emptied of whiskey with which he had been administering "Dutch courage" to his men. Sheridan's men had effected an entrance into the dwelling house not more than a hundred yards in front of the Sixth regiment angle and were playing havoc picking off our men. Just before the first attack Butler ordered Captain Humphries, commanding Troops B and F, the Second squadron of the Sixth cavalry, to move across the railroad and to retreat to our lines as soon as attacked, and in recrossing the railroad the Yankee sharpshooters, who were posted up the railroad, fired on these two companies, and among others my brother, Private Whitfield Butler Brooks, was killed.

"Firm as the firmest, where duty led
He hurried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red;
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar."

Lieutenant Bauskett, after the men got into the railroad cut, halted them for a moment and it was then that the sharpshooters got in their deadly work. Lieutenant J. J. Bunch of our Company B, one of nature's noblemen, says of Lieutenant Bauskett, who commanded the company in the "Bloody Angle": General Butler sent us word to hold our position at all hazards. Lieutenant Bauskett sent this message: "Send us ammunition, General, and we will do it." Belton Orchard said: "Tell General Butler that we will hold it until hell freezes over." It was a very hot place. Lieutenant Bauskett was a brave and skillful officer, leading the company in many battles. He had the entire confidence of the brigade. Among the wounded were Sam Mays and Bud Rountree. Just as the fight began Sergeant Andrew Giles was ordered to Ogg's house to do sharpshooting with a squad of men, but before reaching the house he was mortally wounded. Bill Claxton and Eddie Padgett were killed, and soon after this Matt Moss and John Moss were killed. The Yankees were so impressed with Young Padgett's youth that they got a pillow from the house and placed it under his head to alleviate his pain. He was shot in the stomach and died before the fight was over.

"On the trampled breast of the battle plain,
Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale pure face not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again)
The fairest form amid all the slain,
Like a child asleep he nestled."

Of the wounded in our company I remember Ike Bush, Pres Williams, Jim Quattlebaum, Bill Turner and Henry Quattlebaum. Of Company F I saw two gallant boys shot down, Alfred Aldrich and Robert Aldrich, adjutant of the old Sixth cavalry and now the distinguished judge of the second circuit of South Carolina. When the fighting began Saturday morning Company B had 64 men and by 9 o'clock Sunday night 37 had been killed and wounded. Assault after assault was made on this "Bloody Angle." As above stated, seven distinct charges were repulsed. There was a gallant major who led these charges, and about sunset, while leading his last charge, when almost near enough to be stuck by a bayonet, Corporal John Briggs and Private Abe

Broadwater, of Company B, killed him, and thus ended the career of one of the most gallant men in the Yankee army. I wish I knew his name. Their dead and wounded and our dead and wounded were lying close together between the railroad irons, and just across the railroad, where so many charges had been led by this gallant major, were the dead bodies of about 300 of Sheridan's cavalry. Just in front of the second squadron of the Sixth cavalry, the losses in our regiment were heavy, especially where exposed to the enfilade fire of the Yankee batteries and small arms. Worse still, our ammunition was exhausted, when near sunset it was seen that Sheridan had concentrated stronger and heavier columns for another assault. General Butler dispatched one of his staff, Lieutenant Nat Butler, for Hart's battery to come to the center. This battery came at a gallop and unlimbered its pieces in the missile-torn field beside Thompson's silent guns. An ammunition wagon was carried at a gallop along Butler's line. The gallant Ordnance Sergeant Grant, of Captain Barber's Company, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry (this brave man, Grant, died at his home near the city of Chester, S. C., on the 29th July, 1907), pitching cases of rifle cartridges from the rear end of his bullet-riddled wagon, as the horses were pulling it at a run on its dangerous mission. The cases were soon broken open and the men supplied. Just before the wagon arrived, however, every man in Company B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, had fired his last cartridge, and a young private soldier, Bill Turner, of the company, volunteered to go after the ammunition and was wounded. Two other boys volunteered, Wash Allen and Tom Sego, which looked like madness on their part. Cannon balls and minnie balls were flying thick and fast just over our heads and striking and plowing up the ground behind us. But on they went through this storm of lead and got as much as they could carry and returned in time for us to repulse another charge. This daring deed of these boys was one of the bravest of the war. General Butler ordered the gallant Major Hart to burn the Ogg house. It was not long before it was in a blaze and the hiding place of the Yankee sharpshooters destroyed. We learned afterwards that the occupants and owners of the house, old man Ogg and his wife, took refuge in the cellar, and when the house caught fire ran out and escaped without injury. Such is war. Battery M, a Yankee regular bat-

tery up the railroad to our right, had been indulging in an enfilading fire on our extreme left along the embankment of the railroad, doing great damage. General Butler directed Major Chew to order the other guns of Thompson's battery to assist Hart's battery and silence the Yankee battery. This was quickly done under the concentrated accurate fire of our gunners. Frank Bamberg and J. W Verdier were the gunners of Hart's battery. We could distinctly hear the explosion when one or more of the Yankee caissons were blown up by our shells. We understood at the time that the Yankee Battery M was known as Tidball's or Pennington's battery, whichever it was, did not survive to do us more damage. I heard General Butler remark that the firing of the two batteries was the most accurate and effective he had ever known. Between sunset and dusk we heard the Yankee bugles sound preparing for another charge. It turned out to be the seventh and last. General Butler directed Major Chew to man the howitzers, as the dusk of the evening and smoke of battle would protect the gunners, partially at least, from the view of Sheridan's sharpshooters; to double shot the guns with grape and cannister. General Butler informed Major Chew that he was satisfied the Yankees would charge over the rail fence at the edge of the woods and attempt to drive us from our position; that when they crossed the fence and got out in the open, to receive them with his grape and cannister. Sure enough, over the fence they came and made a rush up the declivity in our front, but they did not make much headway. Chew's grape and cannister, together with the steady aim of our Enfields, proved too much for them. They recoiled under our terrible fire and beat a hasty retreat back to the woods. One of the most gallant men in this battle was Captain Zimmerman Davis, who commanded the Second squadron of the Fifth cavalry, afterwards Colonel of the Fifth regiment. This regiment faced the open field, protected by some rails. The men had stretched along the dirt road, which crossed the railroad at the "Bloody Angle." The left of the Fifth regiment joined the extreme right of the Sixth cavalry regiment. A portion of it was in the cut, but it was completely enfiladed by the fire from the Yankee artillery and sharpshooters on the edge of the woods on its right. The other portion occupied the fence corner in the road, and enfiladed by

the sharpshooters stationed in the edge of the woods and in the Ogg house, until Hart's battery destroyed it. The Second squadron, under Captain Davis, faced the open field at the extreme end of which, at least a thousand yards from us, we could see the Yankee cavalry form in line for charging. The bugles would sound the charge, but there was no horseback charge by the Yankees that day. They would prepare for the charge, when the fire from our long Enfield rifles would create such consternation, that they would come to a halt and disappear behind a body of woods, then reappear and try the process again and again, until they had made thirteen different unsuccessful attempts to make the charge. Meantime we were getting in our deadly work, while they were making good the old saying that "he who hesitates is lost." Prisoners captured the next day stated that our fire was so effective at such a distance that it was thought we had been largely reinforced by infantry, and could not believe that only Butler's brigade of South Carolina Cavalry was in their front. Thus ended the second day's fight. The Fifth cavalry lost in the two days' fighting: Killed, 6; wounded, 41; missing or captured, 8. This is taken from the official report, published in the Charleston Courier of date 13th July, 1864. Sergeant R. M. Glaze, father of the distinguished lawyer, Mr. W L. Glaze, belonged to Captain Edwards' company, Fifth cavalry, and had his head shot off by a cannon ball. Sheridan began his retreat towards Grant's line, reporting that he had met a strong force of infantry and was compelled to retire. The fact is, there was not an infantry soldier on either side nearer to Trevillian Station than on General Lee's lines in front of Richmond or at Lynchburg with General Early. It was not surprising, however, that Sheridan should have mistaken our dismounted cavalry behind their Enfields for regular infantry, for we understood the art of shooting, and we shot to kill and did kill lots of them. Next morning, the 13th, we found the field in our front covered with their dear and wounded. The howitzers and Enfields had mowed them down as they advanced in line of battle, and we could locate their line by the dead as they fell in their tracks.

The Yankees displayed pluck and splendid courage that bloody day in their attempt to drive us away, but were sadly in need of a good cavalry leader. Sheridan was no match for But-

ler. He said a few days after this fight that that d—d man (meaning Butler) had given him more trouble with his South Carolina brigade than all the rebel cavalry put together. "Praise, indeed, from Sir Hubert."

The Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, under the gallant Colonel B. H. Rutledge, behaved most gallantly. Our losses in killed was fearful. I witnessed a most tragic and pathetic scene in the "Bloody Angle." While the Yankee battery was enfilading a part of our line along the railroad embankment, a shell knocked all the flesh off the right thigh of John Moss, leaving the thigh bone perfectly bare, even of blood, and in some mysterious way did not break it. When his brother Mat saw it, he at once ran to him, put his arms around him, when a Yankee sharpshooter shot him through the heart. He died lying across John's breast, who did not die for some little time afterwards. Both of these splendid soldiers—splendid in physique and splendid in courage—belonged to my Company B, of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry. This regiment was the greatest sufferer owing to the position it occupied in the "Angle." Either of the others, Fourth and Fifth, would have made the same record under the same circumstances. General Butler, Captain Jas. N. Lipscomb, his adjutant-general; his gallant young aide-de-camp, Nat. Butler; Major Chew, and several couriers, were the only mounted men on the line of our brigade, and I have looked back with wonder and amazement how it was they escaped in that deadly fire of the enemy. But such things "are past finding out." The men and horses of our division were so fatigued and jaded (the men having been without a morsel to eat from Friday until Monday afternoon, and the horses having been grazed only for an hour or two each night) we could not pursue Sheridan as vigorously as we desired. Sheridan's retreat was so precipitate that he could not wait for horses that showed signs of fatigue, but had them shot at once, and Colonel Zimmerman Davis counted over two thousand dead horses, with bullet holes in their heads, in the one hundred miles (averaging over twenty to the mile) from Trevillian to the White House on the Pamunky.

On Monday morning General Butler selected Captain Zimmerman Davis' squadron, as he remarked at the time, "in consequence of its conspicuous gallantry during the two days' fight-

ing," to go over the battle fields, bury the dead, look after any wounded he may find and gather up such arms as might be scattered around, which duties were discharged, and Captain Davis overtook the brigade the next day.

General Hampton informed General Butler on Sunday night, the 12th, he would have him relieved very early after nightfall so that he might retire with his command and go into camp after the heroic stand he had taken against Sheridan. We, however, were not relieved until 2 o'clock the next morning. The reader can imagine how sorely we needed rest after the struggle of two such days. During the night we gathered as best we could our wounded and dead, the latter for want of transportation we carried out just in the rear of our line of battle. It was a bright moonlight night, and I shall never forget the ghastly appearance our poor boys made as they laid pale and stiff under the unsympathetic light of the moon. We had no time to shed tears over our dead comrades, but moved on during the morning of the 13th of June in pursuit of Sheridan, who had abandoned his dead and such of his wounded as could not travel with surgeons to attend them. We followed him across the North Anna at Carpenter's Ford and continued the pursuit to the White House, as above stated. As we passed through positions he had occupied in his attacks upon us on the 12th we discovered a great number of empty demijohns and jugs, to which I have referred to above. As we passed them the boys jollied each other, as their mouths watered for some of Sheridan's whiskey, exclaiming he had given us "plenty of lead but no liquor." It would be presumption, on occupying the position of a private soldier and courier, to pronounce judgment on great strategic and tactical movements of opposing armies, but I have heard men—military critics fully qualified to discuss them—say that the three defeats of Grant's combination to break the lines of his great antagonist, Early's defeat of Hunter, Hampton's defeat of Sheridan in the battle at Trevillian and Symaria Church, and his defeat of Wilson at Sappony Church, were of the greatest value to General Lee in his defense of Richmond and Petersburg. In a letter from General Thos. T. Munford, who commanded a Virginia brigade, he says: "The last time General Hampton was at my house he said to me, 'Butler's defense at Trevillian was never

surpassed,' and he added, 'He was as good a soldier as we had.'" Our cavalry established a first-class cemetery at Trevillian which has given employment to several Yankee soldiers since the war to keep in good repair.

It will be observed that I have not attempted to give an account of the operations of other commands engaged in this bloody fight at Trevillian Station, but have confined my narrative to the part played by our immediate command. It is hoped that some survivor of the others will supplement what I have stated and correct any errors that I may have made, thus making the record complete in its details. I take the following from "Hampton and His Cavalry," by Edward L. Wells. Of this fight he says: "The force under Hampton did not exceed four thousand seven hundred men in all in the two divisions. These figures are taken from memoranda of General Hampton, based on papers in his possession preserved from the war, and correspond from the data obtained from other sources. There were three batteries of horse artillery of four guns each." Sheridan had his first and second divisions commanded by Torbet and Gregg, numbering about nine thousand men, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, being six batteries of four guns each. The twenty-four regiments composing Sheridan's two divisions, selected for this expedition, consisted of the picked troops of his corps, such as the First, Second and Fifth United States Regulars, Custer's brigade and First New Jersey."

"The Federal troops, therefore, outnumbered Hampton's in the proportion of more than two to one, with artillery in the same ratio. But this was not all their armament and equipment, their breech-loaders and magazine rifles gave them an advantage over muzzle-loaders which ought to have been the equivalent of a hundred per cent., but estimating it at only fifty per cent. their force would have practically outnumbered Hampton's as 'three is to one.'" Mr. Wells speaks of Butler, 12th day of June, commanding Hampton's division, "That he was soon to gain the well-earned commission of a major-general. Always calm and cool when in action, his handsome, clear-cut face showed on this occasion no emotion as he scanned the details of the field."

"On the person of a Federal prisoner, captured during their retreat, was found a diary. Saturday, June 11th, fight at Trevillian Station, captured and killed six hundred rebs.

"Sunday, June 12th, fought on same ground, got whipped like the devil; lost more men than the rebs did the day previous."

On 14th June, in a letter to General Lee, the following remark about the Trevillian fight is made by General Hampton: "Butler's brigade held their ground against seven desperate charges under as heavy a fire—artillery and musketry—as troops are often subjected to, without giving way a foot."

ROBERT ALDRICH, JUDGE SECOND CIRCUIT

On the 22nd February, 1889, General Rosser, who was one of the best cavalry officers Virginia ever produced, delivered a speech before the Maryland Army and Navy Association, in which he says of the second day's fight at Trevillian, 12th June: "Sheridan concentrated his force and exerted his entire strength to the driving of Hampton out of his way, but he could not move him. This fight was conducted more like an infantry battle than a cavalry fight. The men were all dismounted and carbines were the only weapons used. Hampton's line of defense was strengthened by a breastwork of fence rails, and Sheridan tried to carry it by dismounted charges. It was a spirited infantry attack and a stubborn infantry resistance. Sheridan displayed no skill in manouvering; it was simply a square stand up fight, man to man, and Hampton whipped him—defeated his purpose and turned him back. The history writers of the North are endeavoring to make a great general of Sheridan, but the impartial historian, who will write for future generations to read, will overturn their feeble and foundationless structure. Sheridan was not only whipped by Hampton at Trevillian, but routed and panic-stricken, as his hasty retreat during the night of the 12th and the route he took to avoid pursuit will show. So much afraid was he of pursuit and further disaster that he ran off and hid

in the wilderness and changed his course only after learning that he was not followed by Hampton in force. Still, to make assurance certain and safety sure, he hastened across the Mattaponi, putting that river, as well as the Pamunky, between him and Hampton. Finally he got back to Grant after a long and tedious march. Now listen to his story: "Found Hampton with all the rebel cavalry at Trevillian's and whipped him, but Breckenridge's division of infantry came to his rescue, and as I was about out of ammunition, I deemed it best to come back." If Sheridan had been even a tolerably fair general he would have taken advantage of the scattered condition of Hampton's command and destroyed him on the 11th, and on the 12th he showed himself anything but a master of the art of war by allowing Butler to hold him in check with three brigades nearly all day until Fitz. Lee could march around from Louisa Court House and get into line to assist Butler. Sheridan was not by nature suited to the command of cavalry. He was a dull man, and his mind worked too slowly for the quick manoeuvres of the cavalry. As an infantry officer Sheridan possessed fair ability, as a cavalry officer he was the most absolute failure of all the many failures which, one after another, was laid aside by Mr. Lincoln as the war developed them. Nothing saved Sheridan from the bleak, dreary shores of oblivion but the exhausted condition of the Confederate cavalry, when he was assigned to the command of the Federal cavalry. Few in number, short of forage, short of rations, and constantly growing weaker as the enemy grew stronger, the Confederate cavalry maintained itself as an equal, if not more than a match, for its adversary to the end. Its raids were always successful and its battles were victorious. The story is too long to be fully told on an occasion like this. I could tell you of Hampton's successful raid through the enemy's lines to Cogins' Point on the James, of his defeat of Gregg and the capture of 25,000 head of fat beeves; I could tell you of the disastrous raid of Wilson to Staunton River; I could tell you of Butler's victory at Reams' Station, and Rosser's successful raids to New Creek and to Beverly; I could tell you of the last victory achieved by any part of our army, the destruction of General Reid's command at the High Bridge on the 6th of April, three days before the surrender where General Humphries says Rosser

killed General Reid, Colonel Washburn and every cavalry officer in their (Yankee) command.

As the curtains were being drawn around the last days of the Confederacy, the courage and patriotism of the cavalry shone out in more and more resplendent glory, and faltered not as the star of her destiny approached the political horizon beneath which it was so soon to sink forever. And finally, at Appomattox, as fate blotted the gallant Confederacy from the map of the world, the unconquered cavalry, like the eagle, whose lofty nest had been torn from the mountain crag by the howling cyclone, dashed triumphantly through the tempest of battle and defiantly proclaimed, "The cavalry never surrenders."

In the House of Representatives, December 13, 1864.

The Committee on the Military, to whom was referred a letter of Brigadier-General M. C. Butler, presenting to the State a battle flag captured from the enemy at Trevillian Station by the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, beg leave to report, and recommend the adoption of, the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of this General Assembly be tendered to Brig.-Gen. M. C. Butler, and the officers and men of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, for the battle flag of the enemy presented to the State, and that the Governor be requested to have it stamped with the date and place of its capture, and the person by whom captured, and suitably suspended in the hall of the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That the House do agree to the report.

Ordered, That it be sent to the Senate for concurrence.

By order: JOHN T. SLOAN, C. H. R.

In the Senate, December 23, 1864.

Resolved, That the Senate do concur in the report.

Ordered, That it be returned to the House of Representatives.

By order: WM. E. MARTIN, C. S.

GEO. D. SHADBURNE, CHIEF OF HAMPTON'S SCOUTS

M. C. BUTLER A BORN SOLDIER

On the 8th day of March, 1836, when M. C. Butler was born into this world, he was born a soldier. This great cavalry leader had a way of winning battles that was terrible for the Yankees to behold.

He speaks little of himself and much of others.

The following letters show how much he was admired and loved from President Davis down to the humblest private soldier:

Beauvoir, Harrison County, Miss.,
August 15, 1878.

General M. C. Butler, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

My Dear General: Major Walthall this morning brought me your letter from Mississippi City.

I hope you have found enough hope of usefulness in your life at Washington to serve as an antidote to many unpleasant surroundings.

We are threatened with the formation of a new party, the frequent resort in past times of the craftsmen who have succeeded to the old Federalists, having all the vices, without the intellect and sturdy virtues which were the redeeming traits of their predecessors.

I am living in great seclusion, and though I feel much, take no part in the politics of the day.

As ever your friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Shadburne and Herrin,
Attorneys at Law,
415 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal., December 7, 1893.

General M. C. Butler, Senator, Washington, D. C.

My Dear General: I am greatly pleased to receive your kind favor of the 27th inst.

It is always agreeable to know that we are not forgotten by those we knew long years ago. Many times I have thought of your gallant self, when, during the palmy days (if such we ever had) of our new-born republic when we struggled and bled for the cause of right. With the eye of memory I have seen you at the head of your army of loyal troopers charging the fleeing foe; I have seen you bleeding and crippled, have seen sad faces mourning your absence from the tented field, and again, after a brief respite, I have seen your at your wonted place and astride your

charger leading your people on to victory. I have watched with pleasure your career since our ill-fated undertaking went down in gloom, and though I am a Californian, none of my love and sympathy for the land of my birth have ever waned.

I saw General Hampton when he was out here and was with him frequently, and it was with pleasure we reviewed the past.

I was in Washington five years since and saw the General then, and I am sorry to see the marks of time so visible with him. While he seemed cheerful and comparatively happy, I could plainly see the marks of sadness, and I regret that, as he said to me in one of his letters, there is but little left to him but the memories of the past.

I thank you for your kind wishes in my behalf. I have prospered fairly well and am surrounded by a pretty numerous family.

Yours very truly,
GEO. D. SHADBURNE.

Alma, Ark., R. F. D. No. 3, February 5, 1903.

General M. C. Butler, Augusta, Ga.

Dear General: I received a copy of *The State* a few days ago, of date December 28, 1902, sent me by a friend, in which I see recorded the death of our dear old surgeon, Dr. B. W. Taylor, also your tribute to his memory. You refer therein to the time when you had your foot shot off near Stevensburg and how his prompt action and skillful operation saved your life. I thought perhaps you would be interested in hearing from one of your old regiment, Second South Carolina Cavalry, who was very near you when this sad misfortune occurred. I was the first man to you after you fell. I helped to take you up and place you first on a blanket; then after carrying you a short distance we found an old plank feed trough and knocked out one end and placed you therein, and four of us carried you with sticks under the trough, like rolling logs, till we reached a place of safety, where Dr. Taylor performed the operation. I remember well what you said to us when we started back to the front: "Go back, boys, and pay them up for the loss of my foot." I remember well just how you were sitting when the shot struck you. Captain Farley had just ridden up, and you were talking about a battery the Yankees had just got in position on the hill in the edge of the little town of Stevensburg, and Hart's battery was just then being placed in position to oppose the enemy's fire, but I think that about the first or second shot the enemy fired they hit you and Captain Farley and killed both your horses. The shot was ranging downward, came very near hitting me. It struck Captain Farley and cut off his leg above the knee, and passed through his horse and cut off your foot and went through the under part of your horse's bowels. You all came down in a pile. Captain Farley soon died from his wounds; I suppose the loss of blood was so great he could not survive it. Your horse got up and ran a long ways with his bowels hanging out before he fell and died.

Our lieutenant-colonel, the noble Hampton, was shot about the same time. He and his horse both received their mortal wounds close together; his horse ran with him quite a distance after being shot and went into a little pine thicket and rider and horse fell dead at the same time.

That was a sad day for our regiment. It was not long, however, till we had the Yankees on the run back towards the fords of the Rappahannock.

A messmate of mine, who was captured and placed just behind that battery that shot off your foot, told me some time after that (after he was exchanged and returned to his command) that the very first shot that Hart's battery fired after getting in position played terrible havoc with the Yankee battery. He said it dismounted a gun, blew up a caisson and killed and wounded a large number of men and officers.

I write because I thought you would be interested in these things and in knowing that one of the men that helped to take you from the field still survived. I belonged to Company F, Westfield's.

We were in many a close place together after the occurrence related above.

I am still a soldier, but am fighting under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

I am a local elder in the M. E. Church, South.

I see in the papers that another of our old Confederate generals is gone—General Wheeler. One by one we are passing away. Soon we will all pass over the river—our ranks are growing thinner every year.

May there be a happy reunion of us all some day on the other shore, and when our great Captain calls the roll, may we all be able to answer "Present."

With the best wishes for your happiness and wellfare, I am,

Sincerely your old comrade,

A. H. LARK.

Lancaster, S. C., April 30, 1908.

General M. C. Butler, Edgefield, S. C.

My Dear General: Yours of the 27th inst. received. I wish, in reply, to say that will be all right. There is nothing I know of to prevent me from complying with your request in the matter, and I will certainly take pleasure in doing so.

I remember with pleasure in "the days of auld lang syne," both in sight and hearing of our commanding general on the march, and on the field of battle, at Burgesse's Mill October 27, 1864. Just as General Hampton's sons were shot down and Major Theo. G. Barker was so badly wounded, you immediately sent a courier to Colonel Jeffords to charge—who was killed as soon as the message was delivered. How cool and calm you appeared amidst those terrible scenes. It added to the romance of our soldier life and cheered our drooping spirits, in seeing you and hearing the clear, clarion notes of your voice as it rang out the command: "Forward, forward, forward," and that above the din of battle and the unceasing rattle

of small arms. How cheerfully and willingly your men obeyed that voice, no matter the ordeal by fire through which they were passing. Under cover of the "old worm fence" a steady stream of fire was hurled into the Yankee line, twice our number, carrying death and destruction to the very midst of them. Their laugh was turned to wailing. When the word came down the line, "Prepare to advance," it was no sooner uttered than a solid line was made ready to move at the command. The gray line swept promptly down the steep sides of the woodland in a steady line into the open. The whistling shells tore through the trees, cutting boughs, severing limbs and branches and showering leaves and twigs upon the passing line, and ofttimes wounding or crippling men as they came to earth.

Passing over the ground one might see the slaughtered horses of some dismantled battery, harnessed yet to caisson or gun—some struggling, others wounded to the death. Not far away from the scene of carnage a Yankee soldier lay clutching his sabre firmly in his dead hand; a little back of him his horse lay dead. The tales of horror attending a battle could not be told here.

Ladies were frequently exposed to fire, and I remember to have seen one lying on the ground, her thigh shattered by a bullet. Ofttimes from the piazza front women would wave handkerchiefs to the passing troops, asking God's blessing on the men of the South as they rushed into action. On one occasion at Stoney Creek, Va., Captain Waltour, a gallant one-armed Confederate in charge of a cavalry recruiting camp, witnessed something of the sadness of such scenes—but by no means rare in the dark period of the war. "So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

But, General, I am still loyal to the old Confederacy, and equally so to you in the present, as in our glorious past. And today, as one of your old command, I am proud of you and of the "Confederates."

I am, my dear General,

Respectfully yours,

R. T. DUNLAP.

A BOY COURIER'S RECOLLECTION OF GENERAL M. C. BUTLER

The Saturday's engagements at Trevillian Station was a l'outrance. Gallant men and beardless boys went to their death that memorable day. From 7 A. M. the fight had waged until night. When the bugle sang "truce" the night clouds had lowered and the sentinel star sat its watch in the sky and the dead and wounded rested under their lights. Sunday morning, June 12th, there was some firing along the line, and then a lull, for "coming events" seemed to have cast their shadows before. It was so quiet that General Hampton, having waited for the further developments of Sheridan's plans for the night, deemed it timely to take a rest.

His saddle was placed at the root of a large tree, his cavalryman's cloak ready to be thrown over him, and as he was about to stretch his weary length, a terrific fire commenced along our entire front, and as quickly responded to by that worn, weary, but magnificent cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Fast and furious the storm gathered; with a heroism belonging to that army the fight continued. Nearing dark a hurried movement on the part of Sheridan's command notified us that he had tired of his death grapple and was in retreat. His bullets flew far above our heads, and the shell soaring above in graceful curves burst in mid air, doing little or no damage as the night grew apace.

Far away in our front the rumble of wheels were heard—artillery and wagons were being hurried out of danger of Confederate cavalry. It was a retreat ordered by a disheartened Yankee general who had endeavored with a splendid command to drive our cavalry back upon Richmond, but it proved a checkmate. Richmond was saved.

Nearing sunset I was ordered by General Wade Hampton to convey an order to the dashing Butler. A fast ride, and withal a dangerous one, enabled me to locate him. General Butler, in the heyday of life, the picture of a beautiful manhood—(he was just 27 years old and a Major-General, C. S. A.)—was mounted

and at the rear of Hart's battery. This command having been all day engaged, was for the time being sending a spiteful shell at the skedaddling Yanks.

The enemy would fire in return, but each fire semed more nervous than the other. Now and then a bullet would whistle unpleasantly near—so near, in fact, that though the general would not dodge, Hampton's courier would.

Whilst waiting for his order to ride back to my chief I noticed between times the general's face and bearing. His face was as quiet as if he was facing a party of ladies in a parlor, or at a picnic, instead of hostile Yankees. He was nicely uniformed, his right leg cast unconcernedly over the pommel of his McClellan saddle, and with a neatly cut switch in his hand tapping his boot heel. He seemed to me at the moment a picture of absolute indifference to either fear or danger—and it was bravery, not recklessness. But an order from Major Hart rang out: "Cease firing," and immediately after I was ordered to report back to my general: the order was a welcome one. Saluting and bending low to my saddle I made the homestretch in safety, horse and rider glad enough to return with life and limb.

WADE HAMPTON MANNING.

Orderly Charleston Light Dragoons, Troop "K," Fourth South Carolina Cavalry.

Beginning with March 31, 1865, when our command under General W H. F Lee fought the bloody and victorious battle at Chamberlain's Run, which was followed the next day, April 1, by one of the decisive battles of history, that of Five Forks, the first time I ever saw the Army of Northern Virginia stampeded.

We fought each day on until we reached Appomattox Court House on the 8th of April; on the night of the 8th of April our battery (Pelham's old horse battery) was ordered forward to meet a column of cavalry that was coming in from the South. We met them all right and they were too strong for us, and we were ordered to strike out for Lynchburg, which we reached Sunday morning, the 9th, and a courier informed our commander that General Lee had surrendered. Our battery disbanded at once and the men struck out in every direction. I, with three or four Virginians, made for Culpeper, where they lived, and I

thought to reach Colonel Mosby's command. I never found them, but in going over the mountains in Amherst County, my horse cast a shoe and went lame. We rode up to a blacksmith shop on the roadside and asked the smith to shoe the horse and he refused. I offered him $10 in our money and he refused that. I told him that he would have to shoe the horse and we all drew our pistols, and he then said if I would give him the bright staff buttons off my jacket he would shoe the horse. I at once tore off eight of the nine buttons, leaving one at the top, and he shod the horse, and that is why there is but one button on my jacket, which is the only thing I have left of my war outfit.

The nine buttons in the first place cost me $25.

D. CARDWELL.

Fort St. Michael, Alaska, March 6, 1908.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Sir: The Semi-Weekly State of October 8, 1907, which reached me a few days ago, contained "Sketch which will appear in Colonel U. R. Brooks' forthcoming publication, 'Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Secession, 1861-'65.'"

On account of my father's connection with this command I am especially interested in your book. Will you kindly have your publisher send me a copy as soon as it is out?

I also note the interesting fact that General John Dunovant was a captain in my present regiment and on duty with it in the far West when he resigned to go into the Confederate service.

Yours very respectfully,

MARCUS B. STOKES,
Captain Tenth Infantry, U. S. A.

SHERIDAN'S RETREAT, JUNE 12, 1864

When Sheridan started on his retreat from Trevillian Station on Sunday evening about 9 P M., the 12th of June, 1864, we hounded him night and day through the hottest, dustiest, driest country at that time on the continent. It was not an infrequent thing for us to pass five or six or eight of Sheridan's horses lying dead on the line of march. These horses had no doubt broken down, were tied together and shot in their tracks, no doubt to prevent their falling into our hands.

The reader will not be able to imagine our condition, eating when we could find anything to eat, sleeping and living in the stench of these dead animals. There was one helpful relief derived from the unconquerable pluck and cheer of those splendid Virginia women. As we would approach a house "Sheridan's Raiders" had rifled and robbed, as they supposed of everything they had to eat, these ladies would rush out, waving their handkerchiefs with unsubdued heroism, exclaiming as they recognized the Confederate gray: "Get down, we have a little bread and milk the Yankees did not get, and you shall have it!" God bless them and their descendants. Sheridan made a long detour to the left. Hampton kept his main column between Sheridan and Richmond, his (Hampton's) division, commanded by the incomparable Butler, with detachments harassing Sheridan's rear.

The night of the 20th of June, before we reached the White House, Sheridan got under the protection of Yankee gunboats. We dismounted near an old church. Before daylight our column was put in motion, Butler leading the advance. About the early dawn of day he came upon a reserve picket post of the Yankees. They were not expecting us, were taken completely by surprise, and every man at the post captured without firing a shot. This picket post was located at the White House. Having taken the pickets, so that no information could be carried into the fort, General Butler decided to take the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry and charge in on the garrison and take them by surprise. Just as he had formed the regiment for the charge, a courier from General Hampton came up post haste and directed General But-

ler not to make any aggressive movement. I verily believe but for this restraining order we would have taken the place and everybody in it. A desultory skirmish was kept up for some time, but all efforts to make an assault on the fort were abandoned and we withdrew to the adjoining hills. We could distinctly see the line of march of Sheridan's column many miles to the north of us by the great clouds of dust. Fitz. Lee's division was posted on Butler's right, where, having attracted the attention of the gunboats in the river, they opened fire, sending what appeared to be fifteen-inch shells. The boys called them "flour barrels." Whenever they struck the ground and exploded they would shake the earth and make holes in the ground large and deep enough to hide a small-sized horse. During the afternoon General Hampton withdrew and kept his command in a position to cover the approaches to Richmond. Sheridan got under the cover of his gunboats, and after resting a few days, on the 24th June, dispatched Gregg with his division of Pennsylvanians. Gregg, too, was a hustling cavalry officer, none better, and he moved out as if he meant to get to Richmond. His and Butler's divisions came together near Symaria Church and were exchanging "civilities" across an open field, each side dismounted. Rosser's and Young's brigades of Hampton's division, and Fitz. Lee's division, were strung out on Butler's right, but were not engaged.

Butler received an order from General Hampton, who was at Phillips' house, four miles away, to attack Gregg vigorously. Butler reported that if he moved on Gregg, protected by woods and a line of fence, it would be a terrible loss of life to his (Butler's) men, and suggested that he had had Gregg's right flank, near the church, reconnoitered by Cloud, a dashing, intelligent Virginia scout, Dick Hogan and Wallace Miller. He could not spare any troops from his line to make a flank movement. If General Hampton would detach a regiment from his (Butler's) right, he could strike Gregg a fatal blow without a great loss to our side. Before receiving answer to this suggestion, General Fitz Lee rode up to Butler's headquarters at the foot of a large oak tree, where the bullets were flying uncomfortably close. Upon being informed of the situation, Fitz Lee dispatched his staff officer, Major Dug Ferguson, asking to

be allowed to take command in the field. The result was General Hampton granted the request, and wrote a note to General Butler to take orders from General Lee. (This correspondence ought to be in existence somewhere). The couriers and staff were fully advised of it at the time. However that may be, General Lee fully concurred with General Butler and ordered the Ninth Virginia, commanded by Colonel Beale, to report to Butler, who in the meantime increased the fire across the field to attract Gregg's attention.

Beale was sent off from Butler's left, guided by Cloud, Hogan and Miller and other scouts, under cover of a hill and thick woods, and as soon as he gained Gregg's right, made a vigorous assault, which compelled the latter to withdraw hurriedly and with a good deal of confusion. General Butler then rushed his line across the open field and Gregg's discomfiture was complete and amounted almost to a rout. General Butler ordered the Jeff Davis legion (of Young's brigade), mounted, under the command of that gallant officer and gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel Waring of Savannah, to pursue with his mounted column, and right lustily did he carry out his orders.

We pursued Gregg's Yankee cavalry until some time after dark, captured a large number, as I now remember about three hundred, one lieutenant-colonel and several other commissioned officers. They were sent to Richmond with a detachment, under command of Captain A. P. Butler, of General Butler's staff. After Waring had got fully under way, cutting and slashing as he went, General Butler followed with staff and couriers in his wake, meantime ordering his dismounted men to the saddle.

General Lee, with his division and Rosser's and Young's brigades, moved in from our right to take Gregg on his left and rear, but Gregg was too fleet of foot and got away under cover of darkness with the losses I have mentioned.

And now I will describe a scene which was truly pathetic and distressing. As we went moving along in a sweeping trot on Waring's track with the rest of our division, which had promptly mounted and joined in the pursuit, General Butler observed a large man with long red side whiskers lying on the roadside on an improvised stretcher, an army blanket and two poles attached to each end. It turned out to be Lieutenant-Colonel Covode of

the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Butler halted, and upon Colonel Covode being informed who it was, said, among other things: "This is the fate of Sheridan's raiders, but, General, I have the consolation of knowing that I have done nothing dishonorable during this raid." General Butler replied: "However that may be, sir, I certainly would not remind you of it under present conditions," and then inquired if he was seriously wounded. Colonel Covode replied: "Yes, my left arm is shattered, and our litter bearers dropped me here when your cavalry charged and overtook us." Under instructions from General Butler, Dr. B. W Taylor, chief surgeon of the division, of Columbia, S. C., dismounted and gave Colonel Covode some apple brandy.

General Butler directed Dr. Taylor to have him sent to the rear to a field infirmary, I think Symaria Church, and properly attended to. Dr. Taylor found that in addition to the shattered arm Colonel Covode had received a pistol shot in the back, from which he died soon after reaching the field hospital. General Butler's theory was that Colonel Covode would not disclose the fact that he was shot in the back from pride, as an indication of cowardice, but no such inference can be drawn from such a wound, as in a cavalry melee a man is as apt to be shot in the back as in the breast or forehead. This wound of Colonel Covode's was no badge of dishonor or cowardice. We learned afterwards that Colonel Covode was one of the most gallant, meritorious officers in Gregg's division. Colonel Covode's father was a distinguished member of Congress from Pennsylvania, extremely radical towards the South, and referred to the death of his son in the most bitter and relentless terms, as we afterwards learned, and among other things said, they had never been able to find or recover his body. No doubt he was buried with other dead near Symaria Church, and if the Confederates had been approached in a proper manner, his grave could have been identified and his body recovered. We were certainly not to blame for his death. He only met the fate of thousands of good men who take their lives in their hands when they go to war and into battle.

"The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won."

SOME ONE SHOULD WRITE THE HISTORY OF EVERY BRIGADE

I would like to be understood in recounting the services of the command to which I belonged, "Butler's Cavalry," I do not intend to disparage the gallant deeds of any other command or to draw any contrast between our military performances and the achievements of others. It is to be hoped that some one identified with the other cavalry commands of the Army of Northern Virginia will preserve a record of their heroic work, as I am trying, perhaps in an imperfect and cursory manner, to do for "Butler's Cavalry." I wish some one would write up the good work of the gallant scouts of other commands, such scouts as C. S. McCall and John F. McLaurin of the Hampton Legion. Will their comrades allow their names to sink into oblivion?

After disposing of Sheridan at Trevillian Station and Gregg at Symaria Church, as I recounted in a former paper, Hampton's and Fitz. Lee's divisions were ordered across the James River, below Richmond, to look after Wilson, who was turned back from his raid at Staunton River by the Home Guards and such regular Confederate soldiers as could be hurriedly assembled at the river in his front. Suffice it to say in that connection Wilson was returning to Grant's lines, having been dispatched with two divisions of cavalry from Grant's left almost simultaneously with Sheridan's movement towards Gordonsville and Lynchburg from Grant's right. When we started to cross the James River the latter part of June, 1864, which we accomplished on a pontoon bridge soon in the morning of the 27th June, 1864, General Hampton placed General Butler in command of the column and paid a hurried visit to Richmond. After crossing the James River General Butler moved as rapidly as the heat and dust would permit for the jaded horses, which had scarcely been unsaddled since Wednesday, 8th day of June. We reached General Lee's headquarters near Petersburg about midday. General Lee's tents were pitched in an oak grove across the Appomattox opposite to Petersburg. I here insert a

correspondence with General Butler, which explains an interesting incident that occurred there:

Columbia, S. C., 17th March, 1908.

General M. C. Butler, Edgefield, S. C.

My Dear General: Won't you be so kind as to tell of the interview you had with General Robt. E. Lee at his headquarters near Petersburg on the 27th day of June, 1864, while we were on the march to intercept Wilson. We have had several versions of that conference and I would be greatly obliged if you give me the facts.

Very sincerely yours,
U. R. BROOKS.

Edgefield, S. C., March 27, 1908.

My Dear Brooks: It has been a great many years since the incident to which you refer in your note of the 17th inst. I have a very vivid recollection of the interview and will give it to you as I remember it. You know it is said that an old man recalls events of his earlier years with more distinctness than those of his later life, and I believe it is true. When the head of our column reached the point on the turnpike opposite to General Lee's headquarters on the fearfully hot day, I dismounted and asked his orderly to notify the general of my presence. He returned in a few minutes with a request from General Lee that I come to his tent. He received me with that stately cordiality which no other man that I ever met had in the same degree.

After being seated, and before entering upon his instructions, he reached over and picked up from a table a beautiful white table napkin, and here is about what followed. He said to me: "General, here are some rolls the kind ladies have sent for my lunch and you must have them with me, as you must be fatigued and hungry after your exhausting splendid campaign against Sheridan at Trevillian and Gregg at Symaria Church. I only wish I had enough to divide with your gallant soldiers who have distinguished themselves so nobly."

These expressions, uttered with so much sincerity and feeling, made a profound impression on my then rather youthful mind. The rolls were the likeliest home-made Virginia product, sandwiched with home-made Virginia ham. You know what that means, "food fit for the gods." I was hungry as a college boy—they are always hungry—but I declined, saying: "No, General, you will require this lunch yourself, I can magage to get along." "But I insist," he replied, and handed me the unpinned napkin. Inasmuch as he was my commanding general and the most knightly gentleman and ablest soldier who ever trod the earth, in his own tent, I had nothing to do but to obey. While we were disposing of the lunch, among other things General Lee remarked that his latest information of Wilson's whereabouts on his return from Staunton River was that he was approaching the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad in the neighborhood or at Stony

Creek Station, twenty miles south of Petersburg, and that he was very anxious to have me interpose my command between Wilson and the railroad as early as possible; that Wm. H. F. Lee's division had been contesting Wilson's march and inflicted serious damage upon him, that the Holcombe Legion Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, was at or near Stony Creek Station, etc. I replied that we had marched about twenty miles that morning by midday, that our horses were very much jaded, but that if he desired I would push through to Stony Creek that night, but I would not promise how many of our horses would survive the ordeal. General Lee said: "No, I don't want you to do that; move out five or six miles, bivouac for the night, refresh your horses and men as much as possible and move early tomorrow morning and get to Stony Creek as promptly as possible." This ended the interview. As I was about to take my departure he remarked with that gracious, sympathetic manner which was never excelled, "General, I trust your artificial limb is not troubling you." "No, sir," I replied, "I am not much of a pedestrian, but in the saddle I am as good as ever." He smiled, escorted me out into the grove where his headquarters were established, shaking my hand he bade me godspeed. The foregoing is the substance of that conference as clear in my mind as the day it was held. You know the rest.

Sincerely yours,

M. C. BUTLER, SR.

I am quite sure this letter will interest my readers, so characteristic of both parties to the historic conference. Think of it. General Lee was almost, if not quite, double the age of General Butler, and yet these general officers, so different in age and military training, interchanging views in perfect confidence. General Lee, by education and long training, a master in the art of war, General Butler's military education, from captain to major-general, was acquired in camp and on the battlefield, the severest test of military qualities and fitness for a soldier. We mounted after the interview, and with staff and couriers General Butler took his place at the head of the column. We moved in column of fours through the city of Petersburg, and after clearing the city struck out in a southerly direction, skirting the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad. After getting out about seven miles we halted for the night and bivouacked in a field filled with shocks of bearded wheat. The bearded wheat was the forage for our horses (would kill the average horse now), but our poor tired animals appeared to enjoy it. How the men were provided with rations I cannot now recall, but in those days we were young and did not quail before hardships. Well,

we spent the night in the wheat field and bright and early by daylight, the 28th of June, we were mounted and set out for Stony Creek thirteen miles away, reaching there in time. Meantime General Hampton had come down from Richmond on the train and joined us. Our vigilant and restless scouts, God bless them, kept us informed of Wilson's whereabouts and movements. On the strength of their information General Hampton posted the Holcombe Infantry legion (in which my old friend Dick Anderson, now from Edgefield, S. C., was a private soldier, youthful but a first-class gallant soldier), and the cavalry dismounted with our right and left resting on a swamp, about two or three miles from Stony Creek Station on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad and a short distance from Sappony Church.

Wilson undertook to break through our lines shortly after dark by making a most determined assault with his dismounted cavalry and horse artillery. We gave him a warm reception and drove him back. He renewed the attack at intervals throughout the night, always with the same result. When we would drive them back our boys in relays would lie down behind the line of breastworks, thrown up on the shortest notice of fence rails, logs, rocks—any old thing in reach that would stop bullets—and spelled each other with naps of sleep, always, however, with their guns ready to fire at their sides. Up we would jump on the approach of Wilson's lines and pour a volley from the Enfield rifles into their ranks in the dark, which Wilson's men could not stand. Thus was kept up all night a most remarkable combat.

Now let us give the facts of an incident that came within the knowledge of the couriers, for we were active participants. Sometime after midnight General Butler rode down our lines to the right to reconnoitre. He came upon the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, commanded by that splendid specimen of a soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips. Colonel Phillips informed General Butler that the Yankees had one of their batteries in the yard of the mother of one of his men, Young Epps. That the young man, born and raised there, was thoroughly familiar with the locality, and could pilot a colmun on the west side of the swamp, pass Wilson's left and get in his rear. General Butler sent for the young man and learned from him that a flank movement was practicable. General Butler reported this to General Hamp-

ton, agreeing, if he was furnished with one hundred picked men, he would get in Wilson's rear before daylight. General Hampton rather reluctantly consented, but directed General Butler to select his men and undertake the movement.

The selecting and organization of the one hundred men was the work of a very short time. We moved off, with Young Epps by General Butler's side at the head of the column, with officers and couriers immediately at their heels, passing down the swamp as quietly as mice, protected from view by the darkness and dense thicket, we moved through a level broom sage old field, which muffled the tread of the horses and got beyond Wilson's extreme left. We could hear the officers in charge of the battery in Mrs. Epps' field giving orders for the firing. After getting some distance beyond Wilson's left, the guide thought the crossing of the swamp was sufficiently firm to get us over, consequently we turned in, but had not proceeded far when the young man suggested he was afraid it would not be safe on account of the boggy condition of the swamp. He said that there was another crossing lower down, so we pulled out and proceeded further down, made a second attempt, and again the guide thought it was too boggy. We could hear the old soldiers in the rear saying the "dominecker has struck that boy, etc., but the old general will sit up with him until he finds a way over." The sequel will show how unfounded were their criticisms. When we pulled out a second time General Butler remarked, with some impatience: "Is there any other place we can cross?" "Yes, sir," replied the guide, "there is a better crossing lower down still." Well, we proceeded to the third crossing, started in, and the guide suggested that he was afraid that was not safe. General Butler then turned to him and said: "Now, young man, if you do not conduct this column over this swamp, I will have you tied to your horse and send you in front." The result was that we moved rapidly across, rather boggy in some places, dismounted, sent the horses back, and deployed in open order, as far as a hundred men would reach, with that formation immediately in Wilson's rear.

Daylight was near at hand when we moved up, opened fire, before the enemy had any knowledge of our presence. The scene that followed baffles description, as old Bill McKinney

says, the "fur flew." When General Hampton heard our fire in Wilson's rear he pushed forward to the main line, and our friends the Yankees were literally "between two fires." There was but one thing for them to do—get out of that "neck of woods," and they did so without ceremony or leave.

They were completely demoralized. They would rush through our thin line of skirmishers in squads of twenty or thirty, decorated with all kinds of paraphernalia they had stolen from the people on their raid. It was not uncommon for our boys to have personal encounters with them, when the butts of our rifles served a good purpose. When we formed and moved up to attack, it was discovered that the "dominecker" had not struck our gallant young guide Eppes, who was among the foremost in the fray He was more familiar with the swamp than any of us, and may have been over cautious as a pilot across it, but it was not fear or timidity as his subsequent conduct proved.

Instead of crossing the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad at or near Stony Creek Station, as the Yankee General Wilson evidently intended, he took a long circuitous route around Nottaway Court House with his demoralized troopers. How or when he reached Grant's lines this deponent sayeth not, but that he had about the roughest time of his life I think it will not be denied.

The Yankee raiders lost thirteen hundred prisoners, besides there were numerous dead and wounded left on the fields and by-ways. But this, though bad enough, was not the worst of it for Wilson, for the demoralization produced by the mode of their escape was even more damaging to his troops than the losses.

Wallace Miller, Schadbourne, Rife, Dan Tanner, Jim Sloan and Shake Harris captured eighty Yankees by themselves. A clear case of bluff. They surrounded them. Chews', Pelham's and Hart's horse artillery covered themselves with glory. Our distinguished fellow townsman, Colonel D. Cardwell, was a gallant member of Pelham's battery. When Dave Cardwell and a comrade left Appomattox they stopped at a blacksmith shop and asked to have their horses shod. The man at the anvil said: "I must be paid before I shoe the horses." "Very well," they said, "we will shoot you." The blacksmith looked at them and said to Cardwell: "Give me the buttons on your jacket and I will shoe

both horses." The trade was made and each complied with the contract.

General Wilson was one of the ablest, most dashing cavalry officers in the Yankee army—equal to Sheridan, Pleasanton or any of them.

We learned from the Yankee prisoners that he was always well mounted, a fine horseman and dressed in the latest, most attractive style. General Kautz, commanding one of Wilson's divisions, moved up the Rowanty Creek, and before he could reach the railroad he encountered Fitz. Lee, who smashed and demolished him, taking a number of prisoners and vehicles his men had stolen from the people. Kautz and his men had served awhile under the old Yankee General Beast F Butler, and acquired the habit of stealing everything in sight. Kautz, however, got through in the night time by by-ways and unfrequented roads and made his escape. I haven't the data before me, but besides the thirteen hundred prisoners, horses, wagons, ambulances and cannon, etc., we had knocked Sheridan out at Trevillian two weeks before, and this defeat of Wilson was a terrible blow to Grant's cavalry. We pushed Wilson until 2 o'clock that fearfully hot June day and had to stop from sheer exhaustion.

Our losses in killed and wounded were heavy. Lieutenant-Colonel Stokes of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry behaved with great gallantry. Among others Lieutenant-Colonel Crowley of the Holcombe legion was badly but not dangerously wounded. Let me relate a little incident that I witnessed, which shows to what straits our medical department was reduced. The surgeons had converted Sappony Church, not far from the battlefield, into a field hospital. On our return to camp at Stony Creek, General Butler, accompanied by Colonel Rutledge, stopped at the church to inquire after the wounded. The table upon which the surgeons had operated was piled up with arms and legs, under a large oak tree. The poor wounded men were inside the church. After getting all the information possible, General Butler, who offered any assistance in his power, asked the surgeon in charge if he had anything to drink, stating that we were about to expire from loss of sleep, hunger, thirst and heat. The doctor replied that he had nothing in the way of stimulants except

sorghum whiskey. The General and Colonel Rutledge exclaimed: "Give us some of it; any port in a storm." When they tasted it the stuff was so vile they had to reject it. General Butler said: "Doctor, are you giving these wounded men this for a stimulant?" "Well, sir," the doctor replied, "it is all we have." General Butler remarked: "If Yankee bullets don't kill these poor fellows, that stuff will."

We reached the bivouac about sunset, and if we did not sleep the sleep of the righteous, we slept the sleep of the weary.

Thus ended the chapter of the most brilliant and remarkable achievement of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia or any other army. General Hampton has frequently said that General Butler was the best soldier he ever saw. Sheridan at Trevillian, Gregg at Symaria Church, Wilson at Sappony Church, all defeated and put to flight within a period of twenty-one days, from the 8th to the 28th of June, inclusive. All three of them largely superior in numbers, equipment, supplies, etc., but they did not have the grit and staying qualities of our boys. All three of them the ablest in the Yankee army. "The coward was the exception in the Confederate army."

WILSON'S RAID

About the 20th day of June, 1864, Wilson and Kautz started on a raid which to them at that time was pretentious in its proportions. The South was bleeding at every pore; starvation, battle, vandalism, had done their worst, and the young Confederacy was trembling in the balance, our glorious banner, the cross of Southern glory, that had written its history on many a bloody field, had been torn and riddled and tattered, yet it proudly waved and its people's hopes were not dead. The fields of Virginia had been incardined with the best blood of a great and magnanimous people; Sheridan, in his fiendish hold, had overrun the valley of Virginia, and after leaving nothing but charred ruins, weeping and desolation in his wake, had sent to Grant his memorable dispatch: "I have depopulated the valley of Virginia so that a crow flying over it must carry his rations with him."

The cup of sorrow of "our people" was filled to the brim with tears and tribulations, and hope seemed to have plumed her flight for other spheres. This, to those spirits of Yankee enterprise, Wilson and Kautz, was the opportunity of their lives, and their lust for booty and beauty knew no bounds; they would eclipse in the valley of Petersburg the glorious (?) vandalism of the illustrious Sheridan, whose greatest renown was for fighting women and children and burning and ravishing their homes. Their hearts were elated with the prospect. So they went forth with about 4,000 of their best men, magnificently mounted and caparisoned, and right through our best country they marched and devastated, until their infernal appetites for plunder and desolation were about satiated. We had no men to follow them, as we had our hands full with Sheridan, whom we had recently ignominiously defeated at Trevillian Depot, yet we managed to detach Butler and his men and he was prepared to meet them on their return. They expected to cross the railroad at or near Stoney Creek, and here Wilson, laden heavily with his stolen goods, came on the night of the 28th, a dark and starless night, but he met the surprise of his life. Butler and his men were there

to meet him—right in his way he met them—and our glorious Hampton was also to the front. We had thrown up temporary breastworks of fence rails across the line of Wilson's march, and behind these reclined in calm expectancy our gallant men. The scene was in a sparse woodland, the writer remembers it well, and here he reported to his chief, the man who to him above all others embodied all that was great, grand, glorious and chivalric, that great man, General Wade Hampton, then the chief cavalry officer of all the South; he and General Butler were the favorite children of dear old South Carolina, and were as her nemeses, ever ready to do godly deeds of valor in her honor. While waiting for the enemy at our place of rendezvous, as above stated, a curious incident, illustrative of the intelligence of the horse, occurred to the writer. He was lying in a bed of leaves by the side of General Hampton, awaiting his directions (he never ordered), and was half asleep, tired and weary, when he felt a sudden jerking at his jacket, and springing up, found his horse was doing the pulling, then the horse loosed his hold, rustled the leaves with his nose and whinneyed, thus telling his master he was hungry. About midnight Wilson came, and evidently knowing that we were there, prepared for the attack; dismounting his men and conducting them in the most secret array, they fairly crept upon us, and suddenly they poured forth such a fusilade and rent the air with such commotion that hell seemed to have broken forth. Confusion amongst us horsemen momentarily ensued, and the writer charged around like mad, crying for General Hampton, when suddenly, right by his side, calmly the general responded "Here am I." Our boys gallantly, joyously, hilariously responded to the enemy and rose up and with a tremendous rebel yell were upon them, then pandemonium with the enemy followed, and in a few moments it was every fellow for himself and all went fleeing wildly, madly, frenziedly, towards Reams Station, a few miles away. Kautz had tried for an exit at Reams Station and there had met General Fitzhugh Lee and his men and had fared no better than Wilson. By dawn, both Wilson and Kautz were in the toils so completely that their only thought was escape. At this juncture, the writer all alone undertook to "find" the enemy, and wending his way through the great forest near the road to Reams Station, he suddenly emerged into view of that

highway, when he beheld a scene long to be remembered. The road was packed with the enemy, every vestige of booty gone, some mounted, many dismounted, all fleeing in the wildest confusion to, they knew not where, anywhere to get away from the hated rebels. Then he dashed upon them and commanded those near him to surrender, which they willingly did, and he marched seventeen of them, still heavily armed, into our command and turned them over to General Butler. Now all means of escape to our valiant foe seemed to be cut off, and we were hoping to capture him bodily; it was about noon, a hot June day, General Hampton, in person, with his staff and about one thousand men, lay concealed in the woods near the railroad, waiting for Kautz, and Shadburne, desiring to find that worthy, started again for the road where he had captured the seventeen, six of his *own* scouts accompanied him, when one of his greatest adventures, and the one that won for him his captaincy, ensued. As he approached the edge of the forest before mentioned, six men, an advance guard of the enemy, met him and were soon captured, when, as he entered the woods, the enemy, as far as he could see, were before him. Then Miller, of South Carolina, said, "What are you going to do?" Shadburne coolly responded, "Capture them." "My God," said Miller. Then wheeling into the edge of the road, Shadburne, in stentorian tones, commanded the enemy to surrender, saying that he was a brigadier-general and that he had Mosby at his back, and ordered his men forward, and they defiled into view, one, two, three, four, five, six, the command rang out, "Ready, aim" (and every arm was to the fore), when the enemy responded, "Don't shoot, don't shoot; we'll surrender." Without halting them, they were required to throw down their arms, they threw them into the road, then turning about, Shadburne dispatched one of his men to General Hampton with the information that "he was coming with the enemy," commanded, "Forward, march; form fours, gallop, march," and in a few moments swooped upon and around General Hampton, who exclaimed: "Shadburne, how many men did you have?" He answered, "Six, but look out, Kautz is on us," and such was true. We had captured his advance guard of eighty men, and seeing no interruption, and seeing the gallant charge of his men, he supposed all was well and came thundering down upon General Hampton

where he lay with his guns unlimbered and ready, and before they could work, broke through and with about 300 men escaped.

General Hampton directed Shadburne to take 200 men and pursue, and he, in response, rushed to the colonels of regiments and called for men and soon had the 200 and was about to march when Colonel Wright, of Georgia, commanding Young's Brigade, commanded that he stop, and "that if he undertook that feat again (calling out his men without his orders), he would place him under arrest," and the 200 were disbanded, and by the time Shadburne had presented General Hampton's order and another 200 were counted off, the enemy were so far in the lead that his capture was impossible. Our march was fast and furious, but of no avail, we did not even sight him, and Colonel Wright was to blame, and it was with difficulty that Shadburne ever forgave him, but he could not do otherwise, for Colonel Wright was a gallant soldier, a gentleman, a true friend and technically he was right.

Wilson and Kautz slipped into their lines with 2,000 less than when they started, their ammunition gone, their valor gone, their honor, if they ever had any, gone, and were but little heard of ever after, so *requiescat in pace.*

The gallant six who were with Shadburne in the capture of those eighty men were, so far as his memory bears him, as follows, to wit: James M. Sloan, of North Carolina; Davis Smith, of Georgia; Wallace Miller, of South Carolina; Rife, of Mississippi; Daniel Tanner, of Georgia, and Shakespeare Harris, of North Carolina. Of course, this is from memory, and the writer would greatly deplore doing injustice to any of his gallant scouts by omission; they all would have been present had they not been on other duty, for they were often tried and were never found wanting. They were picked men, selected from the entire cavalry command on account of their well-known gallantry and courage and devotion, and in all his experience Shadburne never had one of his regeular posse recreant, but, on the contrary, they never winced nor wailed, but were ever to the fore. They were a band of good fellows, brave, chivalrous, kind, gentle, honorable and true as steel, and they loved their leader with their lives. And here it may be said that but three of them were killed, although they were in many a conflict. These were Sergeant McCalla, of

South Carolina; Bourck, of the same State, and Cleel, of Texas. Their spirits winged their flight in front of the enemy, their hearts were warm in love of their native land. Bourck, it was said, was the first man to volunteer from his beloved State. For each of them many tears have been shed, and may God rest their souls.

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave,
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave."

GEO. D. SHADBURNE,
Chief of Scouts.

This December 17th, 1908, at San Francisco.

GRAVELLY RUN, VIRGINIA

On the 23rd August, 1864, General Butler was directed to relieve Barringer's North Carolina Brigade of Cavalry on picket, to the north of Reams Station. Butler crossed the Run early on the morning of the 23rd, about the time Barringer began his movement retiring from his picket line. The Yankees advanced in force to attack. The result was Butler was compelled to meet the attack and endeavor to reach the picket lines from which Barringer had retired. The front of the attacking line was led by Colonel Spear, commanding a Pennsylvania brigade of cavalry, supported by a division of cavalry, and as it was understood at the time, had infantry supports.

Colonel Spear had been a sergeant in one of the mounted regiments in the old army, a most vigorous and aggressive fighter. When he locked horns with the advance of Butler's division early on the morning of the 23rd of August, it meant that there was something doing and business ahead. When Butler had deployed his men in an open field to fight on foot, Spear sent forward about a squadron or two and made a mounted charge on a part of Butler's line, and broke through it. The result was some demoralization in a part of Rosser's and Dunovant's brigades. General Butler discovered the break in his line, which had not retired more than a hundred yards, and rallied them, calling their attention to Sergeant Shands, one of the most gallant men in the Army of Northern Virginia, of Captain Goodwyn's Company "C," Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, who was kneeling on an eminence on one knee, keeping up a deliberate fire with his rifle after Spear's column had passed to his rear. While Butler was reforming the line to renew the attack, Colonel Rutledge of the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry and some other field officers suggested that the men were too much demoralized to renew the attack. It is proper to mention that the brigade commanders of Butler's division, Rosser, Young and Dunovant, were all suffering from wounds previously received and not on duty, although present on the field. General Butler hurriedly called a sort of counsel of war, suggested that nothing of a serious nature had

occurred to demoralize the men, and he intended to order them forward to attack. When the brave Yankee cavalry broke through our lines they surrounded General Butler, and he seemed only disturbed enough to call to some of his dismounted men to run these fellows away, which they promptly did. I never witnessed such a cool thing before or since. The Yankees fought desperately and why they did not kill General Butler was because, I suppose, the good Lord was not ready for him to die. He seemed to have a charmed life. Generals Young and Dunovant were not in the immediate vicinity, but Rosser was, although still off duty, suffering from a severe wound he had received on the 11th June, 1864, at the Trevillian Station battle. Rosser promptly interceded, and remarked that if his men were demoralized, which he did not believe, "he could fight it out of them before night." General Butler then ordered the entire dismounted line to move forward and attack the enemy. There was nothing in their conduct to indicate the men were demoralized, for they moved forward in perfect order, swept over the field, including the eminence which Shands had defended. It really did seem to me that our men were inspired by General Butler's cool, deliberate way of giving orders, while the Yankees were fighting hand to hand all round him. Our cavalry drove the Yankees into a piece of woods. The Yankees retired stubbornly, contesting every foot of ground. A rail fence intervened between the lines. Our line was advancing in good order. General Butler spurred his horse and leaped the fence, calling to the men to forward. They responded with alacrity and vim, and with the rebel yell drove everything before them. The fight was kept up until after dark, when each side improvised breastworks of rails, logs, rocks, and such material of defense as old soldiers on both sides understood how to provide without the instructions of engineers or technical advice. It was a fierce combat, the losses were severe on both sides. The Yankees did not occupy the line Barringer had been relieved of, and were defeated in their attempt to gain a lodgment on General Lee's right. There were some amusing incidents among the tragic events of that bloody day. Among others is the following story:

Captain George Tupper, of Company D, Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, was lying with his men behind a pile of fence rails, logs,

etc., after dark, driving everything in his front and resisting with imperturbable gallantry the furious assaults of the enemy. One of his men said, "Captain, my gun is foul and will not fire." Tupper replied, "Never mind, sir, the man next to you will be killed directly and you can get his gun." The result was the man with the "foul gun" was reconciled and held his place in the line, patiently awaiting the killing of his comrade.

This Gravelly Run fight was only one of the great number of fierce combats which occurred between the cavalry of the two armies during the campaign of 1864 scarcely mentioned in the general history of the war. They were decisive in their respective spheres in aiding to keep up and maintain General Lee's matchless system of defense of the lines in front of Petersburg, and as a rule success was on the side of the Confederate cavalry, as in the main lines it was on this side of Lee's incomparable infantry.

Shands, who behaved so gallantly in this fight, was promoted to lieutenant of his company.

Governor Garvin Dugas Shands was born in Spartanburg District, South Carolina, 5th December, 1844; joined the Methodist church September, 1859; educated at Wofford College, South Carolina; took law course at University of Kentucky, graduating January, 1870; twenty years of age at close of war; removed from South Carolina to Mississippi in 1866; elected member of Mississippi legislature 1875; reëlected in 1877, serving four years as member; elected lieutenant-governor of Mississippi in 1881 for a term of four years; reëlected 1885 for a like term; lay member of North Mississippi Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; member of general conference at Nashville, 1882, and member of centenary conference at Baltimore in 1884; also member of general conference at Richmond in 1886 of said church. He is one of the ablest presiding officers in the United States. At the Methodist Conference held in Richmond, Va., in 1886 he distinguished himself as a debater.

It was at Gravelly Run that the gallant Major Morgan of the Fifth Cavalry lost his leg. It is seldom that any regiment had such brave officers as this regiment. John Dunovant was the first colonel, and after his promotion T. P Jeffords was made colonel, and when he was killed at Burgesse's Mill, 27th October, 1864, the

handsome and brave Zimmerman Davis was promoted colonel and was the last commander of this glorious old regiment.

But why should we speak of the gallantry of any of Butler's Cavalry when nearly all of them deserved promotion? Can we ever forget the fighting qualities of Lieutenant-Colonel Stokes, of the Fourth; and the gallant Major Ferguson of the Sixth; the gallantry of Major Emanuel of the Fourth, and its handsome and distinguished colonel, B. H. Rutledge; the discipline of Lieutenant-Colonel L. P. Miller, and the mild and brave Colonel Hugh K. Aiken of the Sixth?

Can the survivors of Butler's Cavalry forget the gallant deeds of our officers, a few of whom are Captain Humphrey, Captain Goodwyn, Lieutenant John Bauskett, Jack Bunch, Cobb, Mims Sullivan, John D. Brown, and M. L.Donaldson; and of the privates Charles Montague, E. J. Dennis, Glenn Davis, Wash Allen, E. L. Wells, Wade Manning, and others too numerous to mention?

All of Butler's scouts deserved promotion, but they could not be spared from that very dangerous and peculiar duty which required nerve and intelligence such as but few men possessed.

When General P M. B. Young was shot through the shoulder at Ashland on the 29th May, 1864, Wade Manning caught him and kept him seated in the saddle. Wade was recommended for promotion, but from some cause never got his commission.

The able and efficient sheriff of Newberry is one of the best officials in the United States, and he was as good a soldier as there was in Butler's Cavalry. He was born on the 13th February, 1846, on Enoree River, in Union County, South Carolina, and joined Company K, Fifth South Carolina Cavalry in 1862. When he left his parental roof for the army to don the gray, I don't suppose that he had ever been ten miles away from home before in his life. The very night that he reached the army on the coast of South Carolina he was sent out on picket, and his post happened to be in some high weeds where he was hard to find in the dark. When the corporal of the guard came to relieve him, failing to see him, he called out, "Sentinel, Sentinel, Oh, Sentinel." This young, green soldier, being tired of the misnomer, cried out in a loud tone to the corporal, "I let you know, sir, that my name

is not Sentinel, but Munce Buford of Enoree River, sir." Munce never got sick nor missed a battle that his regiment was in.

On the 23d April, 1865, when General Joseph E. Johnston met General Sherman at the Bennett House, four miles west of Durham, N. C., to consult about the surrender of his army, General Hampton tendered him an escort of cavalry, the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, under Colonel Zimmerman Davis. General Hampton, anticipating the very memorable meeting between the "house burner" (General Sherman) and himself, rode with members of his staff, Major Lowndes among the number. His orderly, Wade H. Manning, carried the "flag of truce"; Major Lowndes and Munce Buford rode with him. The "Bennett House" is still standing and is an ordinary little frame building.

On the morning of the 10th of March, 1865, when Butler and his cavalry rode into Kilpatrick's camp his (Kilpatrick's) splendid spotted saddle horse was captured and Kilpatrick escaped in his night clothes. A short time thereafter a flag of truce was sent to General Hampton begging him please to let Kilpatrick have his favorite steed back, and, of course, General Hampton granted the request.

On that morning of the 23d of April, 1865, General Hampton's heart was very full, tears rose unbidden to the bronze cheeks of the Confederate chief, and the same good right hand that wielded the sabre in the grand old Confederate cause was raised to brush away the tears that trickled down his cheek when in his anguish he contemplated the terrible duty assigned to him as an actor in that awful war which had cost the lives of so many gallant men. It was there that General Joseph E. Johnston and Wade Hampton met; it was there they parted only to meet in sadness the men who had served them both so well until the curtain fell and they, with Lee, felt the absolute desolation of life.

Riding to the "Bennett House" Kilpatrick, mounted upon his spotted horse (captured as stated above by the superb cavalry leader, M. C. Butler, and returned to him by General Hampton at his request) came "alongside," as the sailors say, of Hampton, who was mounted on his favorite bay (Butler), and bantered the General for a leap. The General, though doubtless in no humor for sport of that nature, yet unwilling to decline "a dare," in old schoolboy parlance, made a courteous motion in a graceful manner

to Kilpatrick, and Kilpatrick, touching his horse with a spur, rose to take the fence, but coming down came belly to rail and struggled over it. Then, with an ingathering of the rein, feeling the mouth of his steed with a woman's hand and "a smile on the face" his horse Butler rose and as gently as a bird on wing landed on the other side with Hampton firmly seated.

When General Johnston arrived at the "Bennett House" the Yankees were very courteous and offered to hold the horses of the generals and others. Munce Buford said no d—d Yankee could hold his horse. On going back to our lines, Major Lowndes asked Buford why he did not let the Yank hold his horse, and he replied that he would not trust his horse with a Yankee, because they would all steal horses. One of the Yanks offered Wade Manning some coffee, but Wade made him taste it first.

General Sherman's terms of surrender were so easy that the authorities in Washington would not agree to the contract as fixed by these two generals who had planned and fought many bloody battles against each other. They met again the next day, and again on the 25th; also on the 26th April, 1865, when the final surrender was made by General Johnston, who was one of the finest organizers of armies that the world has ever produced. His retreats were so masterly that frequently they hurt his antagonist more than if he had defeated him in battle.

For thirty-seven years after the surrender Munce Buford never met Major Lowndes until Sunday, the 13th of April, 1902, at General Hampton's funeral in Columbia, S. C.

GENERAL HAMPTON.

Moan, river moan,
On to the far-off restless sea,
For the warrior sleeps—and we,
Are sad and lone.

Soldiers! today,
"Rest arms"—and guard your gallant chief;
And wear your sombre garb of grief,
Confederate gray.

Oh! little band,
Who followed him with hearts so brave,
Through fields of blood your homes to save,
Our sunny land.

Sigh night winds low;
Wail in thy saddest minor chord,
For who can tell in line or word,
The South-land's woe.

Wave, banners wave,
Droop over the warrior's breast,
Choir of angels; sing to rest,
Our hero brave.

12 April, 1902. —ELLIE BROOKS JONES.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

Camp Near Malone's Crossing,
July 22nd, 1864.

My Dear Sister: I returned to camp from the Huguenot Springs Hospital five days ago, and, am happy to say, I am now almost well again. I have suffered much since I came to Virginia with toothache, chills and fever, and, worse than all, from a severe sprain in the small of my back, which I received in the Sunday's fight at Trevillian by running up a steep railroad bank. I would not tell you all before, but this and the severe exhaustion was the cause of my faintings. The Yankees were pouring a most terrific fire of grape, canister, and small arms right down the railroad, and, you may readily imagine, it was necessary to get across that place as soon as possible. It was here that a ball passed through my coat over the right hip, which I wrote to you all about some time ago.

I heard from Watt Taylor, who came from General Hampton's headquarters, that Jack Preston received a dispatch this morning informing him that Willie was killed yesterday near Atlanta, Ga. I am so sorry to hear of it, not only on account of Willie himself, but on account of the family. Mary Canty was to have been married about this time, and I am afraid it will be postponed again, as it has been several times before.

I suppose "Buck" is quite delighted that her intended should be in command of the Army of the West.

Every one out here, although entertaining a very high opinion of General Hood, blame the President very much for relieving General Johnson, as he is no doubt one of our best generals, and, perhaps, with the exception of General Lee, *the very best.*

I know from pretty good authority that General Johnston had not in his army more than 50,000 (fifty thousand) muskets when Sherman's force numbered 120,000 (one hundred and twenty thousand). I am afraid the result will be that General Hood, urged on by ambition and pressure from the war department, will risk a battle and have his army defeated, which would be a serious thing for Georgia and the upper portion of South Carolina. It is

rumored and believed that General Johnston was relieved from command because he refused to risk a general engagement, and, I am told, many of the generals side with General Johnston.

We have been very fortunate everywhere in the Confederacy since the spring campaign commenced, except in the West, and I must say I am now a little fearful of the results. However, I hope when General Kirby Smith joins General Hood we may be more successful.

The Yankee cavalry are pretty well used up out here, and until they recruit and get new horses I think we will have an easy time; that is, in comparison to what we have had. General Sheridan is now at City Point, and has most of his cavalry there with him. General Wilson is opposite us with a small force. Our horses are improving very fast, and the men, who were almost worn out, have also been greatly benefited by the rest. I will send home in a few days about twelve men after horses to replace those lost in action. The next fight I get in I intend to capture a mule and make a *pack* out of him, which will be a great convenience, for our wagons are very seldom, or never, with us, and where there are only two allowed to a regiment we can have nothing hauled. I have not had as much as a towel in the wagon since I have been in Virginia.

You must write to Ben; he is almost crazy to hear from some one at home. He has not received one line from grandfather, Aunt Lizzie or Floride since he came to Virginia, and he really does deserve credit for the manner in which he has acted since he has been out here. He is now with General Butler, doing some writing for him and acting as courier.

I stayed all night at Dr. Boisseau's in coming across the country from the hospital to camp, who was a classmate, and is a great friend of Dr. Browder, our old family physician in Alabama, and found that Dr. Browder's family lived on the adjoining place. The doctor has just returned to Alabama, having been out here on a visit.

Write to me often. Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

(Sd) JOHN C. CALHOUN.

To Miss M. M. Calhoun.

Tell father I will send him a "17" seventeen-shooter captured from the Yankees, by the first opportunity. J. C. C.

Camp Near Malone's Crossing,
July, 30th, 1864.

My Dear Sister: I received your letter yesterday, which was not dated. I noticed, however, that it was mailed on the 21st.

As I know how eager you all must be for news concerning the regiment, I will proceed at once to give you an account of its movements for the last two days.

Evening before last General Butler sent around an order stating that the Fourth and Fifth regiments would hold themselves in readiness to march yesterday morning at one o'clock, which order was obeyed, and the two regiments started off, taking with them all the wagons of the brigade. Every one all this time was quite curious to know where they were to go, and what was going to transpire. In a short time it was found out that Major Melton, brigade quartermaster, had bought from a gentleman in the enemy's lines 45,000 pounds of oats, and fodder, and fifty beef cattle, which it was intended the command should bring off. The whole affair proved an entire success, as the command, after going four miles into the enemy's lines, brought off everything without firing a gun.

When on the return to camp, and when every one thought all was quiet, a courier came dashing up with orders for the Fourth and Fifth to go to the relief of the Sixth regiment, which was on picket at a place called Lee's Mills, as the enemy had in force attacked; the courier also reported that two squadrons of the Sixth had been captured. The Fourth and Fifth, of course, started at full speed for Lee's Mills, the Fourth in front, and my squadron in front of the regiment. After going a short distance, much to the surprise of all, the advanced guard commenced a tremendous firing of small arms, and the order was at once given to dismount to fight. In a few minutes the firing became general, and in a short time the Yankees were in full retreat. It seems that this force of the enemy was a heavy reconnoitering party, which accounts for no one knowing that they were there. My squadron was the only one that suffered any loss. I had in my company one man (W H. McDonald) severely wounded in the leg, and one horse killed; in my junior company Lieutenant Weatherby seriously wounded, one man killed, and two wounded. Our two regiments, after driving the enemy some distance, heard

that the Yankees had also fallen back from Lee's Mills, consequently they returned to camp.

The Sixth regiment was driven back some distance and lost heavily in officers and men. The report of the two squadrons being captured has not yet been denied, but I think it must be a mistake. Hampton's Division is the only cavalry on this side of the James River, all the rest crossed to the north side four days ago.

The cannonading at Petersburg yesterday morning was the *most severe* I ever heard; it *far exceeded* anything I ever heard at Charleston. The enemy undermined Captain Pegram's battery, the works where two of our South Carolina companies were stationed—which two I do not know—and blew up the whole concern, amounting to about two hundred feet of ground. Poor General Stephen Elliott is mortally wounded, and Colonel Fleming, of the Twenty-second regiment, is killed. We drove the enemy back some distance, and captured a number of prisoners.

Wilson has recovered and returned to camp from the Huguenot hospital, where I left him. He is a little thin, but is quite well.

Tell father I sent a list of the casualties of my company to the *Keowee Courier*, and as I did not know how much money to send, I wrote to the editor to send the bill to him, and will be much obliged if he will settle it for me.

Tell mother please to make me two more shirts out of some *thin and strong* cloth, as the two she made out of the yellow cloth are almost gone. She will have a good opportunity of sending them to me by my men, who are going home after horses. "Don and Sheriff" are not looking so well for the last three or four days, as they have been getting but little to eat.

Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

(Sd.) JOHN C. CALHOUN.

To Miss M. M. Calhoun.

EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM "THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER" IN THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865

[Greater New York Edition.]

Among the most highly distinguished of the Colonial American surnames is that of Calhoun. Not only have members of this family attained the highest rank in social and political life, but they have conspicuously distinguished themselves in the various wars in which the soil now comprising the United States has been involved. The name, which was formerly Colquhoun, is derived from the nobility of Great Britain and is traced back to about the time of Gregory the Great.

The first of the name in America was James Calhoun, of Donegal, son of Patrick Calhoun of Scotland, who came to the American colonies in 1733. James at this time had a son Patrick who was six years old, and who, in the course of events, became the great-grandfather of the present John C. Calhoun. The family first settled in Pennsylvania, and later in Virginia, but after Braddock's defeat removed to Abbeville County, South Carolina. This occurred in 1756, and the place became known as "Calhoun's Settlement." A little later war with the Cherokees resulted in the butchery of several members of the family, among whom were James, brother of Patrick, several girls and the aged mother. Patrick distinguished himself in this war against the Indians, securing peace through his efforts and winning, through his activity and gallantry, the appointment to the command of a body of rangers raised to protect the frontier.

In 1770 Patrick Calhoun married Martha Caldwell, daughter of Rev. James Caldwell, who later became prominent in the Continental Army. Three of the sons of this union were John C., William F., and Thomas. During the Revolution Patrick Calhoun commanded a regiment of South Carolina rangers, and his wife had three brothers in the Colonial service, one of whom was shot dead in his own doorway for his outspoken sentiments in favor of the colonies, another died of over thirty sabre wounds received in the Battle of Cowpens, and the third was captured in a battle and confined for nine months in a dungeon at St. Augus-

tine. The ancestor of these three patriots was John Caldwell, who came to this country in 1727, and a relative was Admiral Sir Benjamin Caldwell, of the English navy.

John Caldwell Calhoun, the great American statesman, was the youngest son of Colonel Patrick and Martha (Caldwell) Calhoun, and his distinguished career is too well known to require mention here. He married his cousin Floride, daughter of John Ewing Calhoun, who was the first United States senator from the up-country of South Carolina. Their son, Andrew Pickens Calhoun, was born in 1812 in South Carolina, and married Margaret Maria, daughter of Duff Green. He resided in Alabama on a large plantation for many years, and died in South Carolina in 1865. He was incapacitated from service during the Civil War, but greatly aided the South in many ways. He was a distinguished and typical Southern gentleman, always declining political position, devoting himself to agricultural pursuits, and was for many years president of the South Carolina State Agricultural Society. The Duffs and Greens numbered among their members some of the most distinguished soldiers and civilians this country has produced, and were related by ties of blood or by marriage to Chief Justice Marshall, George Washington and other eminent Americans.

Colonel John Caldwell Calhoun, son of Andrew Pickens Calhoun, was born in Alabama, July 9th, 1843, and was reared at Fort Hill, the old family homestead in South Carolina. At the time of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, he was a member of the sophomore class at the South Carolina College. He witnessed that historic event, and it made a powerful impression on his mind, and stimulated his patriotism and loyalty to the South into immediate action. He became a leader in the organization of a volunteer company of his fellow students, and a little later joined the cavalry company of Captain Thomas Taylor in Hampton's Legion, which was assigned for active duty with the Army of Virginia, and served for about a year in the dangerous position of color sergeant. He was then mustered out of service on account of his youth, saying nothing of his intentions at the time and returned to his home, Fort Hill, in Pickens County, South Carolina. A few days later, at a great war meeting at a muster ground in the neighborhood, he suddenly took the stump in sheer despera-

tion in opposition to the regularly announced speakers of the occasion, and with telling illustration of his experiences in Virginia, of the need of troops to resist the encroachments of the North, and with an eloquent and brilliant appeal to the patriotism of his hearers, transformed the meeting from a humdrum affair into one of loyalty, enthusiasm and enlistment, securing a large number of volunteers. His speech was made from the top of a rail fence, and around him the crowd assembled with shouts of approval, leaving the other speakers well-nigh deserted. At the conclusion of his impassioned speech, he cried out, "All who will go back with me to Virginia fall in," and a complete company was soon enrolled. Later it was fully equipped for the cavalry service and consisted of one hundred and sixty men. Within a month from the time he was mustered out of service in Virginia he was back in service, at the head of a superb cavalry company, and at this time was, no doubt, the youngest captain in the service on either side. His company was merged into "The Adams Battalion," commanded by Major James P Adams, and was ordered to Pocotaligo on the coast of South Carolina, where the famous battle of Pocotaligo was fought. He was placed in command of the outposts between the Cumbee and Savannah rivers, and conducted the flags of truce between the departments of General G. T. Beauregard on the Confederate and General Saxton on the Federal sides. After about a year the Adams Battalion was merged into the Fourth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel B. H. Rutledge, which, with the Fourth Regiment, was ordered on to Virginia to relieve the First and Second Regiments and was placed in the brigade of General M. C. Butler, Hampton Division. After the promotion of General M. C. Butler to the position of major-general, General Dunovant, of South Carolina, was placed in command of this brigade. Colonel Calhoun gallantly performed every duty incumbent upon him, and made his mark as an able, skillful and gallant commander. At the battle of Trevillian Station, one of the greatest cavalry fights of the war, he so distinguished himself by a brilliant charge on the Federal brigade under General Custer, that a special account was given of it on August 2, 1864, in the *Daily Southern Guardian*, published at Columbia, S. C., the leading newspaper in the State; and long after the war his gallantry was specially mentioned by General

M. C. Butler in an article contributed to the *Century Magazine.* He participated in several other skirmishes, battles, campaigns and marches, and was finally mustered out at the close of the war. When he entered the service he was under eighteen years of age, and was but eighteen when he took the field with a large company of older men; but he had the personality, the ability and prestige of a great family renown to insure his brilliant success at the front.

Immediately after the war, and on his return home, he made a speech, taking the position that the questions that had brought on the war had been settled by the arbitrament of the sword, and advised every one to go to work quietly and rebuild his own fortune and restore the country to prosperity.

Since the war he has been active in cotton planting, railroads and other business, and has contributed largely towards the great development of the South.

On December 8th, 1870, he married Linnie Adams, a grandniece of Richard M. Johnson, vice-president, and they have four children: James Edward, born May 1st, 1878; David Adams, born January 14th, 1881; Julia Johnson, born January 14th, 1884; John C., Jr., born April 22nd, 1887.

James Edward Calhoun, the eldest son, was commissioned by President McKinley on the 19th of May, 1898, a commissary of subsistence of volunteers with the rank of captain. He was immediately assigned by special order of the secretary of war to the staff of Major-General M. C. Butler as his aide-de-camp, thus serving in the Spanish war with the same general with whom his father had served in the Confederate war thirty-five years before. He won for himself a reputation for great efficiency and energy, was stationed at Camp Alger, near Washington, Camp Meade in Pennsylvania, and when General Butler was sent to Cuba as one of the Evacuation Commission, Captain Calhoun went with him, and was thrown in close contact with General Blanco and other distinguished officers. He hauled down the Spanish flag at Trinidad in Cuba and hoisted the American.

Thus it will be seen the Calhouns have taken a prominent part in every war, including the Revolution, down to the present time.

MICHAEL CALVIN DICKSON

New York, December 8th, 1908.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

My Dear Colonel Brooks: In justice to the memory of a gallant officer and soldier, I am sure you will agree that special mention should be made in your book "Butler and His Cavalry," of one who served in General Butler's command with honor to himself and his country.

Michael Calvin Dickson was born at Pendleton, S. C., on January 27th, 1841; his father was Thomas Dickson, of Abbeville County, and his mother a daughter of General Scott of Revolutionary fame. He was prepared for and ready to enter Davidson College when the war came on.

Inspired by patriotic feelings and a desire to serve his country, he abandoned the idea of going to college, joined the Fourth South Carolina Regiment and served with it for the first twelve months of the war. He then joined my company, "B," Second Battalion Cavalry, South Carolina Volunteers, commanded by Major James P Adams, stationed at Pocotaligo. The Second Battalion of Cavalry was afterwards merged into the Fourth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, Colonel B. H. Rutledge commanding, in which my command became Company C.

Mr. Dickson had not been with us but a short time before he won my own confidence, as his captain, as well as that of the other officers and members of the company, by his military bearing, strict attention to duties, and prompt execution of all orders, so much so, that when a vacancy occurred by the resignation of Lieutenant Aaron Boggs he was unanimously made junior second lieutenant of the company, which met with my unqualified approval.

The Fourth and Fifth Regiments, South Carolina Cavalry, remained on duty on the coast of South Carolina until April, 1864, when they were ordered to Virginia to relieve the First and Second Regiments, and, after marching all the way, arrived at Amelia Court House on May 22nd, 1864. On May 28th, the

entire command was engaged in the fight at Hawes' Shop, and my company sustained serious loss.

First Lieutenant Thomas D. Bellotte was killed; Privates J. D. Bellote, A. Day and N. Day were killed; Second Lieutenant Wm. F M. Fant, Corporal Eli Moore, Privates S. A. Bellotte, A. Collins, John F. Day, C. M. Fant, John Henderson, W C. Kirksey, William Lee, W. H. McDonald were wounded, and Private C. Smith was captured.

This was our first serious fight after arriving in Virginia, and in it Lieutenant Dickson won the admiration and confidence of officers and men by his marked coolness and bravery. In the fights at Burgesse's Mill, Trevillians, Malone's Farm, Bottom's Bridge, Reams' Station, Petersburg and numerous other engagements, Lieutenant Dickson was always at the front, cool and collected, which inspired all those who were with him or under his command with confidence as a leader. Lieutenant Bellotte having been killed and Lieutenant Fant wounded at Hawes' Shop, the command of my company during my absence from sickness devolved upon Lieutenant Dickson. He was always on hand and did not miss a single battle or fight in which the company was engaged, until after the battle of Fayetteville, N. C., just about the close of the war, where he received seven sabre cuts, and being wounded in the side and hip, was dragged from his horse and left unconscious on the field.

After the war he returned to Pendleton and engaged in merchandising for a number of years, and then turned to farming and owned several fine plantations.

He married Miss Addie A. Gilkerson, of Laurens County, and had four children—one daughter, Mrs. A. Rufus Burress, of Anderson, and three sons, T. Paul Dickson, of the Anderson bar, M. C. Dickson, of Charlotte, N. C., and John Calhoun Dickson, of Pendleton.

He was one of the oldest members of the Pendleton A. F M. Lodge and Presbyterian church. He was charitable, a good citizen, and respected as a high-toned, honorable gentleman, having many warm friends. After a brief illness he died at his home in Pendleton on July 19th, 1906, and was buried with Masonic honors in the Pendleton cemetery.

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

BATTLE OF LEE'S MILL, VA., JULY 30, 1864

BY REV. W. H. DOWLING.

After the battle of Trevillian, June 11th and 12th, 1864, nearly sixteen hundred of Butler's Brigade were dismounted in consequence of dead and disabled horses. Some of these were temporarily organized into a dismounted battalion. Lieutenant Robert Aldrich, now a circuit judge, was placed in command of same, and sergeants acted as captains. My company was stationed at Blanchard Breast Works, near Lee's Mill, about seven miles southeast from Petersburg.

July 30th, 1864, was an eventful day; Grant's Great Crater explosion aroused the whole army just before the dawn. General M. C. Butler had planned for a foraging expedition on the left of and around Grant's line. He sent seven companies of the Sixth Regiment and my dismounted company to guard the crossing at Lee's Mill, while he, with the Fourth and Fifth regiments, protected his wagon train several miles away. Simultaneously General Gregg had planned to make a raid to Weldon, N. C., and extend the same for purposes of harassment in the rear of Lee's army, and was to cross the swamp at Lee's Mill, which was unguarded the day before, but by ten o'clock Colonel Miller's eight companies were on the ground. The mill dam had been cut and fish in great abundance were fluttering in the pond. While bivouacking we broiled some of these on ramrods in pine top fires; feasted without bread or salt, filled our canteens and were ready for the fray. About 12:30 o'clock the firing of pickets told us "The Yankees are coming." Quickly we were in line—about four hundred men—my company forming, by Miller's order, on the extreme right on the mill race and run of the swamp. Gregg's whole division was in front of us, but realizing the importance and responsibility of the position, we were determined to hold the place at all hazards, and we resisted the severe attack as Spartans at Thermopylae pass. The battle raged nearly two hours, when a lull occurred. We knew that strategy was taking place, and I sent the brave Pat Jennings and another vidette to scout to our right, but these did not return. The enemy had com-

pletely flanked us and were firing upon us from the front, right and rear. We fell back to the edge of the old field, firing rapidly on all sides. The situation seemed desperate, but we stood like the "Stonewall brigade." The blue columns were moving to close around us, our men were falling thick and fast by the enemy's bullets, but we never thought of surrendering. Miller ordered "retreat," a desperate effort was made to obey through the only open gap, which escape would have been impossible, but just then a cyclone of musketry struck the flanking enemy and stopped their "wild career." General Butler had arrived with his brigade, first made a mounted charge, then dismounted, saved the day, held the ground, and Miller's party got out all right.

Next morning Gregg was gone, leaving only a "wreck behind" —a similar experience to that which Hampton had given him at Trevillian a few weeks before.

A Northern history, referring to this battle, says: "General Gregg had started to Weldon, N. C., but finding Butler's cavalry at Lee's Mill, he drove them off, watered his horses and decided to go back."

The facts are that he may have watered his horses, but we are sure—Butler made him go back.

BATTLE OF REAMS STATION

In August, 1864, Butler's Cavalry was in camp on the Squirrel Level Road twelve or fourteen miles south of Petersburg, Va. While we couriers were not taken into the confidence of the commanding officers, we could generally know from the dispatches sent and received at a gallop when anything stirring was ahead.

Information had been brought in from the outposts and scouts during the day of the 24th of August that the Yankee General Hancock was moving against Reams Station, on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, eight miles from Petersburg, with his entire command, the Second corps of the Army of the Potomac. On the evening of the 24th of August Generals A. P Hill, Hampton and Butler had a sort of council of war about sunset below and to the right of Reams Station. Bear in mind that Reams Station was on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, one of the two points General Lee had to supply his army, and the importance of protecting it will be realized. Well, the result of the conference between the three general officers above mentioned was that A. P Hill's corps of infantry with the cavalry under Hampton were to be in front of Reams Station at daylight next morning, the 25th. These secrets generally leaked out and our camp that night was alive with preparation for something lively in the near future. Rations and ammunition were prepared and issued and "boots and saddle" was sounded about midnight, we were all up and prepared for action. After mounting and breaking into column, we moved rapidly to Reams Station, reaching there soon after daylight. Dunovant's brigade was sent to the right to provide against attack from that direction. We were placed in positions ready to attack. Hill's corps did not get up until about seven a. m., and there we were, the cavalry with three batteries of horse artillery, waiting for the infantry.

I can never forget that Generals Hampton, Butler and Rosser were sitting in the yard of a farmhouse near the railroad about two miles south of Reams Station waiting for a signal to attack. About 8 a. m. a courier brought word from General A. P Hill that the signal for attack would be two shots from Pelham's

battery. We were all lolling about, officers, staff and couriers, in the farmhouse yard, and when the signal shots were fired it was a matter of a few minutes when we were up and at them. It was not long before Hill and Hancock had each other by the ears, each worthy of the other's steel. The cavalry moved up, dismounted and took a lively part on Hill's right. When the combat waxed fierce and fast and it was developed that Hill could hold his own in front, Butler with his dismounted cavalry was ordered across the railroad so as to strike, if possible Hancock's left and rear. We moved rapidly through a thick piece of woods, which protected the movement from Hancock's people, and suddenly debouched in an open field. The Yankees had not completed some breastworks they were making of pine logs, sorghum cane and dirt, so that when Butler appeared unheralded in the open field about two hundred yards in their left rear and discharged a volley followed by a rush for their friends, the Yankees, they fired a fierce volley and broke away from their incomplete works and stood not upon the order of their going. The infantry in the meantime at and around the railroad station were trying conclusions fiercely and stubbornly. This rear and left stroke of Butler's cavalry late in the afternoon was the final blow which caused Hancock to beat a hasty retreat and return to Grant's main lines.

Detaching Butler for the movement across the railroad, thereby making a gap in our line in front of Hancock, was a bold and somewhat hazardous thing to do, but the presumption is Hill and Hampton decided that Butler with his dismounted cavalry was the man to succeed in so daring an undertaking. Butler was to Hampton what Stonewall Jackson was to General Lee. At any rate, it turned out a success and compelled Hancock to withdraw as rapidly as possible and leave the field in our possession. After a struggle lasting twelve hours the day was too far spent to justify pursuit, but the next day we explored the battlefield and some distance on the line of Hancock's retreat the thrown away guns, haversacks, canteens, hats and other paraphernalia of war abandoned on the retreat, which we gathered up next day, were helpful to our ordnance and quartermaster supplies. It should be stated that when Butler made a gap in our lines by his flank movement to the right his place was occupied by the three batteries of horse artillery, Hart's, McGregor's (Pelham's old bat-

tery) and Thompson's. I don't suppose there were ever another such a set of daredevils in any army as the officers and men of these batteries. They always accompanied the cavalry, whatever the distance or rapidity of the march, and were on hand wherever and whenever there was fighting to be done. That day General Butler had some difficulty in restraining McGregor, who, with his guns, was stationed on Butler's line. McGregor asked permission to gallop up right in front of the Yankee line of battle, unlimber and commence firing. Of course this could not be permitted. If I am not mistaken, and I am sure I am not, McGowan's brigade, led by that splendid soldier and gentleman General Samuel McGowan, was a part of Hill's corps, and bore a conspicuous part in the battle. General McGowan was himself wounded—a habit he had, as he did not seem to have learned the art of dodging the Yankee bullets. Taking it all and all this was one of the most important engagements of that eventful year 1864.

If Hancock had affected a lodgment and fortified at Reams Station, thereby blocking communication by the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, the chances are that General Lee would have been compelled to extend his already thin attenuated lines and possibly abandon his lines in front of Petersburg.

The reader can, therefore, readily understand the importance of the victory over Hancock and of holding the line of railroad at Reams Station. Malone's Crossing a few miles below, where Butler's cavalry encamped for some time during the campaign of 1864, in fact almost the entire line of railroad from Petersburg to within twenty miles of Weldon, N. C., were scenes of hotly contested conflicts.

Extract from General Hampton's War Record, Report of the Reams Station fight:

"I cannot close my report without expressing my high appreciation of the conduct of my command. Officers and men alike discharged their duties to my entire satisfaction. General Butler handled his division skilfully, and he was ably supported by General Rosser and Colonel Wright."

The total capture in this Reams Station fight, of our combined cavalry and infantry, amounted to 2,150 prisoners, seven stand of colors, nine pieces of artillery and 3,150 small arms and stores. As Lieutenant-General A. P Hill expressed it in writing of the

engagement, "The sabre and the bayonet have shaken hands on the enemy's captured breastworks." The cavalry captured 781 prisoners besides 66 badly wounded, and buried 143 dead. Our cavalry losses were only sixteen killed and seventy-eight wounded and none captured by the Yanks.

In a letter from General Lee to Governor Vance of North Carolina, he said, "The operations of the cavalry were not less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry."

It was General Hancock who commanded the Yankees this day, and the mortification felt at the result by that brave, proud soldier was intense. It is reported by his friends that he said on the field he would rather have died than witnessed his corps in such a rout.

When McGowan's brigade captured some Yankee cannon they did not know how to use the guns against the enemy. A captured Yankee sergeant said, "If you boys will allow me, I can mow those Yanks down while they are running up the hill." Our men told him all right, and this unnatural soldier turned these captured guns upon his friends, our enemies, and played havoc with them and seemed to enjoy the sport very much. Lieutenant Henry Heise helped to capture the guns and witnessed the Yankee sergeant shoot down his comrades just for pure and simple cussedness. Lieutenant Heise (now of Columbia, S. C.,) will make an affidavit as to the truthfulness of this story if any one doubts it.

Let me state a small incident that occurred while we were camped at Malone's Crossing. The straits to which we were sometimes reduced in the matter of securing supplies. General Butler had been notified that it was impossible to furnish his command with soap. He thereupon sent round to the different regiments and inquired if there were any men who understood the manufacture of soap. To the surprise of all of us, it was ascertained that there were twenty-five or thirty men in the cavalry who were expert soap makers. General Butler detailed a member of his staff, Major Emmet Seibels, and ordered the soap makers to report to him. Major Seibels, who, of course, knew nothing about making soap himself, put the men to work with as much zeal and earnestness as if leading a forlorn hope in battle (and he could do that as gallantly as any soldier) and in a short time was turning out 150 pounds of soap a day. This was the process:

We were encamped in a grove of large oak and hickory trees. Major Seibels cut down the trees and used the bark for making lye. He would then have the bacon washed and used the grease with the lye for making the soap. In addition to the bacon grease he would send out and gather up the carcasses of dead mules and horses not too much decayed on the battlefield and utilize it with the bacon grease. It was a novel proceeding, but "necessity knows no law," as Judge Mackey said about the negro Judge Wright. He said Wright was like necessity, because he knew no law.

We soon had an ample supply of excellent soap, with some to spare to our neighbors the infantry.

It has been forty-four years since all this happened.

"The flood of time is setting
And we stand upon the brink."

CAPTURE OF GENERAL GRANT'S CATTLE

Near Coggins' Point, on the James river, less than five miles east of City Point and to West-Over, was a large herd of cattle belonging to Grant's army. City Point is about fifty miles from Petersburg, as the crow flies. General Hampton's trusted scout, Shadbourne, gave him this information on the 5th September, 1864. General Hampton said to Shadbourne: "Tell me when Grant will visit Washington or Sheridan in the valley." Within a short time our scouts captured a courier with a dispatch that Grant would, on the morning of the 14th, go to the valley to consult with Sheridan. That very morning General Hampton left for the vicinity of City Point. He had to make a circuitous route of about 100 miles and reached there at 5 o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth, and within three hours had killed and captured nearly all of the First District of Columbia regiment of cavalry, and the cattle, numbering 2,468, and many horses captured, three camps were burned and a considerable quantity of valuable stores and blankets were carried off. Rosser made this charge and capture while W H. F Lee and Dearing were busily making surprises and capturing couriers, &c., in other directions. While General Butler, with most of his division, was driving in Hancock's pickets every morning below Burgess' Mill, our boys, who did the charging of the pickets, were glad to welcome General Hampton back with the cattle, but was sorry he came so soon, because they missed their coffee and hot breakfast, which had been prepared for them by the Yankee pickets. Hancock and Gregg kept their men in line of battle for four days, looking every moment for General Butler to attack them, while General Hampton was in their rear. Too much cannot be said in behalf of our scouts. Nearly every day while on duty a good scout carried information in one hand and his life in the other. Here is an illustration: During the cattle raid two of our scouts, whose names will be given at another time, were near City Point. They were dressed in blue overcoats and trousers. A poor woman in this vicinity would frequently cook for them and also impart valuable information. The two scouts walked quietly into the

house on this occasion, and much to their surprise there sat two men clad in blue uniforms waiting for some food then being prepared. It was too late to withdraw, so our scouts spoke to the strangers in a friendly way. Are they Yankees or Confederates? They were thus "thinking hard," and so were the other two men. Our scouts knew full well if these fellows proved to be Yankees they must kill them or be themselves killed. When the four sat down together, two and two, on opposite sides of the table to eat, the good woman walked behind the Yankees and gave a quick, warning glance across the table at the scouts, and the flashes of their pistols blackened the faces of the two Yankees as the bullets crashed through their heads. They had to drag the bodies out behind the garden and hide them from detection to keep the good woman out of trouble. Whenever our scouts were caught in blue clothes it simply meant death and no matter how clad if buckshot were found on them it meant death without benefit of clergy. One of Butler's scouts by the name of Waterbury was one of the bravest men in the army. While on a scout in the rear of Grant's army in December, 1864, he met about 250 Yankees in the road with the advance guard clad in gray for the purpose of deceiving and capturing our scouts. Both parties fired upon each other at the same time. Waterbury and his four men had to beat a hasty retreat. Waterbury's horse fell and he was knocked senseless, and when he regained consciousness he saw that he was surrounded by the Yankee cavalry, who conducted him to the commanding officer, who also was painfully hurt in the encounter, who said to his men, pointing to Bill Sanderson, the chief of A. P. Hill's scouts, who had just been captured in a similar way: "Take these d—d rascals out and shoot them." Waterbury said: "One word with you, Captain, before you have that order carried into execution," and at the same time gave a Masonic sign. The commander, who being a true Mason, said: "Men, I have just ordered you to shoot these prisoners. They are Masons, and now I say the first man who dares to shoot one of them, I will shoot him at once."

The two scouts were taken to City Point and put in the pen, where they found our fellow townsman W W Miller, Bill Jackson and an Irishman by the name of Pat Sanders, and a good scout he was too. The Federal General Davis, whose men cap-

tured him, said: "How many men has General Hampton got at Stoney Creek?" Pat scratched his head and looked at the well-groomed Yankee general, and said: "Faith and Gen. Hampton has no less than fifty thousand of the best fighting men in all America." The general looked at Pat and smiled, and said: "Take him to the rear." After Miller, Jackson and Sanders were taken to Point Lookout, Waterbury and Sanderson were kept at City Point. From their prison cell they could see a majestic oak, and agreed to meet under its wide branches as soon as they could cut a hole through the plank floor with a pen knife; and finally, on the third night, Sanderson slipped through first, and happened to see a blue coat under the tree and flanked the wearer thereof. But Waterbury took the blue coat for Sanderson and ran right into the arms of the guard, who demanded the countersign. Waterbury being equal to the occasion, said really he had not thought to get it, that he had just hitched his horse over yonder. When asked what command he belonged to, he said First New Jersey cavalry. When asked the name of his captain, he said: "Why, don't you know Captain Wilson?" The guard said you may be all right, but I will send you to the reserve picket post, and immediately called the corporal of the guard, who delivered him up to the officer in command, who immediately started him off under one guard, and after going a short distance, Waterbury jumped on the guard, took his gun from him and made him his prisoner, and while doing his best to get into our lines, day suddenly dawned upon him. Then he was forced to remain in a secluded spot with his prisoner. Having lost much sleep, this being the fourth night, nature asserted itself and as soon as he sat down he was sound asleep, losing sight of the fact that the gun was back into the hands of the Yankee, who deliberately shot him through the left lung. Waterbury said: "You d—d scoundrel, I could have shot you dead, and I ought to have done it, and you coward, you killed me as soon as I fell asleep." The Yankee sneaked off, thinking he had accomplished his purpose. Waterbury got up and went to his friend, Dr. Bryan, who lived very near, but within the enemy's lines, and as soon as he reached the door he fainted. Dr. Bryan did all in his power to alleviate his pain, but soon the Yankees were there and paroled him, and within a few days took him to City Point, putting him in a dun-

geon until he could be sent to Point Lookout. In 1868 Wallace Miller went to Baltimore for Sol. Legare's remains, where he saw Waterbury in business.

About the 20th of August, 1864, Federal General Gregg, with his division and Kautz's brigade, had retired to near City Point in order to make us believe that he had gone to the valley, but General Butler did not believe it, although he had been ordered to the valley to meet Gregg. General Butler sent one of his most trusted scouts, now our fellow-townsman, Mr. W W. Miller, to ascertain the exact whereabouts of Gregg's command and report to him at once. By the time General Butler had reached Hanover Court House, Wallace Miller had been to Dr. Bryan's and bribed the Yankee guard to watch out for him until he could eat supper. But there was no time to eat. Dr. Bryan, in the absence of the guard, told this gallant scout that it was all a hoax about Gregg going off, that he wanted to get Butler out of his way in order to make a raid on the Southside railroad, and the veteran scout lost no time in getting a dispatch to General Hampton by Bernard King, his brother scout, who was before the war a prominent lawyer in the city of Washington, while he, Miller, caught up with Butler and informed him of the true state of affairs. General Butler at once hurried back to resume his former position below Petersburg. On the 23rd of August he met Gregg, just after he had started, and after a severe fight—the field was ours. Gregg's cavalry charged some of our dismounted men and some of them almost surrounded General Butler, but in his cool way of doing things, he said: Some of you boys come here and run these fellows off, which was promptly done. During the hottest part of this fight one of Butler's colonels rode up to him, and under great excitement, said: "General, I am flanked." Butler looked at him for a moment, and said: "Go and flank them back, sir." Too much credit cannot be given Wallace Miller and Bernard King for checkmating Gregg's game.

General Butler suggested to General Hampton that if he could persuade General Lee to send A. P Hill's corps down to help us out that we could take Ream's Station from Hancock and Gregg. So on the 25th August, Hill's veterans and our cavalry were soon fighting side by side. Then it was that General Hill said: "The bayonet and the sabre shook hands on the enemy's

captured breast-works." After the fight was over, Hancock said that he had rather been killed than to have had his men routed and humiliated as they were. It was in this fight that General Butler won his spurs as major general, then the youngest major general in either army.

THE CATTLE RAID, 16TH SEPTEMBER, 1864.

Mr. E. L. Wells says the information about the herd of beeves upon which the expedition for its capture was arranged, was obtained from Sergeant Shadburne. He accompanied Rosser's leading regiment as guide and was foremost in the attack. Sergeant Hogan, in charge of Butler's scouts, was also with the expedition and did excellent service. One scout (McCalla) was killed and three wounded in the fighting. The scouts' position required not only coolness, courage, zeal and intelligence, but special faculties born in some few men. The matter of Shadburne giving the information about the cattle is admirable for the purpose intended, in matter and manner, and runs as follows:

"Near Blackwater, 5 Sept., 1864.

"General: I have just returned from City Point. The defenses are as follows:"

Then are given with the greatest precision the points at which troops are stationed, their approximate numbers, where supplies are stored, and the exact distance between the places mentioned:

"At Coggins' Point are 3,000 beeves, attended by 120 men and 30 citizens without arms. At Sycamore church is one regiment of cavalry (First District of Columbia). This is the nearest point of the picket line to Coggins' Point (about two miles). The greatest danger, I think, would be on the Jerusalem plank-road in returning. The Tenth corps is on the right (this side of Appomattox river), Ninth, centre, Fifth next, Second on extreme left. I hear that they have a Fifteenth corps, commanded by Ord. From best information, Birney commands Tenth corps. The Fifteenth and Sixteenth corps are on the other side of Appomattox. Butler has just returned (yesterday) from conven-

tion. (He refers to Ben Butler coming back from a political gathering at the North anent the autumn elections). It is thought more cavalry is about returning. Colonel ——— is under arrest for drunkenness, I understand. Stratton in command.

"Your obedient scout,

Shadburne."

The scouts kept Hampton and Butler posted as to any movement of the Yankees, as well as their cattle, etc.

WHAT AN ARTILLERY MAN SAW AT THE CATTLE RAID

After that fateful day, May 11th, 1864, when the bullet of the enemy took from the cavalry corps its greatest commander, J. E. B. Stuart, at Yellow Tavern, the man who Longstreet said was the greatest cavalryman America ever saw; the man upon whom Jackson threw his mantle, like Elijah of old; the man upon whom General Lee depended for eyes and ears—General Lee did not have to look for his successor—no, he was close at hand, and had carved his name with his sabre high in the list of the world's great soldiers. It was Wade Hampton upon whom the mantle fell, and who was worthier? We have heard and do know of the achievements of this command, and that command, from the pens of officers and privates, and I am glad it is so. I read everything of the kind I come across.

I have read of Stuart's great ride around McClellan's army on the Chickahominy, and it was a wonderful performance. I know it is considered by military men as an unique feat. I wish I were able to describe it. I recall the enthusiasm it created, and also remember the fate of the gallant Latane, the only casualty.

It is not of this that I would write. I was not with the boys then. It is of Hampton's great "cattle raid" in September, 1864, that I propose to write in my own plain way, just as I remember it, and just as I read of it, now that it is all over.

THE MISE EN SCENE.

In the early fall of 1864, General Lee's army was facing General Grant at Petersburg, and his infantry lines extended from the Appomattox on the east to about Dinwiddie Court House on the southwest. South of this the cavalry held the lines. I say held them, not as the infantry did, but patrolled them all the way down to Stoney Creek and sometimes beyond. We were too few to man the lines, so we rode them, one night here and tomorrow somewhere else on the line, repelling from time to time by the hardest kind of fighting the repeated attacks made upon the lines of communication, i. e.: the Weldon railroad and the Boyd-

ton plank-road. The preservation of this meant the life of the army and of the country.

A QUESTION OF BREAD AND MEAT.

And this brings us to a question of bread and meat, and I tell you it was, at the time, a very serious matter. My comrades know how we were put to it for something to eat. Sometimes we had bread (such as it was), and sometimes meat, sometimes neither. Men resorted to all sorts of devices to get a square meal. If perchance they met a farmer they at once cultivated him as a long lost brother and made all sorts of excuses to call; took the girls to ride, etc., and never left without eating some meal, either dinner or supper. Our orderly sergeant, a Frenchman of many accomplishments, is said to have called on the widow Hancock, in Dinwiddie County, and on taking his leave also took her gray cat, and his mess ate her in a stew smothered with garlic the next day. "They say so"—I don't know. A Frenchman has the reputation of eating anything.

GENERAL HAMPTON PROPOSES A RAID.

Be that as it may, on the 8th of September, General Hampton addressed a note to General Lee informing him that his scouts reported to him that a large herd of cattle were grazing in the rear of Grant's army, in the neighborhood of Coggins' Point on the James river, and asking permission to take the force of cavalry and go down and drive out the cattle. The old general was perhaps hungry himself. On the 9th General Lee replied that the only difficulty of importance he saw was in getting back with the cattle. General Lee said he was not sufficiently acquainted with the country to say how that could be effected, if embarrassed with wagons and cattle, and advised General Hampton to take such a circuit as would allow ample space for his flank pickets to notify him of danger. He said that the Federal General Gregg was near the Weldon road, and that he would move two brigades of infantry down the plank road behind General Dearing, who was on that road with his brigade of cavalry.

On the 13th Lieutenant John F. Lanneau, of Hampton's Engineer corps, wrote Major McClellan, Hampton's adjutant general, for a detail of forty men and two commissioned officers from Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's divisions. He would furnish the detachment with tools; they would be armed with pistols, and would serve during the expedition as a mounted engineer troop under his direction. He designated Lieutenant Johnson, Company A, Fourth South Carolina cavalry, and Lieutenant Bauskett, Sixth South Carolina cavalry, as suitable officers to take charge of the detail from General Butler's division.

The detail from General W H. F Lee's division were ordered to report to Lieutenant F Robertson at General W H. F Lee's headquarters, and tools would be furnished them by Lieutenant Lanneau. The men were to be selected from those accustomed to the use of the axe.

BUGLER SOUNDS "BOOTS AND SADDLES."

On the morning of the 14th of September, 1864, long before daylight, we were aroused from our camp by the notes of the bugle sounding "Boots and Saddles"—and the command to which I belonged (the Stuart Horse artillery)—was ordered to saddle up and move out behind the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry. We waited seated on our horses for a long time—all waiting seems long—and while we waited we speculated upon where we were going and what we were going for. So little do soldiers know of the intentions of their officers, that some said we were going to surprise and capture a brigade of negro troops, and we began in a spirit of humor to tell what we were going to do with our share of the negroes. We had no intention or idea that beeves had any place in the picture at all.

General Hampton, in his account, says: "On the morning of the 14th I moved with the division of Major-General W H. F Lee—the brigades of Rosser and Dearing, and a detachment of 100 men from Young's and Dunnovant's brigades, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, Sixth South Carolina cavalry, and moved down the Rowanty creek to Wilkinson's bridge on that stream, where the command bivouacked that night."

The command left Wilkinson's bridge at an early hour on the 15th and struck out at a trot for Sycamore church, in Prince

George County, a point most central and nearest to the cattle, and the place where the largest force of the enemy was camped. General Hampton's idea was that by disposing of them here it made it impossible for them to concentrate any force in time to interfere with the main object of the expedition. By a rapid march the command reached the Blackwater, at Cook's bridge, which had been destroyed. General Hampton knew that the bridge had been destroyed and purposely selected this route, as the enemy would not be likely to look for an attack from that quarter.

HOW THEY BRIDGED THE BLACKWATER.

When we reached the bridge we were halted and dismounted to await the arrangements being made by the pioneer people for us to cross. I shall never forget how the boys went out into the fields and dug up sweet potatoes, and how they were stopped when they made fires to cook them. We could not afford to make a smoke, we were informed, and some men devoured their potatoes raw. General Hampton had stopped all citizens *en route*, allowing none to go forward for fear information might reach the Yankees of his movements. While here, we rested and fed our horses.

The bridge was completed, and at night we crossed over the Blackwater, and were now particularly enjoined not to make a noise, and several times the musical men of the column were cut short in attempted songs, which they thoughtlessly began. Nothing was heard but the steady tread of the horses and the rattle of the sabres. The guns of the artillery had been muffled by grain sacks being inserted between the elevating screws and the guns. Some time about half-past three or four, we were halted in a road very dark and overhung by the branches of trees; everything was as still as death; nothing disturbed the whippoorwill's notes, so lonesome at all times, but more doleful then.

WITH THE SENTINEL STARS ABOVE THEM.

One by one the men would slip down from their horses to the soft grass, overcome by the fatigue following rapid movements. We had now ceased to speculate upon where we were going. We were too sleepy, and soon most, if not all, were dozing on the

ground, with our bridle reins around our elbows. If we dreamed —it was of home—not of cattle nor war's alarms. The horses, too, slept, and showed no disposition to move or disturb their sleeping masters. Here we waited. General Hampton, it seems, had directed General Lee to move by the Lawyer road to the stage road, at which point he would encounter the first pickets of the enemy. Here's where we were sleeping. These pickets he was to drive in, and move then to occupy the roads leading from the direction of the enemy to Sycamore church. General Dearing was to proceed by the Hines road to Cook's mill, where he was to halt until the attack in the centre was made, when he was to dash across to Mingo Ferry road, attacking the post on that road and cutting off all retreat, guarding at the same time against an attack from Fort Powhatan, Rosser's brigade and Miller's detachment moved on by roads direct towards Sycamore church. General Rosser was to carry the position of the enemy here, and after doing so, to push forward at once to secure the cattle. General Hampton says the three columns all reached the points to which they were ordered without giving alarm. Our long wait was to end, our naps were soon to be broken.

ROSSER ATTACKS THE ENEMY.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, Rosser, over on the right, made the attack. At the sound of the first shots every man in the road who had dismounted sprank to his saddle, and we heard the well known yell, that cry known as the "rebel yell" and which had struck terror to our enemies on a hundred bloody fields. It is an exultant sound, unshrouded by the form of words, and on our right it rang out on the early morning air from lusty lungs, and in a minute every horse was in full gallop in our road and we were upon the picket, who seemed to have no idea of an enemy, although we had been so near him since nine or ten o'clock that night. We rode the picket down and found the camp on both sides of the road. Some, of course, were up and on guard, but the majority of the Federals were in bed in their little buttoned tents.

CAPTURED IN THEIR NIGHT CLOTHES.

We ran them out and took them prisoners in their night clothes. It was the First District of Columbia Cavalry, and I

think we took the most of them, with their camp and splendid horses. I remember how forlorn they looked as we mustered them out later in the day, many sitting on bare-backed horses with nothing on but their shirts. General Rosser, it appears, had about as much as he could attend to. He encountered Colonel Spears, Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, the same command that had made a name for itself as a fighting regiment. They made a good fight for their meat, but Rosser finally whipped them and they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded in the field, as well as their camp. General Dearing, on the right, made his attack according to programme, and was entirely successful.

THE MONSTER CATTLE DRIVE.

General Rosser without delay began to drive out the cattle, and General Hampton says "there were 2,486 head of them." General Hampton says in his report to General Lee that he withdrew all forces before 8 A. M., and the different columns were united before reaching the Blackwater.

That's all right in the abstract; but now comes the return, which General Lee said he feared more than anything else. Before we united at the Blackwater, the command that I belonged to moved on to Prince George Court House and looked for the opposing troops. Some of the cavalry found the enemy, and while others cut down trees on the edge of a piece of woods, tried to toll him up where we had our artillery posted with a dismounted support.

THE GUNBOATS OPEN FIRE.

They did not at once show a disposition to come out, but very soon Uncle Sam's gunboats on the James river got our range, and, as we did not go down there really to fight, we took the back track at a trot, stimulated by the bursting of a huge shell every now and then in uncomfortable proximity.

As I said, we moved at a trot. In fact, we trotted most of the time, that is when we were not in a gallop. We were making haste to join the columns at the Blackwater, Rosser ahead with the cattle, followed by General Dearing and Colonel Miller, General Lee bringing up the rear.

After the command had crossed the Blackwater, we trotted towards the plank-road. General Rosser advised General Hampton that a large force of the enemy was approaching on that road. General Hampton ordered him to take position at Ebenezer Church and to hold the road there and send the cattle by Hawkinsville Crossing, the plank-road two miles in the rear of the line of battle, which was at once formed. Major Venable, General Hampton's adjutant general, and Major Ryals, provost marshal, took charge of the cattle and were to put them across the Nottoway river at Freeman's Ford. General Rosser held his ground and Colonel Miller and General Dearing soon came to his assistance.

LEE'S MEN TAUNT THE YANKEES.

General Lee came into the fight before it was over, and I well remember how his dismounted men, as they advanced to a mill pond through the bushes, called to the Yankees to come over and get their bulls, and bellowed at them in derision.

We had some little fighting—not half as much as we anticipated—and before 9 o'clock we had left our enemy far in the rear and crossed the water by a dam, and were trotting towards our own lines. We had captured some prisoners, and among them a telegraph corps. They were splendid looking fellows, much better dressed than the ordinary Yankee soldier, and their wagons and teams were splendid. In crossing the dam, which was very narrow, one wagon with six mules fell down the bank, and to make the road clear, it was bodily thrown into the water so we could cross.

THE GALLANT M'CALLA KILLED.

I shall never forget how sorry I felt for the telegraph men, who had to drop all their dignity and trot to keep up with the hurrying column. Among the killed was the gallant McCalla of the First South Carolina Cavalry. He and Hogan, one of Butler's scouts, were along and rendered valuable service. We had traveled one hundred miles and had two fights, and best of all had furnished fresh meat for General Lee's starving army, many of whom had not tasted fresh meat for months.

THE NUMBER OF HAMPTON'S MEN.

I have always understood that General Hampton's entire force on this expedition was about 2,700 cavalry and four pieces of artillery, two of McGregor's guns and two of Hart's battery, of which all South Carolinians have heard.

WHAT THE FEDERALS SAY.

Now let's see by the records what our "friends the enemy" were doing all this time. It seems that they had gotten wind of the proposed raid.

The first thing in the "Official Records" of the "War of the Rebellion" is a dispatch from Colonel George H. Sharp to General Humphries, chief of staff to General Meade, simply stating that he had information from a prisoner from the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, who reported that Hampton had broken through at Sycamore Church, and had captured 2,500 head of cattle with but little loss, etc. Humphries ordered General Davis to strike the returning enemy at once.

HAMPTON REPORTED "FOURTEEN THOUSAND STRONG."

The next is a dispatch at 6 A. M. of the 16th, from General Kautz to Captain H. C. Weir, assistant adjutant general, to the effect that his pickets had been driven in from Mount Sinai Church to the Powhatan stage road, that the commanding officer of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry thought quite a number of horses had been captured. He didn't consider it serious, as the reserves had not yet been disturbed. He had not the news good yet. At 7 A. M. he says he feared the First District cavalry had been entrapped and that the sounds of firing were quite lively on the Powhatan road, and that he had sent a squad of the Third New York Cavalry to the stage road and that Colonel Jacobs has been ordered to dislodge them. At 8:30 he knew we were after the cattle; at 9:15 he knew that the cattle guard and the First District of Columbia cavalry were captured; at 11:30 he knew that we had the cattle and that we were "14,000 strong."

"GENERAL HAMPTON'S LEGION FIVE THOUSAND STRONG."

A disptach from Major W A. VanRansellear, of the Eighth New York Infantry, to General Patrick, provost marshal, says: "I have just met a private of the First District of Columbia Cavalry, who was captured, and he says they had four killed and about 300 captured. They also got one herd of 2,600 cattle. One man reports he saw ten regiments of infantry and a battery of eight guns. The First District of Columbia cavalry is terribly demoralized. One of their captains says he killed a brigadier-general. From what I can learn I think the rebels are about 5,000 with eight guns. They all belong to Hampton's Legion. General Kautz and Gregg are after them." The suggestion that General Hampton's Legion was 5,000 strong is amusing. I don't think we ever had over half that amount in the best days. The same major reports us in full retreat at 9 A. M. I think in this he was correct.

General Patrick at once ordered Colonel T. B. Gates, commanding at City Point, to put his command in position to protect the depot. At 10 A. M. of the 16th, General Meade advised General Grant that at daylight his pickets and reserves, between the James and the Blackwater, were strongly attacked and that at the same time a dash was made for the cattle herd at Coggins' Point, and he feared that the herd had fallen into the enemy's hands.

GENERAL MEADE'S FEARS WELL FOUNDED.

General Meade was certainly correct in his report. General Meade says he had feared this raid for some time, as with the limited force of cavalry at his command and the great extent of the country to be watched, he had always considered Coggins' Point an unsuitable point for the cattle herd, it being liable to capture at any time by a *coup-de-main* of the enemy in force.

Now I thought it was a beef raid, and all the time it was a "*coup-de-main.*" I have heard of them, but here I was face to face with one "in force."

General Grant telegraphed to General Meade from Harper's Ferry at 9 A. M. of the 18th, that if the enemy had made so rich a haul as the cattle herd, that he would be likely to strike far to the south or southeast to get back with it and that their cavalry

should either recover what was lost or else in the absence of so much of the enemy's cavalry, they should strike the Weldon road. General Meade reports to General Grant on the 16th, at 10:30 P. M., that Kautz reports that the enemy retired as soon as he got the cattle and that he was in pursuit on the Prince George Court House road and Davies on the Jerusalem road, but that Hampton's force was so far superior to theirs and he had so much the start of him that he could do no more than harass us. I did not (at one time) see how we could get out of the trouble. From this on everybody began to make reports and they seemed to think that we would certainly attack Fort Powhatan on the James river. They did not know how anxious we were to get away from the river.

THE FORCES PURSUING HAMPTON.

Now, let's see who they sent after us. First, General Humphries, General Meade's chief of staff, sent General Davies with all his cavalry. Then came a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery to the Jerusalem road. Next came General Kautz, with his cavalry, to the Prince George Court House road. Next General Humphries ordered Colonel Smith, of the second division, second corps, to send a strong brigade and a battery of artillery down the plank road, and last he directed the cavalry force, which was picketing between the plank road and the Blackwater, to be withdrawn and to join in the pursuit.

THE PETTY FIGHT THE FEDERALS MADE.

And all that any of them did was to make the little fight that General Davies reports at 10:30 P M. of the 16th. He reports from Proctor's on the Jerusalem road, that he marched there at 12:30 P M. and sent a brigade over the Jerusalem plank road to intercept the enemy; met them at a point about five miles hence and drove them about a mile (he did not drive us—we were going for all we were worth) to the vicinity of Hawkinsville, where he found them strongly posted between earthworks, having in their front an impassable swamp. He moved down and found General W H. F Lee's division, which he failed to dislodge, and gave up the job on that road, and sent a brigade to Stoney creek to try to intercept the head of the column there.

All this time our cattle were on the trot, and with all their forces they could not stop them.

A SAFE APPEAL TO THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.

I think, as I have intimated, this raid ranks with any performance by any troops, and I am surprised that abler pens than mine have not long since given it the prominence that it deserved.

DAVID CARDWELL,
Of McGregor's Battery, Stuart Horse Artillery.

[When General Hampton went after the cattle, both Generals Butler and Young were sick at camp in their tents. General Rosser of Butler's division went on the raid, while General Dunovant would drive the Yankee pickets in every morning in order to make them think that Butler would attack them at once. For three mornings Hancock's pickets were driven in just at sunrise, and Butler's men, who did the driving, got nice breakfasts.—14th, 15th, and 16th.—U. R. Brooks.]

BATTLE OF McDOWELL'S FARM

A courier's narrative of the capture of Lieutenant A. P. Butler, September 30, 1864, and the conduct of Butler's brigade at the battle of McDowell's Farm, October 1, 1864, together with an account of the death of Brigadier-General John Dunovant.

On the 29th and 30th days of September, 1864, Butler's brigade of Hampton's cavalry, composed of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments of South Carolina cavalry, and then commanded by Brigadier-General John Dunovant (Butler having been promoted to the command of the division) was moved to and fro, up and down the line, across the Vaughan and Squirrel Level roads, below Petersburg, Va., to meet attacks at various points threatened, or being made by Grant's army, and on the evening of the 30th, a short time before sundown, the Fourth regiment was dismounted and thrown in to support some command that was being pressed back. After a sharp little fight, lasting until dusk, having succeeded, they were withdrawn, and uniting with the other two regiments, who had been mere lookers on, the brigade went into camp. The writer of this article was on camp guard, and about 10 o'clock P M. a horseman, Major Emmett Seibels, galloped up and inquired for brigade headquarters, and in a few minutes thereafter the brigade was in the saddle moving as we understood to support the other brigade of our division—Georgians—commanded by that gallant and handsome brigadier, P M. B. Young, who, we were told, had been hard pressed that day, and had lost ground, that would have to be retaken on the next day.

The camp guard—ten men—commanded by Captain Sullivan, of the Sixth regiment, were, as advance guard, moved out ahead of the brigade, but were soon overtaken by General Dunovant and his staff, who requested us to move to one side of the road so that they could pass. Captain Sullivan answered that we were the advance guard, and the general replied: "Oh, there is no danger on this road; I will be the advance guard myself tonight." So we moved to one side, and as we did so, a limb knocked my hat off, and it fell under the horses' feet as they rode by. It was a very dark night, misting rain, and it was useless

to attempt to get it, so I tied a handkerchief over my head, and after the general and his staff had passed, we fell in behind him and followed on. After riding about a mile or a mile and a half, while going through what was apparently a field, we were suddenly halted by a voice not more than 25 or 30 steps in advance of us, yelling out, "Halt, halt, or we fire!" We came to an instantaneous halt, and the general answered, "I am Dunovant, let me pass," and again the voice called out, "I don't know you, dismount, one of you, and advance and give the countersign." The general replied again, "I tell you I am Dunovant, let me pass." "Dam Dunovant," was shouted back; "we don't know you; if one of you do not dismount and come up here and let us know who you are, we will fire." The general then turned to one of his staff, Lieutenant Butler, and directed him to dismount and go up and let those men know who we were. The lieutenant replied in a low voice, "General, those are Yankees," and the general asked him "if he was afraid." The lieutenant jumped from his horse, and saying "No, I am not afraid, but I am gone up," started up leading his horse. Hearing his horses feet, the voice from in front called out, "Dismount or we will fire," and Lieutenant Butler then called back, "Dam you, I have dismounted, I am leading my horse," and the fellow answered, "All right." When the voice first called out, I whispered to my left hand file, Abe Broadwater of Edgefield District, S. C., "Abe, these are Yankees," and he answered that he thought so too. We then drew our old sabres, expecting an order to charge every second. When the lieutenant dismounted, I said to Abe, "The general evidently thinks these fellows are our men, and there is going to be a stampede here in a minute." He replied, "Yes, let us drawn to each side of the road, so they can go between us; if we don't we will be run over." I agreed with him, and we pulled our horses as closely to the side of the road as we could, the brigade, coming on, being then but a few yards in our rear. We had hardly done so, when, as Lieutenant Butler reached the man who had been talking, a light flashed out for an instant, revealing a large tree and a paling fence in front of us, and again the voice called out, "He is a damned rebel, fire." I instantly leant as far forward as I could on my horse's neck; it seemed to me at the time almost directly in our faces, and yet strange to say,

not a man nor a horse was hurt seriously, but the panic for a moment or two was awful. The brigade had just reached us, and having heard nothing of the conversation that had passed, the first knowledge of the enemy's presence being the musketry fire in their faces, they broke, but were soon rallied, and having moved a little to the right, and united with the Georgians, we went into camp. We lost Lieutenant Butler, who was taken prisoner by those into whose hands he had walked. The next morning, after a sumptuous repast on a hard tack and a piece of pickled pork, we were moved forward to support the Georgians, who had attacked the enemy just after daylight. As the Georgians drove them slowly back, we moved forward, and near Armstrong's house, were halted in the field. Noticing a Yankee sergeant lying close to the road and his hat lying by him, I rode out of the ranks to him to get his hat, being still bareheaded except for my handkershief, but the fellow had been shot through the head and the hat was besmeared with blood and brains, and I was not yet sufficiently hardened to take it, so I returned to the ranks, and we were again moved forward. At our next halt, however, about 100 or 150 yards further on, a Yankee lieutenant was lying dead, and his cap had rolled off a few feet, and being in pretty good condition, I jumped from my horse and got it. About half a mile from this spot, as nearly as I can estimate it, we were again halted on a timbered ridge. Near us we saw our division commander, Major-General M. C. Butler, and General Young, sitting on their horses upon a brink of a ridge overlooking an open valley or field on the right, in which some of the brave Georgians were deployed and fighting with the enemy, who were slowly advancing from out of a wood on the other side of this open field. Young was cursing and storming in that stentorian voice of his, which could be heard for half a mile. "Hold your ground down there, you damned scoundrels," was one of his mildest expressions. The men were fighting gallantly against heavy odds, as we could plainly see, and I remember well how indignant I was at General Young, much as I admired him, for cursing them so outrageously. We were not allowed to watch them but a few moments, however, when the Fourth regiment was dismounted, and accompanied by General Dunovant in person, moved off to the left down a slope out of sight from us. In a

few minutes General Dunovant rode back and told Captain Sullivan, who was in command of the Sixth regiment, that he wanted four men. Captain Sullivan turned to my captain, J. J. Gregg, and directed him to detail four men to report to the general. Captain Gregg turned to me, as I was No. 1 of the first group of fours, and directed us to obey the order, all of which we had heard. I instantly rode up to the general and he led us down the same slope that the Fourth had traversed a few minutes before, and crossing a little branch, the banks of which were covered with thick undergrowth, we came up with the regiment deployed in an open field, that ascended in a gentle slope from the branch. Riding through the field to the right of the regiment General Dunovant told me to go out into the timber and brush between the right of the regiment and the creek, and take a stand some 75 yards from them in the timber and watch the enemy if they advanced so that the regiment would not be flanked. As he turned back he called to me, that he trusted me there, and that I must not let his regiment be cut off and captured. I replied that I would do my best. He rode off, posting another of the four men some distance in my rear. I was never in a place that I disliked worse than this spot. The regiment was out in the open field to my left, with a high rail fence between (one of the men had pulled it down for me to ride through). In front and to the right of me was heavy timber with thick undergrowth, and I could not see for more than fifty or sixty steps in any direction. I rode up behind a tree about 18 inches in diameter and sat there peering out into the brush with eyes as big as saucers, waiting for the Yankees to come, and I did not have long to wait, for before the general had left me five minutes, the firing began between them and the Fourth in the field. I sat as still as I possibly could, hoping that the Fourth would whip them before they discovered the "lone picket" hid in the brush, but I was doomed to disappointment, for after the firing in the field had lasted for some 10 or 12 minutes, a shot was fired in front of me and a bullet hit the tree behind which I was trying to hide. Hastily pulling my horse back from it, as another bullet whistled past my head, I saw the smoke of the gun, probably 75 or 80 yards in front of me, and then I fired at the smoke of the gun, for I could see nobody. In a few minutes a small body of "blue coats" came ad-

vancing through the brush up to the creek to my right. Seeing at once that the regiment was in danger of being cut off, as the general had feared, I wheeled my horse and rode as fast as I could through the brush to the fence, over which my horse leaped, and then I saw the Fourth falling back, and Colonel Stokes commanding them, riding up and down, ordering them to reform at the creek. I informed him that the enemy were also advancing up the creek, and he ordered the regiment to cross the creek and form on the ridge on the other side. This was done, and thinking my little job was over, I started back, but was halted by an officer lying down near the road, (Lieutenant Richmond S. Cobb, Company C, Sixth South Carolina cavalry, killed that evening) and he requested me to picket the road where it crossed the branch. I told him I would not be able to see anything unless they came out into the road, and he answered, "I want to know when they are coming." I turned my horse slowly and rode to a spot near some old field pines, near the brink of the creek bank, from which I could overlook the crossing. In a few moments I saw a few Yankees crossing the road, and as I again wheeled to get out of the way, two bullets whistled past my head. This time I saw both men when they raised their guns to aim at me, but not being more than 40 or 50 steps from them, I did not take time to return an acknowledgment of their salute, but made a masterly retreat behind the pines, until I got near the lieutenant, when I shouted to him that they were at the crossing. This brave officer gallantly rose to his feet and called to me, "I thank you very much for what you have done." I had been feeling rather angrily at him for sending me where he had, but these thanks put me in a good humor and I saluted him and rode off to report to the general, as the firing commenced, but the Yankee attack at this point was feebly made and they were soon driven back. I found the general (Dunovant) a short distance in rear of the line down the slope talking with his adjutant-general, Captain Jeffords. I made my report, and after listening to it, the general told me to remain with him and act as courier for him, as he needed me. I then found out that the company—"B"—to which I belonged, had been, shortly after I had been sent off, detailed to watch some other point, and I did not see any of them until about sundown, when Captain Gregg

came upon the field serving as a volunteer staff officer. He and I were the only ones of the company who got into the fight that day. Shortly afterwards General Dunovant rode off, leaving me with Captain Jeffords. In about 15 minutes, however, he returned and ordered me to go to Captain Sullivan of the Sixth and tell him that Chambliss' brigade would shortly charge the enemy in the flank, and as soon as the yell was heard for him, Sullivan, to charge in front and to send the order along the line, so it would be fully known. Starting to ride off the general called me back, and told me to tie my horse to a tree and go on foot, as there was plenty of time and there was no use, he said, to expose myself unnecessarily. Dismounting, I tied my horse and ascending the little rise a short distance, say 100 yards from the top of the slope, I found the Sixth lying down behind a rail fence which they had torn down and threw into piles and skirmishing with the enemy. This fight was shortly after Hampton's capture of the 2,500 beeves from Grant's army, and as I crawled along from rail pile to rail pile looking for Captain Sullivan, the men were bellowing like bulls, and shouting over to the Yankees, "Good, fat beef over here; come over and get some," and then a fellow would jump up and bellow, and by the time he dropped, bullets would be whistling over our heads and rattling on the rail piles. As I passed along I tried to persuade them to wait until I could get by, but with little success. The bellowing continued all the time I was there. Having found Captain Sullivan and communicated to him, as well as all the other officers I saw, the order. I returned to General Dunovant, and in less than half an hour we heard the rebel yell on our right and the general and Captain Jeffords dashed forward. The brigade sprang over the rail piles and charged across the fields upon the Yankees not more than 200 or 250 yards from us, and took their line from them, another lot of rail piles, strengthened with hastily thrown up embankments and logs. This charge would have been far more successful than it was had not the brigade, as they dashed forward, been momentarily checked by discovering that they were being charged by the Virginians, who had, in attempting to flank the Yankees, not gone quite far enough, and had charged us instead of the Yanks. I heard afterwards that Major-General Butler, who was leading the charge on our right, had leveled

his pistol on a Virginia colonel and was in the act of firing when he recognized him. This mistake, however, enabled the Yankees to get out of their entrenchments and retreat before we got many of them. The brigade now reformed behind the works we had taken, and as I rode up with General Dunovant, we met General Butler and a hurried conversation ensued between them which (being the first time I had ever heard generals discussing a movement on the battlefield) deeply impressed me. Butler asked Dunovant if he was familiar with the ground, and being answered "No," turned to another officer who was on foot, and said, "Major Farley, have you not been over the ground before." Farley answered, "Yes, I reconnoitred it two or three days ago." Butler then said, "Does this creek not make a bend here, and if I move down the creek, can I not get enfilade fire upon the enemy's position on the other side?" Farley answered, "Yes." Butler at once turned to Dunovant and said, "General, move the brigade by the right flank down this creek until you get that position, then attack." During this conversation I had noticed that Dunovant had seemed to be very impatient, and when Butler gave him this order, he saluted and replied: "Oh, General, let me charge 'em, we've got 'em going and let us keep 'em going." Butler said, "General, I am afraid I will lose too many men." "Oh, no we won't," answered Dunovant, "my men are perfectly enthusiastic and ready to charge, an we've got the Yankees demoralized, one more charge will finish 'em. Let me charge them." Then I saw Butler's face change. He had been calm and unmoved till then, but as Dunovant said this, his face flushed, his eyes seemed to grow darker (I was looking him directly in the face not five feet from him) and in a voice short, sharp and stern, he called to Dunovant, "Charge them, sir, if you wish." Instantly Dunovant wheeled his horse, and his voice rang out to the brigade, "Forward, charge!" and as the cry ran down the line, and the brigade went over the works into the brush on the creek bank, Dunovant rushed out into the road and down to the creek, shouting to the men to charge, and just as he reached the creek, I saw him fall from his horse to the ground, and reigning my horse back for fear of treading on him, two men picked him up instantly, and as they did so, General Butler leaned almost over on his horse's neck and called out, "Who is that shot?" I replied,

"General Dunovant." "Is he killed?" he asked. I answered, "Yes, I think so." Butler then said to the men who had him, "Carry him back, and don't let the men know it," and turning to Colonel Stokes, who was also there, said, "Colonel, take command of the brigade." By this time the brigade had been repulsed and was falling back. Stokes, telling me to come with him, rode back, and he and General Butler rallied the men, and once more formed them behind the entrenchments that we had taken in the previous charge. There was really no forming to do except to halt them, as they had fallen back in good order. General Butler left us at this place, and I next saw him a few minutes afterwards out in the open field, in rear of and seeming to be superintending the fire of Hart's battery, that had moved up directly in rear of our line, and was hotly engaged. We held this position for a long time, and whilst there, sitting on his horse, a minnie bullet passed between Colonel Stokes' leg and the stirrup leather, grazing the leg, I believe. I saw him jerk his leg up, and asked him if he was hit, and he told me what had happened. After we had held the position for I think at least an hour, Colonel Stokes said to me, "I never had command of a brigade before, and I don't know what to do in here. I will go back and ask General Butler what he wants us to do, come with me." I followed him across the field, as he rode to where the general was immediately behind the battery, and when we got to him the colonel asked him what he wanted done. The general answered, "Nothing just now, only to hold our position. I have just heard from General Hampton and he says that he has sent W H. F. Lee's division to reinforce us. As soon as they come we will take that place over yonder." Just at this moment I happened to look back to the edge of the timber on the right from which the colonel and I had just come, and saw the men breaking from the line, some of them had gotten at least 100 yards in the rear. I instantly called out, "Colonel, look at the line, the men are breaking." Stokes whirled around and dashed back towards them, and Butler caught me by the arm and said, "Go run down yonder to those leading men and stop 'em, I will be there as soon as I can to stop any more breaking." I rode at full speed to the men and shouted to them that General Butler ordered them to the front at once. There were not more than

12 or 15 in the lead there, and they halted as I spoke and all but four or five started back to the front. I rode up to the few that had remained who were standing near a big tree, and lying down at the foot of it I saw an officer. I again repeated Butler's order to the men and told them that reinforcements were coming. One one-legged fellow said, "What do you know about it?" I told him what I had heard General Butler say a few minutes before that William Henry Lee was coming to reinforce us, and he yelled back, "Reinforcements; hell! I've heard that cry until I am sick of it; they always tell us that reinforcements are coming but they never come." Just at this time Gneral Butler dashed up with his pistol in his hand, and his voice rang out, "Back to the front, men." And all the men started back in the double quick. The officer lying behind the tree sprang to his feet, and Butler, seeing him, yelled out, "— — — — what in the hell are you doing there; go to the front at once, sir." The officer replied, "General, I'll go if the men only will," and as quick as lightning came the answer, "The men are already there, you d—d coward; if you don't go to the front, I'll blow your brains out myself," and that pistol was leveled at him. He made good time getting back towards the front, and as he did so the general called to him, "If you ever lead my men off this way again, I'll kill you."

I followed the general back and found that he and Colonel Stokes had restored the line. Some time after this rally, perhaps an hour, we were again ordered forward, and the men succeeded this time in crossing the creek, and capturing the works on the other bank, but the Federals fell back very deliberately, and rallied and formed a short distance in rear of this line, and from then until night was concentrated upon us a terrible storm of grape-shot, cannister, and minnie balls.

The fire had been pretty heavy from the time we made our first charge in the forenoon but it was now doubled. Their reinforcements must have come up; ours, as that long-legged fellow had said, never did get to us. The brigade was, however, moved out to attack them and again and again gallantly strove to pierce their line, until finally the men lay down in the timber between this second line we had taken from the Yankees, and fairly sulked. They would not retreat, but could not break the Yankee line. I saw Colonel Stokes finally get off his horse

and stand holding him by the bridle. I at once gladly did the same, only to get behind a big pine tree, to be stampeded from it a minute or two afterwards as a shell cut in two another one near it, and it came crashing down where it fell. I got behind my tree again, and in a few minutes afterwards, an officer, whose name I do not now remember, came crawling up to me and asked if I was a courier. On my replying "Yes," he said, "Major Farley wants you to come to him." I replied I was Colonel Stokes' courier, and looked around for the colonel, but could not see him, and then I inquired where the major was. The officer pointed to a small group of officers lying down a short distance from me, and I went to them. As I did so, Farley raised up and said, "Courier, I wish you would go back to General Butler and tell him the men are doing no good in here, and I think we ought to be drawn back to the works." I turned to go, and as I did so, Farley said, "Stop; if I send that word to the general he might think I am afraid." One of the officers remarked there was no danger of that, and the little red-headed major made some other remark, and then I spoke, "Major, I am going to lie down, too; the rest of you all are, and I am standing up." He replied, "Well, go out and tell General Butler that we are nearly out of ammunition, and if he asks you anything about what we are doing here, you can tell him that you heard us saying that we were doing no good, and so on." I started off, leading my horse, until I got under the creek bank, where I mounted, and just then I met Colonel Stokes and my own captain, Gregg. I informed the colonel where I was going and repeated Farley's conversation, and he had just seen General Butler and was coming from him with an order to fall back. And then he ordered me to go to Major Farley and tell him to have the dead and wounded brought out, and then fall back behind the captured works. I asked permission to go in on foot, and it being granted at once, I dismounted from my horse and proceeded to tie him, when from under the bank came that same officer whom Butler had cursed so and said, "I'll hold your horse for you." Giving him the halter rein, I went back to Major Henry Farley and gave him the order. This gallant officer, than whom there were none braver, at once started on the line, ordering the men to gather

the wounded and dead, and carry them out, and I went back to Colonel Stokes. It was about sundown then, and we remained there until the brigade began falling back, when the colonel, Captain Gregg and myself, mounted and rode back across the creek, where the command was halted for an hour or two, and then long after dark we were moved back and went into camp. It had begun to mist by this time, and I tied my horse and, stumbling around for some dry spot, I came across a wide plank, and thinking that I would rest a little before I hunted up food for myself and horse, I stretched out upon this plank, and the next time I knew anything the sun was shining in my face. I had slept all night in the rain (it was a light one, though), without blanket or other covering, and my poor horse was standing tied close to me with the saddle on. I got up as quickly as I could, and found old Company "B" in camp near where I was. I soon got provender for my horse and then some hard tack and pork for myself. But I was so stiff from being in the saddle all the day before that I could scarcely walk.

Our greatest loss that day was General Dunovant, a brave, gallant soldier. He died leading a charge that I believe would have been preëminently successful had he not fallen. I have heard him since styled as rash for urging this charge, but the cool and impassive Butler gave him permission, and we subsequently succeeded in carrying with the same men the position that we then were charging when he fell, and from the increase in the enemy's fire I have always believed that subsequent to Dunovant's death and prior to our last successful charge, they had been heavily reinforced. I was told that his body was sent back to old Chester, S. C., the next day, and I for one think that when so many monuments are being erected for our honored dead, Butler's brigade should have one erected over Dunovant's grave if South Carolina will not. Were I yet living in the Palmetto State I would try to get up a subscription for it. Will not some of those "bulls of Butler's" that bellowed so that day undertake it?

Before I conclude this narrative I wish to pay a fitting tribute to Dr. Charles Buckhalter, a former private in our company, but on that 1st day of October, 1864, an assistant surgeon to our brigade. When the first charge was made upon

the enemy's first line that day, I saw Charlie Buckhalter gallop over the field under fire, dismount from his horse to attend to a wounded man, and he made his litter corps come promptly to the ground to carry off the wounded.

I have neither seen nor heard of him since the surrender, and I do not know whether he is living or not, but I feel that a narrative of the day's fight would not be complete without this statement of his heroism, and if he is dead, his memory should not be forgotten whilst one of Butler's brigade lives.

I have said nothing about the conduct of any other command on that day (except Young's in the morning) because I know nothing personally of what they did. We know that they had hard fighting. Indeed, I learned afterwards that the reason why General W H. F Lee failed to reinforce us was because he had all the fighting he could attend to where he was, and would have been glad to get reinforcements himself.

I have never seen a report of the conduct of the brigade in this fight, nor do I believe that one was ever made, owing to the fact that our brigadier was killed, and the command then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Stokes, who was superseded, I believe, on the next day by Colonel Rutledge, who arrived and took command, and the continual fighting, etc., that we were engaged in from that time to the surrender left but little time for reports. Therefore, I have written this statement in order that the brave conduct of a gallant brigade and the heroic death of its general might not be forgotten.

That day was my first experience as a courier on a battlefield, and I learned that a courier in such a position has by no means a bomb-proof.

CHARLES MONTAGUE,
Company "B," Sixth South Carolina Cavalry.
Bandera, Texas.

There was not a better soldier in Dunovant's brigade than the writer of the above.

In this fight General Butler was wearing a raincoat which was perforated by four minnie balls, one on either side of his body and one through each sleeve—a dark, dismal, rainy day. When General Dunovant was shot, Dr. Fontaine immediately started to

him and was himself shot. Dr. Taylor, with his usual fearlessness, braved the danger and when he reached them found both dead.

General Lee, in a letter to General Hampton, writes: "I grieve with you at the loss of General Dunovant and Dr. Fontaine, two officers whom it will be difficult to replace."

Lieutenant A. P Butler was a son of Governor Pierce Mason Butler who was killed at Churubusco, Mexico, leading the Palmetto regiment, 20th August, 1847

Lieutenant Pick Butler, who was named for his uncle, Judge Butler, was very tall and slim. There lived in Edgefield, S. C., before the war a good old Methodist preacher by the name of Mr. Pickett, who was just the opposite to Pick Butler. Very short but with an immense corporation. He said to Pick Butler: "Pick, why are you so tall," and he replied, "Well, Mr. Pickett, if you were hammered out like me you would be the tallest."

The night Lieutenant Butler was captured he was riding a bobtailed bay horse, and of course his name was "Bob." The Yankees said that they had captured "Butler's Tower," meaning a tower built by their general, B. F Butler of New Orleans fame, sometimes called Beast and Spoons Butler. The only time that Senator Hoar was ever heard to curse while in the United States Senate was when he told General M. C. Butler that old B. F Butler of Massachusetts was the d—dst liar in the United States

One of the gamest men I have ever seen in battle was Major Hugh Farley, late Adjutant and Inspector-General of South Carolina. On the 27th October, 1864, at the battle of Burgess' Mill he rode over the field seemingly as unconcerned as though he was looking at a plantation. He was a splendid soldier and was a brother to Major Henry Farley, who commanded General Dunovant's dismounted men—men who had lost their horses and acted as infantry—until they could get remounts.

A member of the First New Jersey cavalry petitionel Congress for a medal, claiming that he had killed General Dunovant, and of course he got the medal. Colonel Kester commanded this regiment, which was as good as any cavalry regiment in the Yankee army, but I do not understand how a man could claim that he had killed the general when at least a thousand guns were fired at him perhaps at the same time, but I suppose the ma-

jority of the Congressmen thought he ought to have been killed and some one should be rewarded for it with a medal because he was killed.

General Dunovant owned two beautiful sorrel horses and a negro named Monroe, and frequently the couriers would give Monroe a pass to go out foraging, and he being slick of hand and tongue, would always return with something. On the 23rd September, 1864, Postell Mood wrote a pass and started Monroe off that night for "apple jack" and anything else he could conveniently pick up. We sat up listening to the firing of the infantry in the trenches and hoping Monroe would soon return, but as yet no Monroe. Of course he rode the horse into the Yankee's lines. When the general was killed his horse continued his course into the lines of the enemy.

When the Yankees captured Captain Pick Butler on the night of the 30th, just before the capture General Dunovant expressed himself in no uncertain terms to them, and of course they were very much excited. The sergeant in command kept saying "Halt," "Halt," and those of his men who were Americans began to say "Halt" like he did, and a little Dutchman would say "Sthand stheel, I shoot," and when the sergeant gave the command to fire, the Dutchman being just behind him, fired and the bullet went crashing through the sergeant's head, and that was why Charlie Montague could not wear the fellow's hat the next day, as it was too bloody. When the guns flashed, my horse reared and a bullet went through my hat, taking a quantity of hair with it.

Lieutenant-Colonel L. P Miller, of the Sixth South Carolina cavalry, was thrown from his horse, his foot hung in the stirrup, and but for a peach tree that his horse dragged him up against, which broke the stirrup leather and released him, he would have died a miserable death.

Early the next morning, 1st October, a prisoner was brought to headquarters. He was about 21 years old, red-headed, freckled-faced and was not handsome, and I immediately proposed to trade hats with him, and he said: "Where is yours?" I said, "You shot it off last night." We traded.

About 4 o'clock P M. General Dunovant told me to go back to camp. I said, "Why, General," and he replied, "Suppose we are both killed, who will take care of us." Did he expect to be

killed? I think so. Just as I had reached the camp and had unsaddled my horse Press Burch rode up hurriedly on his beautiful little roan mare and said, "The general is killed." I immediately returned to the battle field and brought his remains to camp. The next day General Butler started me for Chester, S. C., with the general's body, where it lies today at the home of his birth. No braver man ever filled a soldier's grave.

"The world shall yet decide,
In truth's clear, far-off light,
That the soldiers who wore the gray, and died
With Lee, were in the right."

Ocala, Fla., September 12th, 1908.

Dear Brooks: Please pardon my remissness in not complying before this with your request for a brief history of my connection with the dismounted battalion of Butler's Cavalry brigade in Virginia.

Your request brings up one of the most unpleasant episodes of my military life, but possibly it is a duty which I owe myself that the task should be performed. I often look with wonder at that class of people who appear to take pleasure in nursing their griefs. Even now, with all the years gone by since our fruitless struggle for what our people believed to be right, when memory recalls the incidents of that horrible four years of war with its fearful carnage, I cannot keep down the aches in my heart, and the tears from my eyes, which make me almost ashamed of my manhood, when I meet those of my companions who are yet numbered among the living. Memory carries me back to my connection with the Sixth South Carolina cavalry, when as its adjutant, lieutenant-colonel and colonel, I strove to make of the magnificent material I found ready to my hand, a regiment of soldiers perfect in all the duties belonging to a military service. It is hard for me to think that in proportion as they were made efficient, that in proportion as their fighting lines corresponded to the morning reports for duty, they furnished food for shot and shell. But such is war.

With the exception of Robert Aldrich, I am the only one left of the regimental field and staff captains and lieutenants except

COLONEL L. P. MILLER

Lieutenants Mims, Sullivan, John Bauskett and John Kennerly, almost all on the other side of the river; each year brings me nearer to its banks. Sometimes, in imagination, I can almost hear the ripple of its waters as it hurries on to the sea.

If it were germain to the matter in hand, I would like to tell of the soldierly deed of gallant Captain Mose Humphrey, Troop F, who always went to the firing line with a glory on his face, but who, poor fellow, died from his wounds received the morning we charged Kilpatrick's camp. I see Lieutenants Mims, Sullivan, John Kennerly, John Bauskett and a lot of others, deporting themselves most gallantly. I can never forget the blue hen's chickens, the Shipman boys, Ben and Harmon, and Shaft Moses, and Shands of C Troop, and Cameron of Whitner's Troop, and little Jackson, who ran away from home twice to join the regiment. No man ever had a trio of finer soldiers than the young fellows I had at my headquarters for special service—Belton Orchard, Charles Montague and —— Bolt, obedient, good tempered, perfectly fearless, unselfish, they were as near perfection as soldiers as men ever get to be. I would like to place crowns of laurels on the graves of Sergeant-Major Oscar Sheppard and Ben Shipman. Sheppard, as you know, was killed at Trevillian, and they tell me that Shipman, who succeeded Sheppard as sergeant-major, died after the war from the effects of his wounds. But, my dear Brooks, I feel as if I am fighting shy of my subject, the dismounted battalion.

A short time before the fight at Trevillian, I was ordered to report at General Butler's headquarters. "Colonel Miller," the general said, "I am going to give you a very unpleasant assignment. I wish you to take charge of the dead line camp of the brigade, which you will find near Richmond, on the Brooks turnpike, and break it up." In reply to my pleadings not to be taken from the regiment, he said: "No, from what General Hagood told me, you are the man for the job; the camp is a discredit to the service, and I am sick and tired of the complaints as to the depredations of the men and negroes belonging to it. I will promise to relieve you as soon as practicable, and will at some future time show my appreciation of your service by giving you a more pleasant task." I carried out my orders, but went back to the regiment after Colonel Aiken was wounded at Trevillian,

the most fearfully abused man in the Army of Northern Virginia. I will say here, however, as a set off, that some months after, while at General Hampton's headquarters, Major McClellan, chief of staff of the cavalry corps of the army, said: "When I inspected your camp I found it such a model of efficiency and discipline that I recommended that you be placed in general charge of the dead line camp of the cavalry." I told him while it was pleasant to hear his commendation, I was glad his recommendation had not been agreed to. He laughed and said: "Generals Hampton and Butler would not hear to it."

A brief history of my efforts to carry out my instructions may possibly translate this tangle of commendation and condemnation. The camp was found at the point indicated. It was a *mess*. I found almost as many men here as were at the front, as many negroes as there were soldiers, and a sprinkling of officers who did not belong to the detail, not able for active service, but not sick enough to go to the hospital. The horses of the enlisted men were in a sorry plight from want of care, constant riding over the country, and from the long march from South Carolina by road. So much for the component parts of the camp. I found the men carrying their horses to the clover fields, turning them loose to trample very much more than they could consume, and their masters and the darkies, some mounted and some on foot, scattering over the country. The conditions were depressing. I was confronted by my orders to break this camp up, and the consciousness of the odium to be incurred in doing it. A large portion of the soldiers in the camp were gentlemen, respected at home, and worthy of the high regard of their officers; they were the victims of circumstances and the bad men in the camp. But I soon saw there was no alternative. These men, good and bad, had to be organized into a dismounted battalion and sent to the front. The officers who did not belong to the detail had to be ordered to report to their commands or go to the hospital; and that the darkies had to have the knowledge thrashed into them that they had to obey orders. I wrote to General Butler to this effect and requested him, if he could spare them, to send me a small detail of men from the front with good horses, which, with the selections I would make from the men in the camp, would take care of the horses and forward them to their

owners as soon as deemed serviceable. General Butler approved; the dismounted battalion was sent to the front and order reigned in place of chaos.

I cannot close this communication without thanking General Butler for his kind consideration, which at the time I did not express. Immediately after my return to the front, he issued an order placing me in charge of the drill and instruction of the officers of the brigade. I felt then that it was a delicate way of expressing his appreciation of my efforts to carry out his orders, for I knew full well that with the active campaign in which we were engaged, there was little time for anything else but fighting.

With high regards,

Very truly yours,

L. P. MILLER,

Colonel Sixth South Carolina Cavalry.

P. S.—If time permits, I will send you, as requested, a brief account of the distinguished gallantry of Belton Orchard the night before General Dunovant was killed. L. P M.

BUTLER'S NIGHT MARCH

Ocala, Fla., September 20, 1908.

Dear Brooks: In complying with your request, a lot of gallant young fellows come trooping up before me. Lieutenant Nettles, who was killed; the Aldrich boys, Alfred and Robert; the Doziers, etc.; Dargan, who filled Ben Shipman's place as sergeant-major when Shipman was wounded; the Sullivans, John and ————, of Company A; Campbell, of Whitner's company, yourself, Beckwith, of Company G, and others worthy of mention. With a thousand of such men a commander could tackle almost any odds.

It may be interesting to give a brief statement of the series of happenings which led up to the events before us. With General Dearing's North Carolina brigade, we had been fighting nearly all day in the vicinity of the Vaughn road, south of Petersburg. As night approached, our lines were withdrawn and we were ordered into camp, and the guard detail established. As I sat talking with some of my officers, memory brought up the sad fate of a dear friend and schoolmate of mine, Lieutenant William Allen of Charleston. When his regiment, Twenty-third South Carolina, was ordered to Virginia, he handed me some of his personal belongings, saying: "I know I will never come back home and I do not wish strangers to have these things." He was killed in the first fight after his regiment arrived, and his body was not recovered. Thinking of this, I remarked that "Premonitions are not always verified. Today is the first time I ever felt I was going to be killed before it closed, yet, here I am alive."

While I was talking, the bugle at brigade headquarters called "boots and saddles." Orders from General Dunovant followed, "Sixth South Carolina in front to go to Armstrong's mill." Armstrong's mill consisted of a small settlement, and a very large dwelling house on high pillars with a ten-rail worm fence, staked and ridered, quite near, and along a road which came from the direction where we had been fighting during the day. Our course would strike this road at right angles at the house,

and would have an extensive new-ground clearing on its left. The column, by fours, was soon formed, and put in motion, with no advance guard, but with the camp guard and General Dunovant with his staff immediately in front of the Sixth. I could not help remarking to Lieutenant Kennerly, who was acting adjutant for me at the time, as to the queerness of the disposition. I knew that a camp guard, as it was usually detailed, was not a unit, and in an emergency would be almost worthless as a fighting force. When the brigade was almost at the fence, a sharp command rang out, "Halt," and immediately after, "Whose command do you belong to?" I turned to Kennerly and said, "John, we are up against the Yanks." "How do you know?" he asked. "Why, that fellow talks through his nose; go back and warn the squadron commanders to hold their men steady no matter what happens, and to extend the same orders to their troop commanders." The night was black, a misty rain was falling, the files in front could hardly be distinguished, there was a dead calm; one could almost hear a leaf falling to the ground. The column stood motionless, in anxious expectation. General Dunovant, after a moment's hesitation, replied: "Dunovant's brigade." "Dunovant's brigade is it, I do not know you. Dismount one and give the countersign." Captain Pick Butler of the staff was then ordered to go forward and comply with the command, but Pick had no Yankee countersign, and knew full well that he was going into the hands of the Phillistines and to Yankee prison, and Pick was slow. The officer became impatient and he again ordered, "Dismount one and give the countersign, or I will fire into you." General Dunovant, provoked at Pick's tardiness, said: "Captain Butler, are you going to obey my orders, or shall I attend to it." Pick replied, "I am going to," but the poor fellow still moved slowly. Fortunately for us Pick, in approaching the enemy, went to the left of the column. The officer again shouted, as he heard the sound of Pick's horse's feet, "Dismount I say, or I will fire into you." Captain Butler is about seven feet tall. Serious as the time was, I could not help laughing at his reply: "I am dismounted. I am a very tall man, and I am leading my horse." After a short colloquy, I heard the officer say: "They are damn rebels," and then, lining up his command, came the order, "Ready, aim, fire." Poor Pick, the last I heard of him,

the Yankees had taken his hat and fine boots, and were marching him to City Point, but even in his trial and tribulation he showed his good road sense by going out from the left of the column, and thus in the darkness of the night, drawing the fire of the enemy away from his people. Not a man on our side was killed or wounded, but I was told that a dead Yankee was found the next day on the left of where the column was standing. I was sitting on my horse three or four yards to the left of the head of the regiment when the order "fire" was given. Immediately after the volley, I heard Captain Zimmerman Davis, of the Fifth South Carolina, who had been detailed from his command for special service at brigade headquarters, shouting "Halt!" "Halt!" "Halt!" and here came pell mell the panic-stricken camp guard. I might as well have tried to stem a torrent with a straw. Down went horse and rider. In trying to brace myself from the shock, my right foot had slipped between the leather covering and the stirrup on my army saddle. When my horse recovered his feet, off he rushed across the new-ground field with my body being smashed to the ground with every stride he took. The premonition came flashing back, here is death; what will become of my poor wife and child. When my horse had run about two hundred yards, and consciousness was nearly gone, my foot was wrenched from its boot, and with my right leg almost out of its socket, the fingers of my right hand dislocated, the skin and hair from the side of my face and head gone, was left dazed, battered and bruised, a miserable wreck. Sitting on the ground in this condition, I heard some one not far from me calling "Colonel! Oh, Colonel!" I answered, and Orchard rode up and lifted me on his horse, got up behind, and we joined the command, which I found in perfect order. I asked Orchard the next day how it was he came to find me. "I heard you trying to stop the stampeded guard, I heard the crash when they struck your horse immediately after, I called to you, not being answered, I dismounted, and fearing you had been killed, I felt on the ground where I last heard you. Not finding you, and remembering that I heard a horse running, I took the chances and rode in the direction of his flight." Thus it was that the premonition that I would be killed that day was not verified.

I have seen men marching shoulder to shoulder to almost certain death, but in all my experiences, when I consider the demoralizing influences attending this act of Orchard's, I know of no more deserving or higher distinction for usefulness and gallantry.

The Sixth South Carolina stood like a rock. Had not the discipline and pluck of the regiment made them immune to the contagions and disorder around them, and they had stampeded, Butler's brigade would more than likely have been broken to flinders in the woods that night. Colonel Millin's battalion of cavalry had been stampeded only a short time before by a single shot from one of our own pickets, and had run twelve miles, horses and men being killed and wounded in the mad race. If my memory serves me rightly one of Wellington's veteran divisions, during his Peninsula campaigns, was stampeded by a drove of eight cattle. It is difficult for even old soldiers to understand this epidemic of fear which, at times, makes soldiers as uncontrolable as wild cattle. As I lay on my cot the day after the incident described, it was a great comfort to think General Hagood correct in his statement to General Butler.

General Butler, when we were not fighting on our own account, would sometimes ask me to ride the lines with him. One morning as we passed the regiment, he was pleased to speak in a very pleasant and complimentary way concerning it, and wound up by saying: "Do you know, if I had not met General Hagood in Charleston, I would have left your regiment in South Carolina; he asked me which regiments I was going to take back to Virginia. I told him the Third, Fourth and Fifth. He said: 'My advice to you is to take the Sixth, as it is a fine regiment.' I replied, 'They have the reputation in Virginia of being a set of wild Arabs.' He said, 'What they formerly were, they are not now. For the last four or five months, Miller has been in command and he has made of them a regiment of soldiers.' "

Very truly yours,

L. P MILLER,

Colonel Sixth South Carolina Cavalry.

904 Devisadero St., San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 19, 1908.

My Dear Brooks: Your very kind favor of a recent date received. I am very much pleased that you consider that my poor labors for *our dear* country are worthy of commemoration. Kindly advise me what period you would have the sketches from my pen embrace. I could begin with Brandy Station and follow with the most stirring events of my own personal career if so desired, or if you would prefer it, confine myself to one chapter as you suggested. Either would be a tribute of love, and I trust void of vain-gloriousness of self, for, candidly, I am striving hard to lay aside that poor personage. I am convinced that this life is made up more of sorrow, trials and vicissitudes than of joy, and that there is but little in all its struggles and ambitions. I am and always was very fond and proud of our dear friend, General Butler, and have constantly associated him with that other dear friend of ours, our dearly beloved General Wade Hampton. I believe General Butler lost his leg at Brandy Station, or was it at Culpeper Court House, or more properly Culpeper? How I remember the raid of Warren in the winter of 1864 when five men froze to death on their picket posts. General Butler was the central figure everywhere during that trying period, and by his untiring and gallant efforts Warren was driven ignominiously back from his foray for booty and lust for beauty. When near the end of our journey, one day about noon, we called at quite a pretentious house for our lunch, and as the scout was ever a welcome visitor, we were soon ensconsced in easy chairs by a crackling fire and were dreaming of the good things shortly to come, when one of Butler's men entered and inquired of our beautiful young hostess if she could send General Butler a bottle of brandy. "Certainly," she replied, and soon produced the desired bottle, and requested the trooper to give her kind regards to the general. You know the ladies always loved the general. He bowed low, cap in hand, and he, too, said "certainly." I felt sure the general would never see that bottle or taste that brandy, and he certainly did not, for that night I informed him of the episode as we reclined by the camp fire, and the general, though laughing all the while, said: "The scoundrel, and just to think he used my name, imposed on that young lady,

and never gave me a drop, confound him; if I could catch him, I'l make him suffer for his villiany."

When the laugh was over, in which the general joined as heartily as any one, I said to him, "General, you have the advantage of us." He answered, "How?" I said, "You have but one foot to get cold and we have two." I should not have said it, but it was a grim piece of humor that the soldier seldom loses. He took it good naturedly and simply smiled at the cork foot, which was as handsomely booted and spurred as the other, and you know what handsome feet and what a handsome man he was. God bless him, I loved him then, and I love him still. Kindly commend me to him and assure him that if by any humble effort of mine I can add to his glory, the labor will be one of love.

If you have "North Carolina Regiments," a recent history, kindly read pages 622-627, Volume 3, "Hampton's Beef Raid." If I have transgressed on you thus before, pardon me. Sometimes egotism will get the better of us, and I concede that I am not entirely free from it, profoundly though I pray to be immune therefrom. Kindly inform me how soon I must get to work and how soon you wish the picture.

Lovingly and loyally yours,

SHADBURNE.

BUTLER'S BRIGADE IN 1864

(From the Macon Telegraph, November, 1897.)

In the spring of 1864 the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments of South Carolina cavalry were transferred from duty on the sea-coast of South Carolina to Virginia, and constituted what was thereafter known as "Butler's Brigade," though subsequently commanded by Generals Dunovant, Law and Logan, and Colonel Hugh K. Aiken. Being armed with Enfield rifles, its chief fighting was done on foot, and it soon won for itself throughout the Army of Northern Virginia, as well as the Army of the Potomac, the soubriquet of "that fighting cavalry from South Carolina." No doubt the character and reputation of the brigade was due in great measure to the example and leadership of two such generals as M. C. Butler and Wade Hampton. During the spring, summer and fall of 1864 this brigade was constantly engaged in active and arduous service, as a reference to the battles in which it was engaged will show.

Beginning with Drury's Bluff, Chester Station and Atkinson's farm, fought by the Fifth regiment, which served as an infantry between Richmond and Petersburg while awaiting the arrival of the horses, and the other regiments of the brigade from South Carolina, followed by the battles of Charles City Court House, Hawes' Shop and Cold Harbor, in May; Trevillian Station, White House, White Oak Swamp and Riddle's Shop, in June; Nance's Shop and Sappony Church, in July; Gravelly Run, in August; Reams' Station and the Vaughan road, in September, and Cummins's Farm and Burgess' Mill, in October, besides innumerable skirmishes, which, though sometimes unpleasantly hot, did not attain to the dignity or importance of being mentioned as battles, and a record is shown of a pretty vigorous campaign.

This constant service and fighting made fearful havoc in the ranks of both men and horses. I do not remember the losses of the other regiments, but my own (the Fifth) lost over 400 officers and men in killed and wounded, besides about 50 captured, during the six months above mentioned. The chief fighting was done on foot with the rifle, but there was not wanting the brilliant

dash and the headlong charge with sabre and pistol, the shock of which the enemy seldom waited to meet. During this campaign Butler had been promoted to be major-general to command Hampton's division, and Colonel John Dunovant of the Fifth to the command of the brigade.

In the fall of that year Wade Hampton, then lieutenant-general, and commanding all the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, occupied with a part of the corps the extreme right of Lee's army. From Hatcher's Run, ten miles south of Petersburg, his lines extended indefinitely to Stoney Creek and beyond, so as to protect the Southside railroad and the Boydton plank-road, and thus to keep open the country from which General Lee drew a large part of his supplies. The Southside railroad was one of the main arteries by which supplies were brought from southern Virginia and North Carolina, and repeated efforts had been made by the enemy to reach and destroy it. The first attempt of any strength was made by the cavalry of Generals Wilson and Kautz, which, however, was intercepted and literally cut to pieces by Hampton at Sappony Church. After this frequent attempts were made by the enemy to dislodge our cavalry on the Vaughan road, and to cross the Boydton plank-road in order to get possession of the White Oak road, in the rear, upon which they might advance and destroy the Southside railroad, as well as to endeavor to turn Lee's right flank and force him to alter his lines for the defense of Petersburg and Richmond, or to evacuate them entirely (which General Grant finally succeeded in accomplishing in April, 1865.)

One of these demonstrations was made in force on the morning of October 1, 1864, but the enemy was driven back from several successive lines of battle to Cummins's farm, across Hatcher's run. The brave Dunovant was killed by a bullet through the brain while leading his brigade in a brilliant charge on that day. The last and most formidable attempt to break our lines during that year (1864) occurred on the 27th of October. The enemy's force, as we afterwards learned from prisoners, consisted of parts of three army corps, numbering upwards of ten thousand men. They advanced by several roads, which necessitated the retiring and concentration of our cavalry at the junction of the Boydton plank-road and the White Oak road, near Bur-

gess' Mill on Hatcher's Run. About 3 P M. Butler's brigade charged, dismounted, across an open field on the right of White Oak road, and drove the enemy back to the cover of a dense pine thicket on the Boydton plank-road, where their entire infantry was massed, while they had placed several batteries of artillery in position on the brow of a hill just beyond the thicket, and out of view of the battlefield. Our line of battle was halted at the crest of a small hill and along a rail fence, only a hundred yards or so from the enemy's line of battle, and heavy and continuous fire was kept up until long after dark. During the progress of the battle General Butler dispatched me to the line of battle with an order to the various regimental commanders. While riding across the open field I was met by a detail bearing the dead body of Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffords, the commanding officer of the Fifth regiment, who had been killed on the line of battle. (I was at this time serving as A. A. A. and I. general on General Butler's staff, but by the death of Colonel Jeffords was promoted the next day to the command of the regiment). After delivering the order of General Butler to Colonel Rutledge, Major Ferguson and others, I was making all the haste I could to get out of a fire which was uncomfortably hot for one on horseback, several balls having passed through my clothing, when I saw a staff officer, who appeared to be riding to meet me, fall from his horse. I galloped up to see who he was and to render assistance, when General Hampton and his staff rode up. We all dismounted and General Hampton, stooped over the prostrate form, gently raised his head and kissed him, saying: "My son, my son." It was his son, Lieutenant Preston Hampton, his aide-de-camp.

The little group was in full view of the enemy, and a volley was fired at us, wounding four of the party, one of them being Captain Wade Hampton, Jr., another son of our noble chief, who, having been upon the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston, and reported for duty with his father upon the removal of General Johnston from the command at Atlanta. I assisted Captain Hampton to mount his horse, and supported him to where General Butler was overlooking the field a short distance to the rear, and leaving him in General Butler's care, I galloped a hundred yards or so further to the rear, where

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON

I found a surgeon taking care of the wounded. Returning with him at full speed, we met General Hampton riding by the side of a spring wagon, which had been found in a farm yard on the field, and which was being pulled out of the line of fire by some of the staff and couriers. Dr. B. W Taylor, the chief surgeon of Hampton's Cavalry corps, was sitting in the wagon supporting the head of Preston Hampton upon his shoulders, but the gallant youth had ceased to breathe. General Hampton simply said, "Too late, doctor," and turning his horse, he rode over to a portion of the field where Lieutenant Bamberg of Hart's battery was engaged with two guns in an artillery duel with the batteries on the hill in the rear of the pine thicket, and he directed their fire until after dark, giving particular instructions as to the number of seconds' fuse, and the elevation of each gun at each discharge. The accuracy of this fire was attested the next morning as we saw there several exploded caissons and over twenty dead horses. It was an ennobling and inspiring sight to see this grand hero, with the kiss from the lips of his dead son still warm upon his own, while the other son was being borne from the field severely wounded, thus subordinating parental affection to duty to his country.

It remains only to say that owing to the obstinate resistance met with at this point, the enemy found that they could not succeed in reaching the railroad, and also fearing an attack the next day by General W H. F Lee, on their left flank, and General Mahone on their right, they quietly and noiselessly retreated during the night.

This was the last battle of any consequence fought by the cavalry that fall, as the roads soon became well-nigh impassable, and both armies went into winter quarters.

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS,
Colonel Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade, A. N. V

READ BEFORE CAMP HAMPTON, 3RD SEPTEMBER, 1899

A cold, rainy day towards the end of October in the year 1864, Hampton's cavalry was guarding the right wing of Lee's army, between Burgess' Mill on Hatcher's Run and the Rowanty. An indescribable melancholy which hangs over an army when on the eve of battle betokened that something of a grave and serious character would usher the 27th of October out. It was the autumn time, the glorious forests of old Virginia for weeks back had given under its foliage a gentle resting place for cavalrymen, infantrymen and artillerymen. Headquarters of generals had been located near farm houses or some old "Colonial home" full of the traditions of the "past," so fraught with the spirit of ancient and present hospitality.

It was the autumn-time, when leaves gently fall and cover oft in many places the graves of the unnumbered and unlettered gallant dead. The oak, the hickory and elm had each in turn shed leaves; all delicate and tender plants hid themselves away until the season came around once again to welcome them to sunlight and to shade. The change of season was upon us—dull, dreary days of danger and death, rested upon the face of the earth. The campaign of a short time before had resulted in sending General Phil Sheridan and General Wilson to cover; they had been roughly handled by the corps of cavalry commanded by General Wade Hampton, and sought shelter under the protection of General U. S. Grant and his superb army, well equipped and representing all branches of a magnificent array of men and horses, carbines and improved rifles. Sabres, too, glittered along his rifled guns he had near at hand to shell towns, to hurl into advancing columns or to cast over the tops of trees into the Confederate lines—the fatel shell which, upon leaving the gun, cast a circle or wreath of white smoke behind it, that one might trace thereby the death mission entrusted to it. It was

a sturdy set of men, seemingly without end of numbers, and they came

> "Like the wolf on the fold,
> And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
> And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
> When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

Grant's plan of battle was to drive Hampton across the Southside railroad, which, if successful, would have forced General Lee to evacuate Petersburg. His forces moved in three columns, the Ninth corps on the road to Hawks, the Second corps down the Vaughn road to Hatcher's Run, and the Fifth corps on a line intermediate between the other two—parts of which had to be opened. Major-General Parke was instructed to move on the presumed position of Hampton's men, and, if practicable, drive them out. Major-General Warren supported General Parke and Major-General Hancock (who was called by Dan Dougherty "the superb"), with parts of the Second corps and Gregg's division of cavalry, was ordered to cross Hatcher's Run and to capture the bridge at the mill on the Boydton plank-road. Hampton's men charged his line from the woods to his (Hancock's) right and rear, and attacked him vigorously, at the same time advancing on his left and attacking Gregg in the rear. The fight was in an open field and very sharp and severe. General Meade, in his report of date October 28, 1864, says: "In the Second corps the losses, owing to the severe fighting, were believed to be heavy," and regrets to report "that owing to the want of transportation and to the character of the cases, some of the wounded were left in charge of surgeons in some houses on the field. No return of casualties has yet been made." He might have added that they had no time to make out any return of casualties, as they were all too busy getting back to their former positions within the entrenched lines. If this was a victory for the "blue coats," all I have to say is that about three more just like it would have demolished Grant's entire army. Whoever heard of a victorious army escaping under the cover of darkness and leaving their dead and wounded on the field in the hands of the enemy? When this fight occurred Butler's division was guarding the crossing of the Rowanty. We were encamped on the Quaker road some

distance to the right of the mill on Hatcher's Run. General Butler behaved with such gallantry on the battlefield at Reams' Station on August 25th, 1864, that he was promoted to major-general, and General John Dunovant, colonel of the Fifth cavalry, who for gallantry was promoted to brigadier-general, took command of General Butler's old brigade and was killed at McDowell's farm on the first day of October, 1864, while leading his men to victory. Would it be out of place for me to state right here that about twenty minutes before he led his charge, he said to me, after I handed him a biscuit and a slice of ham: "Go back to the camp and remain there; suppose you were killed, who would take care of me?" Was he forewarned that he was to die so soon? I did take care of him. I carried his remains to Chester, S. C., where I left all that was mortal of this brave, generous and chivalrous man with his brother, Colonel Quay Dunovant.

Butler's division was composed of Dunovant's brigade (which was commanded by the gallant Colonel Hugh Aiken in this fight) and General Rosser's Virginia brigade and Young's Georgia brigade. When Hancock opened the fight, just at the break of day, General Butler ordered me to go at once to the front and report the cause of the firing immediately to him, and on my way back I met a Confederate colonel, who asked me what the trouble was. I told him that the enemy were advancing in full force. (See Mohun, page 310). After leaving the colonel I soon met General Butler and lost no time in putting him in possession of the facts. Hancock's corps forced a passage across the Rowanty and drove in our pickets. General Hampton ordered General Butler to withdraw and take position higher up the creek at Burgess' Mill. The left of Young's brigade was on the extreme left of the cavalry, and rested on the mill pond, having an open old field in our front. General Butler was also directed to move forward as soon as he heard the guns of General Wm. F H. Lee, whose division was to deploy on our right. While awaiting General Lee's attack we had thrown up temporary breastworks of fence rails, logs and such material as we could get. Hart's grand old battery of horse artillery was stationed by General Butler along our line with guns commanding the field in front; this was after the gallant Major Hart lost his leg about

12 M., but as usual Gunner Bamberg and Gunner Verdier were at their guns. This gallant old battery covered itself with glory. Gunner Bamberg is now the retired merchant, General Bamberg, at Bamberg, S. C., and Gunner Verdier is none other than the Hon. W J. Verdier, the distinguished lawyer at Beaufort, S. C.

At the signal I was sent by General Butler to tell the gallant Colonel Jeffords to move forward the entire line. As soon as Colonel Jeffords gave the command to forward he was shot down and died instantly. His remains now rest in Magnolia cemetery at Charleston, S. C. General Butler "fought the devil with fire" by dismounting the men, and they fought like devils, and attacked a division of Federal infantry stationed in the woods, and in the old field in our front. The firing was terrible. As soon as General Butler gave the command the whole brigade bounded over the breastworks and advanced, firing; the artillery at the same time firing over their heads with rapidity and effect. General Butler's headquarters were at the corner of Burgess' garden, near where two guns of the battery were posted. Major Barker, adjutant-general of Hampton's old division—Butler's then—was with General Butler that day He missed Major Barker and Captain Nat Butler from his side, and looking across the garden to his right he saw these two and Preston Hampton riding in the midst of the line of advancing men, waving their hats and cheering them on. They were perhaps a hundred yards to his right and the heavy firing prevented their hearing him. General Butler waved his hand to them and Nat Butler spurred his horse around in front of the garden, and looked so handsome "with long, dark brown hair and a rosy mouth, and eyes like the blue heavens in a night of frost." Preston Hampton turned to return to his father, whose headquarters were a hundred yards to the right and rear, and as he turned off in one direction and Nat to the other, he called out, "Hurrah, Nat," and almost instantly was shot in the groin and mortally wounded. I rushed up to where he was, and soon Dr. B. W Taylor was at his side to alleviate his pain, but alas too late; his young life blood had

gone, and thus ended the career of this, one of the bravest of the brave young men, who died so gloriously for our Lost Cause.

"Do we weep for the heroes who died for us,
Who, living, were true and tried for us,
And dying, sleep side by side for us,
The martyr band,
That hallowed our land,
With the blood they shed in a tide for us?"

I learned right here my first great lesson of life from General Hampton, which is self-control. When he saw his dying son lying on the ground he dismounted and kissed his brave boy, wiped a tear from his eye, remounted and went on giving orders as though nothing had happened. How can we control others if we do not control ourselves? General Butler rode up to this group and asked General Hampton who had been wounded, and with an agony of expression he replied: "Poor Preston has been mortally wounded." General Butler ordered a one-horse wagon near by brought down so that his remains might be carried out. Meantime the enemy discovered the crowd around him and concentrated their fire on us, and shot young Wade Hampton through the spine and killed one of General Hampton's couriers. About one hour after General Hampton's sons were shot, one of the cannoneers of Hart's battery reported to General Butler that a major was lying some distance in front in the broom-sedge, badly wounded. He at once sent some scouts out in search of him, but they returned unsuccessful. After a time Major Barker dragged himself out, terribly wounded. When Dr. B. W Taylor, chief surgeon of the division, examined him, he thought the wound fatal, but he happily recovered. Our own Dr. B. W Taylor took no heed of cannon balls nor minnie balls that day, but spent the whole time alleviating the sufferings of the wounded. Never was there a surgeon in any army who behaved with more gallantry and Christian fortitude than did Dr. Taylor.

We kept up the fight until nightfall. I can never forget that night; how young Wade Hampton was carried to a little hut, and when Dr. Taylor went to dress his wound, Captain Lowndes, who was as brave as Julius Caesar, could stand and see the

enemy bleed and die, but when he saw how bloody his friend was, he fainted and fell like a beef. Dr. Taylor had to administer to him at once before proceeding with the wounded young man, who behaved so gallantly in the fight.

General Hancock was driven some distance and retired to his lines.

Our attack saved General Mahone's division, which was being handled well, but hard pressed on our left by largely superior numbers. We also heard that Hancock made a very narrow escape. A shell from Hart's battery exploded very near his horse. It seems that General Grant always selected General Hancock when he wanted to attack General Hampton. He gave us a terrible fight, but did not succeed in breaking into our lines very far. In the afternoon of this memorable day, General Lee sent General A. P. Hill with his gallant old corps down to help us entertain the several corps commanded by Major-General Parke, Major-General Gregg and Major-General Warren, while we strained a point to entertain General Hancock, "the superb," specially.

Colonel John Esten Cooke, in "Mohun," speaks of General Butler as the gallant, noble Butler. "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." General Maury tells a story worthy of everlasting remembrance about three of our distinguished young soldiers: "Colonel John C. Haskell, whose arm was shattered so that amputation at the shoulder was necessary. The surgeon was about to administer chloroform, when Haskell said: 'Stop, Doctor, you must have very little chloroform since the enemy have declared it contraband of war. Is it not so?' 'Yes, Colonel,' said the surgeon. 'Then keep it for some poor soldier who needs it, I can do without it.' was the reply of this brave, unselfish man.

"General M. C. Butler of South Carolina was seriously wounded and maimed for life at the battle of Brandy Station. He and a young captain named Farley had just come out of action early in the morning, and were laughing together over some amusing incident they had noticed, and at that moment a cannon ball came bounding at them. It struck Butler's leg above the ankle, tore through his horse and cut off Farley's leg above the knee. Down they all went. Butler began to staunch the

blood with his handkerchief and advised Farley how to do the same. Captain Chestnut, Lieutenant Rhett and other officers came running to Butler's help, but at that moment he observed that Farley's dying horse was struggling and seemed likely to crush the rider. 'Go at once to Farley,' cried Butler, 'he needs you more than I do.' They did as they were bidden, and as Farley was placed on a litter, he asked them to bring his leg and put it too on the litter. Then he said: 'Now, gentlemen, you have done all for me that is possible. I shall be dead in an hour. God bless you for your kindness. I bid you all an affectionate farewell. Go at once to Butler.' That evening General Butler's leg was dressed in the hospital just as poor Farley breathed his last. Henceforth," says General Maury, "we shall not need to go to Sir Philip Sidney for an example of noble self-sacrifice."

General Butler's division staff consisted of Major T. G. Barker, adjutant-general; James N. Lipscomb, captain and assistant-general; O. N. Butler, lieutenant and aide-de-camp; John S. Preston, major and assistant inspector-general; B. W Taylor, chief surgeon; James M. Mason, captain and ordnance officer; George Melton, major and assistant commissary-general; Major Emmet Seibels was acting aide-de-camp. The couriers were: Jim Nix, who rode a roan horse; Alex Taylor, who was mounted on a beautiful little sorrel; Billy Garvin, was on a dark brown, ball-faced, white-legged, glass-eyed horse, and a little fellow named Jackson, who was known among the couriers as "Stonewall," rode a sorrel horse. I was mounted on a bay. Starling Turner was wagon master, and Billy Burrell was caterer, Jesse Hart was headquarters commissary, and John Wyche drove the headquarters ambulance, and an old fellow named Johnson drove the medicine ambulance. This old fellow was subject to cramp colic, as we will see later on. The day before the battle of Burgess' Mill John Wyche, Jesse Hart, Hugh Scott, the famous scout, and myself messed together and had decided to celebrate my 18th birthday, Thursday October 27, 1864, in royal Confederate style. "Our birthdays, what are they but warnings that sound at intervals from off the rock-bound coast of time." Unfortunately for us, we thought then, Hugh Scott was ordered to go behind Grant's army. We knew from that order that trouble was near, but did not expect it so soon. For

the birthday celebration we procured a canteen full of apple jack, and John, my faithful servant, had gathered together a chicken, a peck of sweet potatoes and some collards. Jesse Hart, Wyche and myself sat around the camp fire talking about the good things we would have next day, and after passing several resolutions that we would not open the canteen until next morning, we reluctantly retired for the night in the headquarters ambulance. Hart weighed 200 pounds, Wyche 190 pounds and I 120. I was wedged in between them, but for thinking of the good things we thought were in store for us, we could not sleep, and I ventured to say that I could not see how just one drink would hurt us. So we were soon again around the fire drinking from the "old canteen," and when we returned to the ambulance I soon discovered that there was no room in the ambulance for me and the apple jack too, as I began to feel very sick and everything seemed to be turning round. I put my head over the hind gate of the ambulance in order to pour out the "vials of wrath" of the apple jack. I was soon relieved, however, but must say to my disgust that I raised such a racket that General Butler was awakened, and said in a loud voice to Wyche: "What in the d—l is the matter out there?" And he quickly answered: 'Nothing, General, only old man Johnson has got the cramp colic, but the medicine we recommended will soon fix him." It is useless to say that we ate nothing until Friday, the 28th. As above stated, the fight began at the break of day on the 27th. Hancock's men pressed us very hard, and a desperate fight took place right in our camp. We slowly fell back to our regular line of battle on the Boydton plank-road, where we fought stubbornly until black dark, as described above.

After the battle, on Friday morning, I asked John where my servant was and Wyche said: "I never saw a nigger run so since I was born. He passed the wagon train with a double-barrel shotgun, with nearly all of his clothing torn off, and said he would kill every d—d Yankee that was fool enough to catch up with him—that he was getting mad." About three days after the fight John got back with his face badly scratched up and no hat, and begged me to let him go home, where he remained. He was an affectionate negro. When my brother was killed at Trevillian Station on the 12th of June, 1864, John wept like a child.

Well do I remember how my brother and myself, when little boys, would beg the overseer not to whip him for running away. Every time the cotton got in the grass John was just as sure to run away as a wild horse is to run when the trace breaks. John's first trip to Virginia was with my father in 1862, and when he returned so full of romance was he that all the negroes from the surrounding plantation would stretch their eyes and marvel at the wonderful tales as told by him. After the war I remember in October, 1865, a Yankee soldier had straggled away from the garrison at Edgefield, S. C., and asked me for dinner, which I gave him, and soon discovered that he was in liquor. He wished to return my kindness; said that he would go into the field and straighten out the negroes. He went alone. The first order he gave John jumped on him and beat him unmercifully, and told him that if ever he caught him on that place again he would certainly kill him. The soldier evidently thought he was in earnest for he never returned. I asked John why he beat him so, and he said: "Well, Marse Nuly, I just wanted to show these niggers how I used to do them d—d Yankees up in Virginny." If John were here tonight how natural it would be for him to ask if he was the only nigger who ran at Burgess' Mill. Let history answer.

In the Field, Virginia, October 30, 1864.

Captain Israel R. Sealy, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Army of the James.

Sir: We, the undersigned officers of the Twenty-second Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, most respectfully and urgently solicit an order convening a court of inquiry to investigate the action and conduct of Colonel J. B. Kiddoe, while commanding the regiment during the 27th inst., and leading it into action on the evening of the same day. Fully imbued with the responsibility resting on us while taking our men into action, we hold it to be due the honor and name of the regiment to which it is our pride to belong, as also a duty owing to ourselves, as men and officers, and to the men under our charge, that the veil be lifted which enshrouds our disgraceful rout on the 27th inst. * * *

Signed by six captains and one lieutenant of the colored regiment.

It seems from their own report that the "rebel yell" (as usual) had a moving effect on this occasion.

Comrades, did you ever fight negroes in the war? Well, if so, did you notice that your guns would shoot faster and

straighter than ever before? Did you ever see a comrade after he had surrendered to a negro soldier, and if so, where? And did you ever take a negro soldier prisoner, and if so, what did you do with him? I never saw one captured nor one after he was captured.

General Sherman says "war's hell," and we found race prejudice to be strong there.

A gallant private soldier, who had won laurels on other fields, just one month after this memorable bloody day, was captured and held a prisoner of war, and kept in the pens where private soldiers suffered. This private soldier belonged to the Third Virginia cavalry, although at one time he was colonel, and at another a brigadier-general in the United States Army, and is now engaged in dispensing justice through a judicial quill to our friends, the enemy, in New York.

Listen while I read letters from General C. M. Wilcox, C. S. A., to General Grant, U. S. A., and from General Meade to General Wilcox in reply about this distinguished man:

Headquarters Wilcox's Division,
November 29, 1864.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States.

Sir: I take the liberty of writing to you with reference to an incident that occurred between the picket lines of the two armies on Sunday, the 27th inst., about 2 p. m., and after my explanation of the affair, I trust the request may be granted, believing that my statement will be confirmed by the reports of the officers and men of my command.

The affair that I refer to is the capture of Private Roger A. Pryor, Third Virginia Cavalry, on the 27th inst., by the pickets of the troops under your command, and under the following circumstances, viz: At the time mentioned, the soldier rode up to our picket line, and looked for awhile at the opposite line through his glass, then dismounted from his horse, and taking from his pocket a newspaper, waved it toward a group of Federal officers. One of these responded to this with a paper in a similar manner, and the two mutually approached for the exchange of papers. Private Pryor asked the pickets on our side not to fire. Upon meeting each other they shook hands and exchanged papers. The Federal officer then seized Pryor by the arm and led him off to the rear. Upon reaching the line in the rear a crowd gathers around them and seemed to regard him as a prisoner, and since then he has not been seen. I feel much interest in the case of this young soldier, but cannot ask of our commander of our forces to intercede for him, as it is against his positive orders to exchange papers with the Federals, and doubtless like orders from yourself. It is, however, well known that

papers are exchanged, and, as above indicated, when not actually engaged in deadly strife, men from both armies are anxious and willing, and very naturally so, to hold communication and exchange papers. This soldier is, I believe, thoroughly imbued with a sentiment of honor, and could have approached your lines without sinister purpose, and though at this time a private in the ranks from choice, has been both a colonel and brigadier-general in our army, and filled both grades with credit to himself.

Should my statement be corroborated by that of your officers, I believe this man's case will be favorably regarded by you, and that he will soon be returned to our lines, to his friends and family.

I am with high respect, very truly, etc.

C. M. WILCOX,
Major-General, C. S. A.

The next day General Wilcox received this answer:

Major-General C. M. Wilcox, C. S. Army:

Your letter of the 28th inst. has been referred to me by Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, with directions to reply to it. I regret extremely that it is not within my power to accede to your request by returning to your lines Private R. A. Pryor, Third Virginia Cavalry. The same considerations which prevented you from applying to your commanding general precludes me from sanctioning this irregular intercourse between the opposing pickets, which is in direct violation of my orders, and for violating which and thus permitting himself to be captured in a similar manner, I recently dismissed Captain Burrage of Massachusetts regiment. Private Pryor will have to suffer the consequence of his imprudence. He will be held as prisoner of war and with all consideration due his position.

I remain, General, with great respect, etc.

GEORGE G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

On the 28th of October, 1864, General Hancock sent over to the Confederates a flag of truce to be allowed to bury his dead. The men on both sides had become accustomed to see each other suffer and die, and the men in blue who were detailed to perform these last sad rites were callous and easily contented themselves with shallow graves for their dead comrades, and after the first rain that fell on these narrow holes in the earth, you could see an arm showing here or a foot in the open there, &c.

Now the grave diggers they had—

"Gone, and there was not a gleam of them,
Gone, and we could only dream of them,
Gone into the night of the nevermore"

as far as their dead were concerned.

November nights in Virginia are chilly, and our men being thinly clad, and shoes and blankets were not to be had, they were forced from necessity to see that there could be no harm in uncovering these above-mentioned graves and get the blankets, shoes, hats and pants that could not be of any further service only to keep those of us from suffering who were fortunate enough to get them. I take the following from Colonel A. C. Haskell's address, delivered in Spartanburg May 10, 1897. In speaking of Confederate soldiers, take them as depicted by the enemy in "Recollections of a Private Soldier of the Army of the Potomac," as his line lay before our works in the summer of 1864 awaiting the order for the attack: "Every man in the Second Army corps knew," says he, "that not many miles away that the columns of the Army of Northern Virginia were marching furiously to save Petersburg and Richmond and the Confederacy. We could almost see those veteran troops—lean, squalid, and hungry and battle-torn, with set jaws and anxious-looking eyes—striding rapidly through the dust, pouring over bridges, crowding through streets of villages and ever hurrying to face us, and we knew that once they got behind the works in our front we could not drive them out."

In General B. F Butler's book is another testimonial to the physical suffering of the "men in gray." In discussing the treatment of prisoners under the non-exchange policy enforced by the Federal authorities, he writes: "I feel bound to say that from careful examination of the subject, I do not believe that either the people or the higher authorities of the Confederacy were in so great a degree responsible as they have been accused. In the matter of starvation it is incontestable that a soldier of our army would have quite starved on the rations which in the latter days of the war were served out to the Confederate soldier before Petersburg. I examined the haversacks of prisoners, and found therein as their rations of three days scarcely more than a pint of kernels of corn, none of which were broken, but only parched to blackness by the fire, and a piece of meat, most frequently raw bacon, some three inches long by an inch and a half wide and less than half an inch thick. Now, no Northern soldier could have lived three days upon that, and the lank, emaciated condition of the

prisoner fully testified to the meagreness of his means of subsistence."

With regard to clothing he goes on to say:

"It was simply impossible for the Confederates at that time and for many months preceding to have sufficient clothing upon the bodies of their soldiers, and many passed the winter barefoot."

"These were men
Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor;
And let their virtues plead
For just judgment
Of the cause in which they perished."

Major Hart makes a statement which I hereto attach, with many thanks to this gallant old hero:

Yorkville, S. C., September 2, 1897.

My Dear Mr. Brooks: I would like, of all things, to be present at the reading of your paper tomorrow night, on the Battle of Burgesse's Mill. My interest is something more than of a participant, for I left a leg there on that early morning fight. I have no doubt your paper will be filed as a part of the history of the battle, and as I participated in a corner of it away from general observation, I give you my story.

My battery was on a plank road near Wilson's House, when firing was heard at daylight that morning in the direction of Armstrong's Mill. "Boots and Saddles" sounded at once, and battery was put in motion for the firing. Met a courier from Hampton, saying: "Bring your guns to Armstrong's Mill at once; enemy attacked in heavy force." Reaching the Quaker road, where my road crossed it at school house (near saw mill) some cavalry came in stampeded, from the direction of Stoney Creek, saying that the enemy had broken our lines, and a heavy force of cavalry was moving up that road and would be there, closing Hampton's outlet from Armstrong's and capture his trains packed at the school house. I took two guns and went at a gallop to Gravelly Run and swamp three-fourths (or perhaps half a mile) south on the Quaker road, and sent remaining guns to Hampton with message of what I had done. Major T. B. Barker was at the cross roads, and I asked him to send everything he could find as supports. Captain M. J. Hough, of the Sixth Cavalry, brought his company, and some dismounted cavalry also were brought in, and with these I protected my flanks; the guns held the bridge until Hampton had retired from Hatcher's Run and the trains had got away.

I think Gregg's cavalry division must have been held here from two to three hours, for I moved out before sunrise, and it was 12 o'clock before he

got to the Cross Roads at Dabney's Mill. Young's brigade came in behind my guns and enabled me to get away. See General Gregg's report, War Records, Vol. 42, part I; also Colonel C. H. Smith, commanding Gregg's First Brigade, same volume. They both lie like dogs when they say they charged and carried the position, and that it was held by a "large force." I don't think I had over 125 men, all told, during the fight, and with Young's help the guns were retired when the end was accomplished for which I carried them there. I was shot just before they were withdrawn.

Yours truly,

JAS. F. HART.

In August, 1864, our infantry was in the trenches of Petersburg, and with so much practice the men on both sides had become excellent marksmen with artillery as well as with small arms. So expert were our friends, the enemy, with big guns that they could throw a shell with almost as much accuracy as an expert pitcher in a baseball team, and when mortar shells were thrown up into the air they would frequently fall behind our breastworks and burst, killing three or four men—the fuse was arranged so that it was seldom the shell did not explode the very second it touched the ground. One day one of these life-destroyers fell behind the breastworks right between the feet of a gallant young soldier 17 years old, and instead of running to save himself and letting his comrades die, as quick as thought he pitched it over the breastworks and it exploded before it touched the ground. The brave boy who performed this heroic deed belonged to the First South Carolina Volunteers, Jenkins' brigade, which regiment was commanded by the youngest colonel in either army, and who was only 19 years of age. How touching the scene was when the boy colonel complimented the boy shell-pitcher before the whole regiment for this deed. This was witnessed by First Lieutenant J. R. Best and Lieutenant J. R. Bryan of Company E, Fifth South Carolina Volunteers. This gallant young boy, Colonel James Hagood, who survived the war and was killed in a railroad accident just after the surrender, and the gallant young shell-pitcher is none other than Colonel F M. Mixon of our city. A report of this incident was made to General Lee and so impressed was he that this is what he wrote about the boy colonel after the railroad accident occurred:

"It gives me much pleasure to state that Colonel J. R. Hagood, during the whole time of his connection with the Army of Northern Virginia, was

conspicuous for gallantry, efficiency and good conduct. By his merit, constantly exhibited, he rose from a private in his regiment to its command, and showed by his actions that he was worthy of the position.

(Signed) "R. E. LEE,

"Lexington, Va., March 25, 1868."

"But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stain for us,
The glory they won shall not wane for us,
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us."

"KIT GOODWYN," COLORED

When the "Hampton Legion" was encamped near "Valle Crucis" many a man arranged it so that family servants were permitted to attach themselves to the entourage of "headquarters" or mess organization. These colored boys followed the column on many desperate marches, riding in easy touch of the young masters, who with inordinate pride wore the gray. The relations of master and man were ofttimes touching, touching to a degree when with tender care they prepared the young master for burial.

"Kit Goodwyn" was a follower in an humble way of all the "Hamptons" in the eventful period of 1861-1865, especially General Wade, and Colonel Frank Hampton. When on that eventful day at Brandy Station, Frank Hampton fell covering a splendid retreat, with masses of men crowding, but contesting inch by inch the ground to be covered. There was in the death of Colonel Hampton something which recalled the last moments of a "Crusader," for in bearing, in courage, and in deportment he reminded me ever of Scott's "Talisman," and "Sir Kenneth" personified in Frank Hampton.

Kit Goodwyn loved "Mass Wade" (General Hampton); he simply adored "The Colonel," "Mass Frank," and Kit has felt all the days of his life that with Hampton, Preston and Manning the latch-string hangs within easy reach.

Kit keeps alive the memories of former days, and almost any Saturday, should one exert himself and in an idle moment visit "Trinity churchyard," Kit could be found dusting and cleaning the tombs of former army friends, playmates, and young masters, if you choose. Kit and the sound of bullets and of screeching shells were familiar friends, and with gentle hands and on bended knee he helped sooth the last moments of a master, no less than friend. In that one moment he prayed as you and I would have done, comrade, for a playmate, schoolmate, or friend—he prayed for one loved by him, with the same tenderness that you and I prayed for our *three*.

Now, one day I witnessed the heart of Kit Goodwyn bowed down. "Burgess's Mill," October 27th, 1864, was a terrific engage-

WADE H. MANNING

ment, and after a terrible struggle, Preston Hampton went to his death rendering duty to his father as aide-de-camp, and Major Wade Hampton, A. D. C. General Joseph E. Johnston, but that day a volunteer aide to his father, received a terrible wound. It was about 4 p. m. when Wade and Preston fell, the enemy were pressing. At this juncture General M. C. Butler ordered Major Theo. G. Barker to order Major T. B. Ferguson to "move forward and charge his front." At this instant General M. C. Butler directed his personal courier, U. R. Brooks, to order Colonel R. B. Jeffords to advance *his* regiment, and the gallant Fifth moved forward together with the Sixth. It was then that Jeffords fell, a bullet penetrating the brain.

A spell fell over the field that day, but under orders U. R. Brooks rode forward, and reporting to General Hampton that Major Barker was desperately wounded, Colonel Jeffords killed, Preston and Wade, one dead on the field of battle, the other sorely wounded, bore testimony to the courage and endurance of Carolinians on battlefields of the South, from Sumter to Virginia, and Carolinians first, last and all the time for the "Confederacy."

This is mere tribute to the "Orderly" and "Courier" life of South Carolina's chieftains. Hampton and Butler dead, both loved Carolina. Soon it may be that over the sunset of our glorious Southern sky there, across the "Old Congaree," one of the gallant men who fought to the finish, joined Hampton, and as the two in fearful days maintained the honor of the State, so as they have passed away they leave only the memories of the past, "dear as remembered kisses after death."

WADE HAMPTON MANNING,
Orderly Wade Hampton,
Charleston Light Dragoons,
Troop "K," Fourth S. C. Cavalry.

CONTRIBUTION FROM A YANKEE SCOUT

By invitation of Colonel U. R. Brooks, of Columbia, S. C., that gallant and knightly Southern gentleman whose record in the Confederate Army is second to none, the writer proposes to give here a little incident of the war which may be of interest to some of the readers of Colonel Brooks's priceless volume. It is hardly necessary, at the outset, to say that these lines are penned by what not a few Southerners would rather ironically term a "Yankee soldier." He was but a youth of seventeen when he enlisted in the Thirty-fourth Ohio Infantry Regiment, recruited in Cincinnati, the place of his birth, and who will not be charged with boasting when he tells you that he served with his regiment continuously from July 25th, 1861, to July 25th, 1865, and in these four eventful years participated in forty-two engagements, big and little, and who, in one of the battles in and around Winchester, Va., was struck in the right shoulder by a Confederate bullet.

Well, this is sufficient for identification, and now for the reminiscence, simple as it is. It was in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah—that slaughter house of brave men on either side. General Crook, commanding the Army of Western Virginia, as it was then called, was marching with a small detachment in the neighborhood of Callahan's Stand. The general was followed by his staff, orderlies and headquarters clerks, and was preceded by a part of a troop of "Blazer's Scouts," a famous organization of Union backwoodsmen who were of invaluable service to the Federal army. The writer, then but an humble clerk detailed for duty with Crook's headquarters, asked and received permission to detach himself from the general and staff, and join the scouts. This he did in a few minutes. Not notifying Captain Blazer of this addition to his force, he rather modestly tacked himself on to the rear of the "Scouts," and tried to act as though, in truth, he was one of them. No objection to his presence being manifested, the cavalcade, with its new recruit, marched on. All were superbly mounted and ready for a fight or a foot race. We had gone perhaps a mile from where the new "scout" had joined his

comrades when in an abrupt bend of the splendid Virginia road which ran beside a clear and limpid stream, we very unexpectedly were confronted by a body of horsemen, who were, no doubt, as much surprised as we were. Surprise on both sides was manifest in a quick drawing of reins, which brought our horses onto their haunches. We were so amazed (both sides, for it need hardly be said that the other fellows were "Johnny Rebs,") that a moment or two elapsed before there was the least hostile demonstration by either Confederate or "Yank." But finally some trooper on our side, with more presence of mind than his comrades, blazed away with his carbine. It afterwards developed that his aim was bad, for no one was hit. The next instant the popping of guns became lively. But the Confederates, seeing, perhaps, that we had the advantage in numbers, suddenly and dexterously wheeled to the right about, and left us in possession of the "field." And then began such a Dick Turpin ride as perhaps has never been excelled. The Southern horses were fleet of foot, and they soon left the scouts far in the rear. But finally the Yanks and their steeds became warmed up, and we made some gain. But on we flew, pursuing and pursued, in such a mad scamper on a straight and beautiful road as would have delighted the heart of a race-track fiend. Finally some of the boys in gray, whose mounts could no longer stand the strain, leaped from their saddles and took to the woods. Some of our men, too, were left in the lurch by the stumbling of their jaded horses, and a half-dozen of them were invalided to the field hospital for weeks. At the round-up, which was fast approaching, not half the number on either side were "present for duty." And when we got close enough to have the least chance of doing any execution with our carbines and pistols the small remnant of the pursued were few indeed.

Just as they ascended a slight elevation, the "scouts" in the advance began to blaze away with might and main, and it was soon noticed that a Confederate had calmly dismounted, leaving his winded steed in the middle of the road, and as coolly as if on parade had made his way to a fence on the right-hand side of the road, and there awaited the arrival of his enemies. The writer glanced at this elegant and soldierly officer, as he went sweeping past him, but did not even think of taking him prisoner.

He did not see him until months afterwards, when this same officer fell into our hands again at another one of the many engagements around historic old Winchester.

Now, who was this gallant and soldierly man, dressed in the full regalia of a brigadier-general C. S. A.? None other than General Rosser, as knightly a horseman as ever wore a sword.

But a word or so remains. The writer still followed the little band of scouts, and within perhaps a hundred yards of where he passed General Rosser, he rode up on the right side of this horse standing in the road, and was attracted by an elegant pistol-holster on the saddle. Here was something that would at once attract the attention of the average trooper, and in his eagerness to get the contents (if any) of that holster, he became excited, and in the flurry he pulled the trigger of his own pistol and shot the poor horse (Rosser's horse) in the neck. He need not tell you that he has been ashamed of it ever since, although it was but an accident. However, he snatched out the pistol, all the same, and for years afterwards kept the splendid weapon as a reminder of an engagement in which he did not exactly cover himself with glory. But the worst of it was, before the "scout" recruit had time to ride around to the other side of the poor beast, another fellow, a real scout, dashed up and got the other pistol.

This is a poor story, poorly told, but here it is all the same.

MORTON L. HAWKINS.

General Sheridan wrote to General Augur, 2 August, 1864:

"I have 100 men who will take the contract to clean out Mosby's gang. I want 100 Spencer rifles for them. Send them to me if they can be found in Washington."

It was now evident that Mosby's men and Blazer's men could not occupy the same section of country; one or the other must go, and which one was a question to be settled by one decisive battle.

Captain Richard Blazer's command was composed of picked men from General Crook's division, were mostly from Ohio and West Virginia.

After the disastrous affair at Myer's Ford (as described by General Hawkins), where our First squadron was so badly used up by Blazer, the men were anxious to wipe out the stain which

they felt marred their fair fame. The cutting words used by Mosby, when he heard of the defeat of his old Company A, still rang in their ears: "You let the Yankees whip you? I will get hoopskirts for you. I'll send you into the first Yankee regiment we come across."

At last the opportunity was given them to win back their lost laurels. On the 18th of November, 1864, Mosby's men, Companies A and B, had exactly 110 men, and Blazer's scouts numbered 105 men. At Kabletown, Va., Blazer's men used their carbines at first, until we got fairly among them, when they drew their revolvers. They fought desperately, but our men pressed on, broke them and finally drove them from the field. The road for a distance of several miles bore evidence of the deadly conflict, as well as the discomfiture of the Federals. Blazer used every endeavor to rally his flying followers, but seeing the utter destruction of his command, and being well mounted, he endeavored to escape. Onward he dashed, steadily increasing the distance between himself and most of his pursuers, but a young man named Ferguson, mounted on his fleet mare "Fashion," followed close on Blazer's heels. After emptying his pistol without being able to hit or halt the fugitive, he drove spurs into his horse and urging her alongside the captain dealt him a blow with his pistol which knocked him from his horse and landed him in a fence corner.

"Boys," said Blazer, when able to speak, "you have whipped us fairly. All I ask is that you treat us well." His wounded head was tied up with a handkerchief, and he soon appeared somewhat reconciled to his fate.

Twenty-one Federals were killed, a large number wounded, many mortally, and twenty-two prisoners taken. Fifty horses, with their equipments, were captured.

Rev. Sydnor G. Ferguson is now a Methodist minister of Fredericksburg, Va.

After his release from prison, Blazer returned to his regiment, the Ninety-first Ohio. After the war he lived at Gallipolis, Ohio, until 1878, when he contracted yellow fever from the victims of the ill-fated steamer "John Porter," and died.

[The above is taken from the "History of Mosby's Command," by James J. Williamson of Co. A.—U. R. Brooks.]

W L. MAULDIN OF GREENVILLE

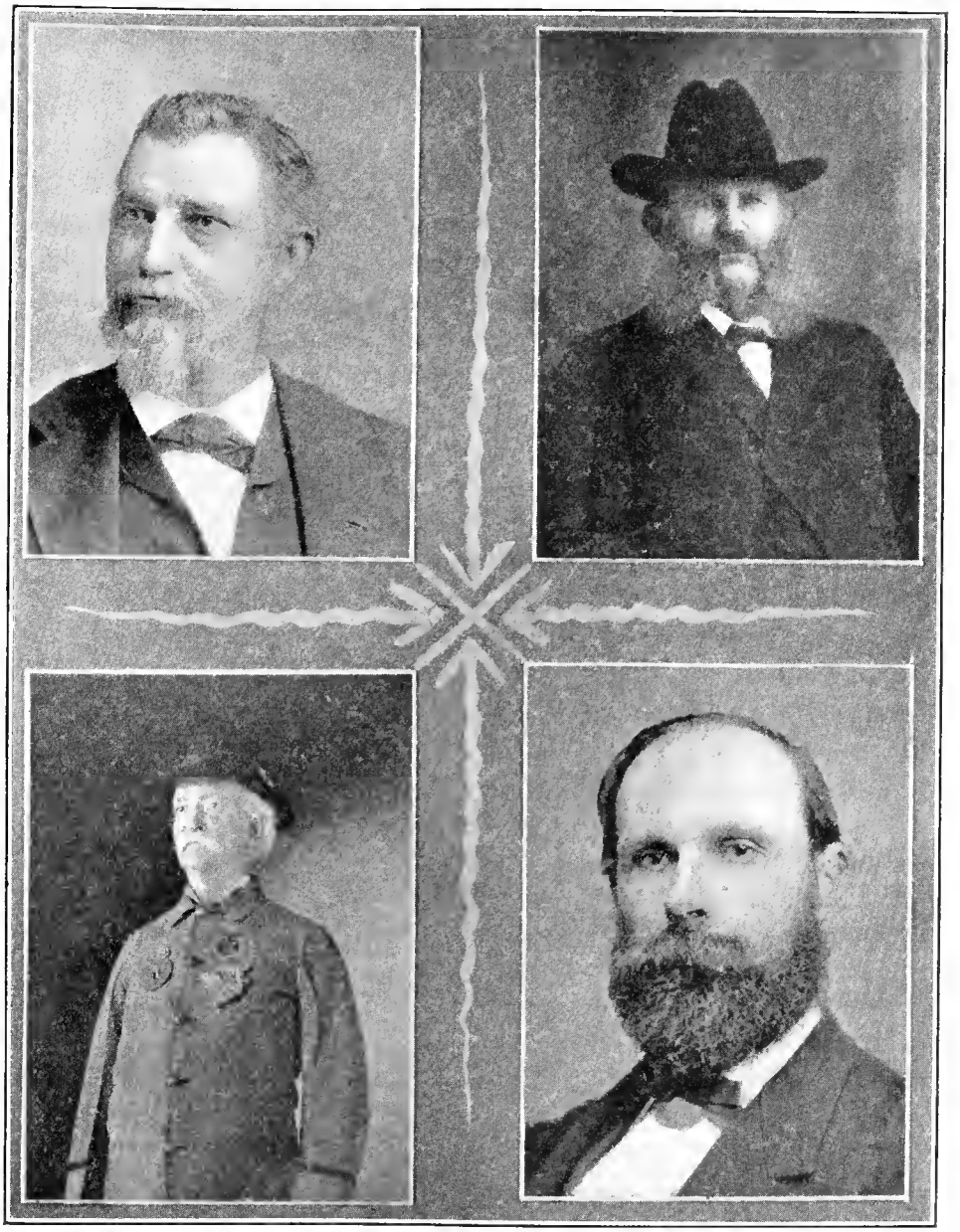
The new president *pro tempore* of the senate has had many honors in State affairs, showing the confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens. As lieutenant-governor he presided over the State senate when the Act was passed creating Clemson College. A biographer says of him:

"William L. Mauldin was born at Greenville, on June 13, 1845. He is the son of Samuel and Carolina A. (McHardy) Mauldin, and both of his parental grandsires served in the Colonial Army throughout the Revolutionary War. He was educated chiefly at Colonel Stephen Lee's academy, at Asheville, N. C., and at Furman University, in Greenville. When he was sixteen years of age he left his home, November, 1861, to join the army, enlisting as a member of Company A, of the Sixteenth Regiment of the South Carolina Infantry, and on the 19th of November, 1861, he left Greenville with his regiment for Charleston. He served in the regiment for twelve months, after which he returned home, but in July, 1863, he entered the Second Cavalry of South Carolina, with which he served until the close of the war.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR W. L. MAULDIN

"He was engaged in all the battles in which his regiment took part and discharged his duties in a brave and soldierly manner, as became a loyal citizen of the State. At the close of the war he returned to Greenville and engaged in the drug business. Since retiring from the drug business Senator Mauldin has devoted himself to his farming interests and the political affairs of the day. He was president of the Greenville and Laurens rail-

road until the same was consolidated, he having aided in the building of this road. Among his political offices he can count as many as any citizen of the State today. In 1874 he was chosen member of the board of aldermen of the City of Greenville and was reëlected to that body in 1875. In 1877 he was elected mayor of the city, serving in that capacity for one term. From 1878 until 1886 he was chairman of the Democratic County Central Committee. He was elected to the lower branch of the State legislature in 1882, and in 1884 he became a member of the senate. This office he resigned to accept that of lieutenant-governor, to which he was elected in 1886. He was reëlected in 1888, his term closing in 1890, in December."



PHIL HUTCHINSON
J. G. HOLMES

W. W. RUSSELL
W. GILMORE SIMMS

"DISMOUNTED BATTALION, BUTLER'S CAVALRY BRIGADE"

The mid-summer campaign of 1864, in which Major-General Wade Hampton (later lieutenant-general) signally defeated Sheridan's picked command of some 8,000 cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, with only 5,000 indifferently armed cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, was not only hard upon the men, but peculiarly hard upon the horses; and many hundred horses of Hampton's command were unfit for service after Sheridan had been driven to the protection of the gunboats at the White House on the York River. The horses of Butler's cavalry brigade that could travel, but were unfit for service, were ordered to the recruiting camp (more correctly dubbed by the men "the dead line"), near Dover's Mill on the James River, twenty miles above Richmond.

Early in July the dismounted men were sent to Richmond by canal boat (a delightful night's travel for tired campaigners), and thence by rail to Stoney Creek, ten or more miles south of Petersburg.

The writer found himself one of 300 to 500 dismounted men from the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments, South Carolina cavalry, composing Butler's Cavalry brigade, under command of Lieutenant Robert Aldrich, the adjutant of the Sixth regiment. By education a military man, just of age, the writer asked his old class-mate (of some four years of cadetship at "King's Mountain Military School" at Yorkville, S. C., under such disciplinarians as later General Micah Jenkins and Colonel Asbury Coward; and then of the South Carolina Military Academy), why he didn't organize "the mob?" as they couldn't be even rationed, much less drilled and fought as they were. "Bob" Aldrich, easy-going and good-natured, replied, "Organize them yourself," and I answered, "I will if you will write me an order to do so," and presto: he did, and this was the genesis of the "Dismounted Battalion, Butler's Cavalry Brigade," called by the mounted men of the brigade "The Stud Horse Battalion."

All of the men of the Fourth regiment were put in a company and Private B. Miller of F Troop (Cadet Rangers), Sixth regiment, assigned to its command as "acting captain." The men of the Fifth were in another company with Sergeant Dowling (?) of the same regiment, in command as "acting captain;" and the company composed of the men of the Sixth regiment was commanded by ex-Cadet J. F Hook, F Troop, Fifth regiment, thus forming a battalion of three companies, with private James G. Holmes, an ex-cadet also of F Troop, Sixth regiment, acting adjutant. Lieutenant Aldrich was soon relieved of the command of the battalion by Lieutenant Foster of the Fifth Regiment, and he in turn by other lieutenants; and then by Major Munnerlyn of the Fifth, and Major T. B. Ferguson of the Sixth, who fought the battle gallantly on the 23rd of August at Gravely Run, and still later Lieutenant-Colonel Edwards of the Fifth took command and retained it until the battalion was disbanded in Columbia, S. C., the following February; the men being ordered to their companies in the hopes of remounting them. Adjutant James G. Holmes was the only officer, commissioned or acting, who ever drilled the men of the battalion, and as a military man by education, practically commanded the battalion most of the six months of its existence. The battalion did good service, and as it had to keep in touch with the mounted command, did some hard marching. General Butler, under whose immediate notice the battalion deployed, after a mile and a half at the double quick to reach the battlefield of Gravely Run, August 23rd, commended the battalion for its gallantry, as did also Lieutenant-Colonel Barden, of the Thirteenth Georgia infantry, who commanded the dismounted men of both Butler's and Young's brigades in said fight, the regular commander, Captain Henry Farley, being absent on sick leave.

When Columbia, S. C., was evacuated, the battalion was again organized with Lieutenant-Colonel Trapier of the regular C. S. A. in command, and Adjutant Holmes again at his post. On reaching Charlotte, N. C., the men were remounted and reported to their companies, except Adjutant Holmes, who was assigned to the staff of Brigadier-General E. M. Law, commanding the remounts of both Butler's and Young's brigades, until the cavalry under General Hampton was overtaken, the night before Kil-

patrick's camp, near Fayetteville, N. C., was attacked. General Law then commanded Butler's brigade, until General Logan, who had just been commissioned for the position, took command of the brigade on the battlefield the second morning of Bentonville's three days' fight; the first day only the cavalry was engaged in an all-day skirmish, off and on, as usual for eighteen days and until the armistice that led to the surrender of Johnson's army.

The above, in brief, is the history of the "Dismounted Battalion, Butler's Cavalry Brigade."

JAMES G. HOLMES,
First and Only Adjutant.

Macon, Ga., October 12, '07

Lansford, S. C., July 20, 1908.

My Dear Colonel: I have just finished reading your graphic account of the 27th of October, 1864, fight. I read and wept, and wept and read, and wondered how you got up so accurate and detailed account of a game played nearly forty-five years ago, but you failed to say a word of what was going on north of the Creek. Do you remember that all the dismounted men of the Sixth, amounting to about eighty men, were put under me, and I was in camp north of Hatches' Run, just below Burgess's Mill, on the 27th of October, 1864, and about sunrise I received orders from a courier to double quick down said Run to a line of breastworks, and when I got there the scouts were being driven in, and I hurriedly covered the works—men five paces apart—and beat back column after column of the enemy? For three long hours my gallant band held the works against perhaps 20 to 1. For all this time I never saw an officer or received an order, and I believe had they run over my little band the enemy would have flanked your left and got between Hampton and Petersburg. At last, when I had almost despaired, I looked up towards Petersburg and saw an old Confederate flag floating in the breeze and beneath it a thousand true and tried Tar Heels, Cook's brigade, then next Barksdale's brigade. We received the compliments of these troops, who said we were the best cavalry they had ever met. General Hampton came over next morning and counted fifteen dead Yankees in one bunch.

I write the foregoing to vindicate my little band, as no mention has ever been made of this incident. At a reunion at Monroe last year I met some of the men that came to my relief, and that same old flag was presented to me that I saw that day—27th of October, 1864. I could not refrain from kissing its folds. I wish this could have been woven in your description of the fight.

Wishing you success in your work, I am,

Yours truly,

J. M. HOUGH.

Saluda, N. C., July 25th, 1908.

Colonel U R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

Dear Comrade: In your last chapter to the *Sunday News*, you spoke of the gallant act of Colonel F M. Mixson, in casting a shell over the breastworks. There died recently near Aiken, a true and tried old veteran of an Edgefield company, in the Seventh South Carolina Infantry, Kershaw's Brigade, who did the same brave act. While in the breastworks at the battle of Fredericksburg, squatting down, a shell fell between him and another, cutting off the coattail of the latter—who jumped up and ran. Joseph Willing grasped the fizzing bomb and threw it on the other side of the works. It fell among the numerous dead of Meagher's Irish Brigade, and exploded, throwing several bodies of them in the air. He was a fitting companion of the brave young soldier of the same brigade who gave water to the dying Federals between the lines.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,

B. H. TEAGUE.

AT WELDON, NORTH CAROLINA

After the battle of Reams Station on the 25th August, and the battle of Burgess's Mill on the 27th October, 1864, the next most formidable movement made by General Grant to cut General Lee's communications was when he sent Gregg's division of cavalry and the Fifth Army Corps under General Warren, of the Army of the Potomac, to capture Weldon, N. C., sixty miles from Petersburg. Weldon was an important depot of military supplies, so that its capture and destruction would have been a fatal blow to General Lee's army.

Weldon in those days was a very tough place, and was spoken of by the soldiers as "Hell's half acre," and they had it down about right. Like all railroad junction points in such troublous times it was a rendezvous for all sorts of people, but still was an extremely important depot for army supplies. General Warren bore the reputation, on our side of the line, as one of the most accomplished, capable soldiers in General Grant's army. In passing let me say, it was this same General Warren who was relieved of his command in the face of the Confederates at or near Five Forks, outside of Petersburg, by General Sheridan, and sent to the rear. Warren had the reputation of being not only a fine soldier, but a most cultivated, refined gentleman, belonging to the family of Warrens, of Massachusetts, who, I believe, were always prominent in the social and political life of that State.

Sheridan, on the other hand, was "a little, abrupt and brusque man," so his men said when some of them were captured, without the civilizing advantages of early training, and the gossip of the times was that Sheridan's action in disgracing Warren was largely inspired by jealousy. Warren is said to have died soon after the war with a broken heart.

There is no discounting the fact that Sheridan was one of the very ablest soldiers produced by the other side during the war. Of course I do not vouch for the correctness and accuracy of the above criticism of Warren and Sheridan; I give it as it came to me after the war, and I venture the opinion that there are a great many grains of truth in it. But coming back to our narrative.

Warren started out from Grant's lines early in the morning of the 7th day of December, 1864, as we have said, for the purpose of capturing Weldon and destroying it as a depot of supplies for General Lee's army. It was reported at the time that his corps consisted of at least 34,000 men. (See War Records.)

Early on the morning of the 7th, Captain Jim Butler was riding by my side and we happened to be in front when a Yankee scout started across the road about fifty yards ahead of us. Captain Butler did not say, "Halt, surrender," but merely said, "Come here to me, sir," which seemed to paralyze him and he came up to us looking like "a poor man at a cash sale." After getting what information we could from him he was sent to Libby Prison.

General Warren struck the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad below Stoney Creek, which is twenty miles south of Petersburg.

General Hampton's plan evidently was, judging from the movement of his column, to pass to the left of Warren's column and get in his front from that direction. However, that may be, no doubt finding the crossing of the Nottaway River impossible on that side, he withdrew rapidly, passed around Warren's rear, marched all night and got in Warren's front at Bellefield and Hicks' ford on the Meherrin River. At Hick's ford we found Lieutenant-Colonel John Garnett with a small detachment in command of a few siege guns in battery commanding the plateau on the north side of the Meherrin River near Bellefield. The day after we reached Hicks' ford General Butler was directed to barricade Clark's ford, three miles below Hicks' ford. He detailed Captain J. J. Bunch of Company B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, with about 600 men, to do this work. This was on the 9th December, 1864. I remember taking a dispatch that day to General Hampton and passed some of A. P. Hill's infantry, and can never forget how I saw the blood spurt from the feet of his barefooted and ragged soldiers marching over the frozen ground. Captain Bunch spent the entire day with the detachment, cutting trees across the ford, rolling rocks and other obstructions in the river, so that it was very effectually barricaded. And now the sequel, so full of tragic and apparently impossible.

During the day Warren had pushed the head of his column to the neighborhood of Bellefield; meantime had torn up the railroad for nearly twenty miles towards Stony Creek, burnt the

crossties and twisted the rails into all kinds of shapes. He deployed a heavy line and was moving across the plateau in front of Bellefield, evidently with the purpose of forcing a passage across the Meherrin and making a determined attack on Hicks' ford, the horse artillery, batteries of Hart and McGregor aided Garnett's guns, and a strong line of dismounted cavalry convinced him that his venture was a desperate one, and after the interchange of civilities, which was rather fierce for a time, Warren apparently came to the conclusion that "prudence was the better part of valor" and begun his retreat to Grant's lines. He did not reach Weldon, his objective point.

General Butler's division, which consisted of exactly 1,426 men, without unsaddling our horses was bivouacked at and around Hicks' ford. General Butler and W H. F Lee had their headquarters for the night in a large house in the suburbs of Hicks' ford. Of course, we had no tents, not even tent flys. The weather was terrifically cold; it had rained during the early part of the night, followed by a cold northwest wind which converted the rain into a sheet of sleet and ice. The men were old soldiers enough to build big fires, but the poor horses suffered terribly. Icicles were hanging from the saddle blankets and equipments. This was the situation at three o'clock that night or morning, when General Butler received orders (it having been known that Warren was making tracks for Grant's lines) to move his division at once to Clark's ford, remove the barricade placed there during the day by Captain Bunch, cross the river and get after Warren. Imagine, if possible, anything more trying and dismal than moving out in that hour in such weather to remove the barriers in the ford we had so thoroughly placed there during the day before to stop Warren, cross to the north side of the Meherrin River and join in the pursuit of the retreating Yankees.

One of the couriers heard General Butler remark, as they came out of the house to mount, "Well, boys, if we survive this weather and this night, we need not fear the Yankees." As I have said, the wind was blowing a gale from the northwest over sleet and ice. But we had to go. We moved down to Clark's ford, spent the better part of the morning removing large logs, rocks and other impediments and got over about midday and went straight for Warren's retreating Yankees. We took in a large number of

prisoners, abandoned wagons, arms and other accoutrements. That portion of Virginia was celebrated for its large stores of apple brandy. A large number of Warren's men got drunk, would first rob and then set fire to private residences occupied by women and children. I suppose it was almost impossible, in the demoralized condition of his troops, for Warren and his officers to prevent it. So our scouts were instructed that when they caught Yankees in the act of robbing and burning to take the vandals by the arms and legs and swing them in the flames, drunk or sober. Such are the terrors of war.

This drastic form of redress soon got out among the Yanks and had the desired effect. That night, the 10th December, it rained in torrents, so much as it was almost impossible to keep our camp fires going. As we were without tents this situation was not very attractive. That night and next day Warren had made good his escape inside of Grant's lines.

We returned to Bellefield, where we put up temporary winter quarters of log huts, etc.

And now comes another interesting phase of this celebrated raid. General Hampton placed General Butler in charge of rebuilding the railroad to Stony Creek. A novel duty for a cavalry officer, but the general went at it with his usual vigor. He put eight hundred or one thousand men in the woods cutting and hauling crossties, clearing of the roadbed, etc. Our friends, the enemy, had not only burnt the crossties, but by heating the rails had twisted them into every conceivable shape; they had to be straightened out by the same heating process. We got about six miles of road rebuilt in about two weeks, and General Butler went over it on the engine. Meantime we had heard of the whereabouts of the superintendent, putting him in charge and assisting him in every way possible. The superintendent got General Butler to impress 300 negroes. We put them to work, and from his long experience as a railroad man, he would finish and operate five miles of road while we were reconstructing one mile. At any rate we got the road in condition for transportation—a gap of nearly twenty miles—in a surprisingly short time when all the difficulties to be overcome are considered, and trains were again running there from Weldon nearly to Petersburg.

Another catastrophe might be interesting in that connection. Warren's soldiers had done their work of destruction very completely when an unusual flood of rain came along and reinforced their devilment. When the engineer had prepared the timbers for the bridge across the Nottaway and had some of them in position for the bridge and trestling they were washed away by a flood, the like of which was never seen before by the citizens of that section. More timbers were gotten out and the trestling and bridge completed in a very short time.

While on this raid General Warren had 34,000 men to A. P Hill's and Hampton's 16,000 all told.

A dispatch from General Meade to General Grant, exhibiting some nervousness, adds: "If Warren's men will fight and we have any luck Warren ought to repulse him."

But Warren was actually repulsed by our cavalry and horse artillery, notwithstanding reinforcements were sent to help him—get away.

SHADBURNE AND THE NEGRO

BY GEORGE D. SHADBURNE, CHIEF OF WADE HAMPTON'S SCOUTS.

It was the winter of 1864-65. The armies of Lee and Grant lay inactive in front of Petersburg and Richmond. Grant had ordered Sheridan to depopulate the Valley of Virginia, and that gallant (?) general, after marching up and down the Shenandoah Valley, driving women and children before him in hunger and want, had left nothing but a blackened wilderness behind him; and then, feeling that he had obeyed his orders to the letter, dispatched to Grant: "I have devastated the valley until a crow flying over it must carry his rations with him."

Amongst the most obnoxious of the raiders that ran riot in our country at that time was a company of negro cavalry that patrolled the road from City Point to Norfolk. I had long been anxious to get at them; for if there was anything that we hated worse than another, it was a negro soldier. So on the evening of December 22, 1864, we crossed the Blackwater. The day had been one of heavy rains, but toward night the heavens cleared and it became intensely cold. We concealed ourselves as best we could in the woods beneath the banks of the Blackwater and built fires and made ourselves comfortable. Two men were sent to the telegraph road, ten miles distant, to cut the telegraph wires, as we knew that would bring the black rascals out.

The country through which we passed to reach our objective point was one of treachery and disloyalty. A company of home guards had been formed there, and at the toot of a horn they would assemble, day or night, and there was then certain death to the intruder unless he was too smart for them. Hence any exposure in our movements would have worked our ruin. We remained in our place of concealment until the hour of midnight, then we stole cautiously forth, in single file, leading our horses so as to keep them completely under control, and slowly advanced. The ground by this time was frozen hard, so that we left no traces of our march behind. Thus quietly we passed through this sleeping land of treachery, and at dawn of the 23d we were well

ensconced in our place of ambush. It was in a heavy wood of "old field pines," the original forest having been denuded many years before. These pines were as thickly studded as their bulk would permit. About ten paces from and above the road we lay safely concealed. Some distance back of us the road crossed a small creek spanned by a wooden bridge. There one of our number was placed, with instructions to fire when the column had passed, unless he heard infantry approaching; then we in ambush were to fire upon the passing force, rise from concealment, give the Rebel yell, and charge into the open road; then mount our horses and pursue until all the blackguards were killed or captured. Our number was sixteen, composed of eleven regular scouts, four Confederates that I picked up for the occasion, and one man in blue, who had come to us by chance. He was a tall, handsome fellow, fully equipped and mounted upon a magnificent horse as black as night, with knightly trappings and a Mexican steel bit, a veritable Bucephalus. He had come to us and requested that we receive him as one of our band, which we did, but kept our eyes on him.

The regular scouts were Sloan, of North Carolina; Tanner, Smith and Simmonds, of Georgia; McIlwain and Rife, of Mississippi; Waller and Latham, of Alabama; Cleel, of Texas; ————, of ————, and Captain Shadburne, of Texas, chief of scouts.

The day was icy cold, and with great difficulty the men kept above the freezing point; but they were used to such hardships, and did not complain. In order to while away the time and keep the blood in circulation, they told stories, boxed, and jumped up and down, slapping their hands about them, and forgot their hunger, for we had nothing to eat. Our horses were tethered in the woods about one hundred yards in the rear of the rendezvous.

Slowly the time passed until the hour of two o'clock; then we heard the not-far-distant tread of approaching cavalry, and at once every man assumed his proper place, lying upon the ground face downward. The pulse of each scout quickened, his blood coursed freely, and his heart palpitated anxiously at the thought of the coming strife, and he clutched tightly his trusty weapon and uttered a hasty prayer, feeling the premonitory shudder always experienced by the brave soldier just before the shock of

battle. On came the unsuspecting foe—by twos they rode—until they were abreast of us, about fifty in number. We were eagerly ready, every gun was cocked and presented; all waited anxiously for the signal shot of our man at the bridge. The column passed, and still no shot was fired. Could it be that infantry was coming, and that the woods would be scoured? Such was my second thought, and the moment was ominous; for if such were the position, all would be lost. Then the signal shot was fired. Our man had waited for the rear guard to pass. The enemy was beyond our reach, and our only hope was to mount and charge. This was ordered, and every man hastened to his horse, but all did not charge; the four volunteers remained behind. The eleven and our friend in blue bore down upon the sable foe, who stood his ground and poured toward us a galling fire. Then I commanded "Major Jones," with his "battalion," to flank to the left. Simultaneously five of my men diverged in the woods to the left, and all charged gallantly forward and reformed not twenty paces from the foe. Then the Rebel yell was sounded, and right into their ranks we dashed, pouring a deadly volley into their very faces. A moment more and the enemy broke and fled wildly, the scouts keeping in hot pursuit. On they ran, and the rout was complete. As each scout overtook a negro, he sounded his death knell and continued on. Thus for six miles we pursued them, when no longer was there a negro in sight, and the day was won. With one long-continued Rebel yell we wheeled about and pursued the backward march.

In counting our losses and the results of victory, we found that we had lost our friend in blue. He, at the first onslaught, when the charge was sounded, dashed madly to the front, firing as he went, and never stopped until in the very midst of the enemy, where his body was literally riddled with bullets. Poor fellow, he was a brave man, even though a deserter. He fills a nameless grave like many another of that cruel war. This was our only loss, and the only other casualty was the fall of McIlwain. In making the charge at full speed his horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider over his head. He (McIlwain) was a six-footer, weighing about two hundred pounds, and, as his fall was a heavy one, he was badly bruised, but no bones were broken; and, though *hors de combat*, he was in the pursuit to the finish and

enjoyed it. In the affray we killed eleven negroes, wounded a number more, captured two white prisoners, twenty horses, and a fine ambulance containing, among other things, six dozen eggs and five gallons of good whiskey, all of which we held as a New Year's present.

It was but two hours till nightfall, and we made a hasty retreat for the Blackwater, where we arrived at sundown. The bridge over the Blackwater had been partially destroyed sometime before, there remaining only the framework and a few planks. We had been able to cross on these the previous night; but now, with the ambulance and additional horses, and night coming on, we were indeed in a dilemma. We hastily strung the planks in three rows, two rows of single ones, just the width of the ambulance apart, for the wheels of that vehicle to revolve upon, and another row of double planks over which we led the horses. With much difficulty we succeeded in getting all the horses safely over, save one attached to the ambulance, which fell from the side of the bridge and pulled with him that conveyance itself. Finally, with much exertion, we extricated the horse, and he floundered to the other shore, and thither we propelled the ambulance. Then followed a division of the spoils, and it was an hour in the night before we sought food and shelter. We had fasted sixteen hours and were fatigued. We greatly enjoyed the hospitality of our Virginia friends. The citizens were overjoyed at our victory. Many of the horses we had captured had been stolen from these citizens. They were returned, and the owners were hearty in their thanks and laudation.

THE POWER OF PRAYER

San Francisco, October 3, 1908.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of South Carolina.

MY DEAR COMRADE: You have solicited a chapter from me for your forthcoming book, which is complimentary in the extreme, and with great pleasure and considerable gratification, but mainly as a thankful tribute to our Divine Master, who delivered me from the enemy, the following is offered:

SHADBURNE'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

It was in the winter of 1864, both armies, that of Lee and Grant, were resting for the final struggle soon to follow. The army of Lee was holding Richmond and Petersburg, while that of Grant beleaguered both of these cities and encompassed the army of Lee and continuously bombarded our position from his iron monsters. Tired and weary from long years of service, the scout naturally sought a slight surcease from his sorrows and struggles, hence a furlough of fifteen days was accorded to Shadburne and his next friend, the gallant James M. Sloan, of North Carolina, than whom there was no braver soldier or truer friend; and on or about the 5th of November they started on their pilgrimage of love and affection. Near Skinker's Ford on the Rappahannock was a large two-story brick house that commanded a view of the surrounding country, and in that house dwelt the family of the widow McMuran, consisting of her son, a Presbyterian minister, and her two daughters, Misses Gertrude and Mary Virginia, and of all God's noblest and sweetest heroes and heroines of dear old Virginia, this family was amongst the most exalted. The young ladies were beautiful, refined and charming and of a most lovely character, and the writer always had, and still has, a lingering and longing affection for them; he loved them profoundly, and, of course, loved their mother and brother. Many a happy moment of rest, almost perfect rest, he had found under their protective watchfulness when he for a few hours was "off duty."

Naturally this beloved home was their destination. They took the cars to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, crossed the Rappahannock, and on foot, on the 6th, reached the hallowed spot. Their coming had not been expected, but they were none the less happily received, and their, or at least Shadburne's, cup of roseate bliss was nearly full, for, as has been said, the young ladies were very dear to him. No attempt will be made to portray their happiness during their stay; suffice it to say after a period of two weeks they bade their friends adieu and trudged their way to Fredericksburg, crossed the river after dark in a small boat, and found the city in the hands of the enemy, and in an attempt to escape therefrom were captured, and great was their chagrin, fear and trepidation, the reasons for which were these: Not long prior thereto, to wit: September 16, all Grant's beeves, 2,486 head, had been captured, and that fact had been traced by the enemy to the chief of scouts, Shadburne, and for that and a few other feats they had no love, but had it "in for him," and now he was in their hands, he running the blockade, his pockets full of letters for "In the Lines," a diary of past events, on his person, and his identity sure to be discovered, and, worst of all, his furlough expired, the campaign about to open, his services needed and he a prisoner doubtless to be held as a spy; all this dawned on him the moment of his capture, and really the situation seemed desperate. The difficulty was to avoid identification. Shortly after their capture, the cavalry battalion moved off up the road towards Marie's Heights, leaving their two prisoners under the guard of one man, and instantly a prospect of escape presented itself, which the writer was quick to grasp and undertake. Leaning his head upon Sloan's shoulder, he feigned sickness and whispered in Sloan's ear to "draw," believing that Sloan had done the same as himself, retained a revolver; the intention was to shoot or overpower the guard, leap into his saddle and flee, but just then back came the battalion and that prospect was gone; but something must be done, and that quickly. Continuing the ruse of sickness, Shadburne requested leave to go down to the canal for water, but a canteen was presented him instead, and that chance of getting rid of those objectionable letters and that tell-tale diary was gone. Still being *very sick*, and with his head upon Sloan's shoulder, he suddenly *fainted* (?), falling close to the edge of the sidewalk,

and as quick as thought threw that diary under the gutter, and instantly his nerves were better, the *faintness* left him and he was almost himself again, but that *sickness* must continue until further relief was obtained. The good-hearted (?) enemy, the generous (?) enemy, for once was imposed on, for they seemed to believe that *sick man's* plea, and kindly ordered him up behind one of their troopers, and thus seated, Sloan walking near, they started for the enemy's ships in the river below the city, but soon halted in front of the Presbyterian church and all dismounted and seated themselves on the sidewalk. It was now very dark, only the stars gave a twinkle of light. Presently Shadburne crawled over to Sloan and laid his head on Sloan's knees and whispered to him for his letters, then he stealthily approached a fence to an adjoining yard and began pushing letters under the fence, when a savage dog began a terrific barking from the other side of that fence, and orders came, "Get away from that fence," which were quickly obeyed, and once more the *sick man* was seeking comfort from his friend Sloan; and there he, silently, beneath his overcoat, dug up a brick and buried all the remainder of those letters, and then his *faintness* was gone. While riding behind the guard an attempt had been made to get him to "drap back," which he willingly did, and the resolution was instantly formed to force him from the saddle, leap therein and run for life, provided he dropped far enough back, but, alas, just as the propitious moment was about to arrive the order came, "Close up," and that prospect had vanished. Thus it is frequently in life, just as the opportunity has about presented itself it vanishes into space and leaves the heart sick. During the rest at the church Shadburne and Sloan, in whispers, had agreed to their story, which was subsequently repeated to the enemy. Presently the order came "to mount," and we were soon off for the enemy's boats, where we shortly arrived and were escorted to the presence of Colonel Sumner, the commanding officer, and our interrogation commenced, Sloan first, which ran about thus:

"What is your name, sir?"

"James Taylor, sir."

"What is your command?"

"Courier at General Hampton's headquarters, sir."

"Who is that other man?"

"That is Sergeant Jones, G. D. Jones, sir."

"His command?"

"Sergeant of couriers at General Hampton's headquarters, sir."

"Does he ever go scouting?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes."

"With how many men?"

"Sometimes twenty, sometimes forty, sometimes one hundred, sir."

"What is that I see in your bosom?"

"A pistol, sir."

"Why did you not surrender that, and why did you keep it?"

"Because I wished to keep it, it is mine; and I thought maybe I might need it to shoot my guard, sir."

"The h—l you say."

Then the interrogation of "that other man" began:

"What is your name?"

"G. D. Jones."

"Your command?"

"Sergeant of couriers at General Hampton's headquarters."

"Do you ever go scouting, and if so with how many men?"

"Yes, and with sometimes twenty, sometimes forty, sometimes one hundred men."

"Yes, I understand; that will do."

And we were remanded.

That Yankee guard behind whom "that other man" rode had promised a Yankee overcoat for that night, and "great our wonder grew, and hope once more our senses knew," but we have waited these forty years and that Yankee and that Yankee overcoat are still a vision of the unknown. Perhaps that Yankee forgot (?) his promise.

All that night and the next day our vessel steamed on towards Fortress Monroe, where we arrived the succeeding night; and all night we tossed upon our humble couch of blankets on the floor. Again and again the past and present were reviewed, and again and again we reached out for the future, the future of freedom and God's sunlight, or that other future of the dungeon, or perhaps death, ignominious death, the death of a spy. A thousand plans of escape were devised, but none seemed feasible. It would not do to spring overboard and swim for it, the chances were one to one thousand, that proportion was against us, so we must wait.

"Everything comes to him who waits." The second night, while we lay at Fortress Monroe, another chance presented itself. Calling the guard to him Shadburne asked permission to go to the toilet, which was readly granted, the guard escorting him. When in the dark and out of hearing of the other men, Shadburne said to the guard, "Get me a little boat, set me adrift in it, and allow me to get one hundred yards away, and then give the alarm if you wish and I'll take my chances; I'll give you one hundred dollars if you will do it." The guard agreed and disappeared in the darkness, ostensibly for the coveted purpose. Shadburne returned to his blankets, and was soon summoned before the commanding officer, the guard had betrayed him. He was taken into a private room, stripped to the skin and searched, and there, in his pocketbook was found a slip of paper, a promissory note in favor of Shadburne, and the secret was out. "Well," said the officer, "Shadburne, at last we have you, good, good," clapping his hands in delight. Shadburne, as cool as possible, answered: "Do you think you have Shadburne? Do you think he is fool enough to let you get him? That note, it is true, was obtained from him, but to get him is another thing." The officer responded: "That will not do, you are identified; we know you, and you will answer to General Grant." Thereupon Sloan and Shadburne were heavily manacled together and placed away down in the deepest part of the hold of the steamship Daniel Webster and started for Grant's headquarters near City Point on the James River. All day that vessel went on her course, and all day our hearts were heavy as lead. About noon a poor Irishman brought us lunch, and, lying down on our pallet beside us, offered his heartfelt sympathy, and it was sweet indeed. May God reward him for that noble deed! If we could always reflect upon the good we can do our fellows by just a little sympathy, our hearts would not be so cold and we would the more readily respond to our nobler selves, and we would be much the happier in making others happy.

"Oh, friends! I pray tonight
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged! forgive, I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight."

We were taken to City Point, Grant's headquarters, and placed on board the prison barge "Walkil," heavily manacled. Our berth, the lower one, faced the west and from it was a small window about two feet square, and from this we could see Grant's headquarters and much of his army. In our stateroom were two of the enemy, who had the upper berth. The first day of our stay on the "Walkil" was harrowing indeed. When the enemy was not in our stateroom we would go there and commune, and about our first act was to kneel in prayer and ask the assistance of God. Shadburne then and there solemnly declared that if delivered from this prison he would ever after attribute his deliverance to Almighty God, and that promise has been most faithfully kept by him. It was not long during this first day's imprisonment before Shadburne, from his silver penholder, had devised a key with which he could easily detach the manacles, but this was done in strictest secrecy and when the enemy were away from that stateroom. The first night of our stay on the barge, while sitting disconsolately by the cabin fire, a swarthy, blackeyed, handsome fellow, one of the enemy, passed before us, when Shadburne called quietly to him, "Williams, come here." He came and sitting down by Shadburne said, "How in the hell do you my name?" Shadburne responded, "Your brother George is one of my men." This was true, as was then discovered. The two brothers had become separated in their infancy, one, George, remaining in Georgia, and he was one of Shadburne's scouts, and the other had been taken to Illinois, and thus they were arrayed against each other, and in like manner many a brother fought brother or even father contended against son in that awful war. Williams, who we subsequently discovered was our roommate, at once became our steadfast friend. He whispered to Shadburne, "I'll take those damned things off you," and went away, spoke to the officer in command and presently returned and removed the irons, little knowing that we could have done the same, had we dared to do it. The next day the officer in command of the barge was changed to an Irish lieutenant and he at once had us more heavily ironed than before, and our key was useless. Our first elation was over, but we were not disconsolate, retiring to our cabin, with no fear from Williams, who had made for us a friend of his cabin mate, or for the latter, we again prayed most earn-

estly, then meditated, when presently Shadburne's penknife was plying most industriously to the steel notches that held the spring of the manacle on Sloan's wrist, and at each stroke a small glittering particle of steel fell therefrom. Sloan slapped his thigh and exclaimed, "Everlasting perseverance is the price of liberty!" We cut and cut, but it was of no avail, that spring would not let go, and Williams, not having the ear of the officer, no key could be obtained; but still we were not disconsolate, some other means would be devised; so Williams, his friend Darden, Sloan and Shadburne held a council of war, from which and by reason of which a bar of iron was soon evolved. Williams and Darden went from the room and the labor of breaking our ornaments began; we labored and greater the labor grew, much greater than the other fellows knew, but they soon returned and Darden said, "Haven't you those damned things off yet?" Shadburne answered, "No, we need some solid something, an axe, for instance, to rest the shank of this infernal thing on before we can knock it off." Without another word Darden sprang through the door and disappeared and after a short while returned with the coveted axe minus a helve and placing it on the floor said, "Williams, go out and tramp up and down the hall like hell!" and away went Williams and tramped like—the devil, and with one huge stroke by Darden we were released from our grip of steel, and saying "Hide it, hide it," he went forth tramping like h——well, like a horse. We hid our engines of war beneath the mattress of our bed, reclasped the broken cuff, wound it with a handkerchief and went forth whistling "Dixie." The first part of our prayers, to wit, the removal of the irons, had been answered and granted, but we never ceased praying and acting and as the means of escape were presented we grasped them. We were ever on the alert. Several days had passed in the exploit above mentioned and the greatest secrecy had to be maintained, one false step and all would be lost. Our plan of escape was soon devised. We must have a rope to let ourselves down from the upper deck, where our cabin was situated; we must have a dark, tempestuous night, and we must have a small boat, and for all these things we devoutly prayed long and earnestly, all the time promising that if we did escape we would ascribe all to God, and for one, again let it be repeated, Shadburne has never had any doubt about his

deliverance being by Divine intervention. Day after day we maintained the most perfect composure, even sang Confederate songs for the enemy and related stories of the war to them. Night after night, until quite late they would group themselves around us to be thus beguiled, and all thoughts of escape was farthest from their minds, but we waited, watched and prayed, and on the twelfth night our prayers were granted. That evening water was drawn from the river by a rope and bucket, and the bucket and rope were left by the water tank; we were looking on and were much pleased. The weather was then clear, but by ten o'clock that night the heavens were overcast and there was rumbling thunder in the distance, and the wind began to rise and presently the old barge was rocking visibly with the rising tide and the restless waters, and anon great drops of rain began to fall, the storm was imminent. Now all was still save the elements, the army slept, so did our guard, even to our two friends in the upper berth; then we stole gently forth from our cabin for a drink of water (?), but regaled ourselves *with* that rope and not *from* the bucket, and telling Sloan to return to his couch, Shadburne soon fastened the rope to a post near the cabin and cautiously joined Sloan; then finding that all was still quiet, our preparations began. The night was pitchy dark and our maneuvres had to be made most stealthily. We had retained our saddle pockets that we had carried with us in lieu of valises, and from these, after stripping ourselves to our underclothing, we took some light clothing, placing the same in the bosom of our undershirts, then Shadburne let himself through the window of the stateroom and after receiving the boots of each and fastening them to the end of rope, assisted Sloan, who was a little fellow, through that window, and there we stood ready for the descent. After scanning the surroundings and still finding that all was well, Shadburne went down hand over hand and was soon in the water beside the barge; here he rested but a moment, when down came Sloan, and once more the twain were side by side, this time under the gunwale of "The Walkil." The water was icy cold, it will be remembered it was in November, but our blood was warm and we thought nothing of the cold. By this time the elements were in wild commotion, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed and the waves rolled high, but the water came only to our, or rather Shadburne's

chin, but Sloan, poor fellow, could not touch bottom, but he was an expert swimmer, and could easily take care of himself. Near "The Walkil" was another vessel, a scow of some kind, and fastened to the rear of this were two little boats, that had not been raised from the water that night, contrary to custom, and we "made" for these boats, and soon found that one, the smaller one, was chained and locked to the scow, but the other one was only fastened by a rope, which was easily detached, but there were no oars, and oars we must have; feeling about, we soon found stairs leading down from the scow to the water, Shadburne ascended these and soon came down with the coveted oars, and as happy as larks and as brave as sheep, we seated ourselves in our gondola (?) and Shadburne pulling at the oars, new work for him, and Sloan steering, equally novel work for him, the twain pushed out into the muddy James. We had not proceeded far before we were shoaled in mud. Springing out, one on each side, we descended into that filthy stuff up to our midriffs, but by bearing down on the side of the boat and pushing at the same time we managed to propel that craft, it seemed to us for about two hundred yards, when once more we were afloat; but discovered right ahead of us a dark object on the water, which at first we feared was the patrol, and we were about to abandon our boat and swim for it when we discovered it was a buoy and all was well. With a few lusty strokes we were in the channel, having passed near enough to one of Grant's vessels to touch the anchor chains; and within five minutes more we were on shore and free.

An old log here projected into the river, on this we stepped, washed the mud from our persons as best we could, pulled on our outer clothing—pants, jackets and boots—knelt down and profoundly returned thanks to God for our liberty. Just then the storm broke and the moon came out, and knowing the country *passably* well, we struck out for other haunts, for, cold as it was, these were too hot for us. All night, that is the balance of the night, we marched, and at daybreak struck the main highway and just missed a battalion of the enemy. All day we lay concealed in the woods, wet, tired and hungry. All day it rained and by night we were a sorry-looking pair. Shadburne had cramps so he could scarcely walk and Sloan was not in much better condition. Slowly, carefully, stealthily, we crawled past

the enemy's picket line. It was very dark, and within a short time we were at the house of a poor Irishman named Walsh, near the Black Water Swamp. Here we were able to get something to eat, though it was short rations, as the enemy had stolen about all the poor fellow had. Be it said that this man was then a prisoner for some fancied offense on that infernal "Walkil," but his good wife received us kindly and gave us the best comfort within her power. After a brief stay we went forth into the dismal forest, and the night was so dark that we frequently had to crawl and feel for the road. About midnight we came to the house of the Lilly family, several brothers and sisters, good and hospitable people, with whom the scout was ever at home, and knocking for admission, we were soon ushered into warmth and comfort.

Next morning, after partaking of a good breakfast, being once more warm and dry, we were about starting for our camp in the Black Water Swamp when one of our scouts, Rife, of Mississippi, rode up and was greatly delighted to find us. Shadburne, who was much the worse for his adventure, mounted Rife's horse and the trio struck out for that little camp, where, after about one hour, they arrived and there was a *camp meeting* then and there, and Shadburne had to make a speech to his men and recount all recent adventures, whereupon every man swore he would never surrender, and they *kept* that oath and are still Hampton's scouts, and the writer is, with loyalty to the *great cause*,

GEO. D. SHADBURNE,
Chief of Scouts.

This October 3rd, 1908, at San Francisco.

RECOLLECTIONS OF J. D. HOGAN, SCOUT

Atkins, Arkansas, October 30, 1908.

DEAR COLONEL BROOKS: I will give you a little sketch as I saw it in and around Columbia in 1865.

It was about the middle of February of that year. The renowned city was arrayed in all its beauty and grandeur, with bunting draped and Confederate flags flying from balcony and window along Main street and the residences of the city; from the old State House the colors waved to the breeze as if signalling to every son of South Carolina to rally to the defence of the dear old town and its old men, women and children. The streets were lined with faces of men and women furrowed with anxiety and care, with here and there the beautiful faces of the young and fair; boys passed apace with haste and the natural excitement of youth; masses of negroes flocked everywhere. At intervals along the sidewalk familiar faces appeared: Richard O'Neale, Cathcart, Robert Bryce, Charles Janney, Thomas Davis, Henry Davis, Edward Hope, Jas. L. Clark, Drs. John and Edward Fisher, John Black, James D. Tradewell, John Bausket, Theo. Stark, Drs. J. W Parker, D. H. Trezevant, R. W Gibbes, Rev. P. J. Shand, Rev. William Martin, John McKenzie, Dr. T. J. Goodwyn, William Pinckney Stark, Chancellor J. P Carroll, and many others whose names cannot be recalled in the lapse of years.

As Butler's division disembarked from the long train which had brought them from Virginia, the order came to mount, and as the column reached Main street it was an inspiring sight to see these old men congregating in groups and congratulating themselves that Columbia was now safe. That Sherman would be whipped beyond the limits of the State did not permit of a question. But, in fact, little was known of Sherman's programme—rumors were floating on the wings of the wind. It was thought that Charleston would be attacked first, and then Columbia next; absolutely nothing was known.

Butler's division went into camp on the Lexington side of the river, and I was ordered by the general to take my party of scouts and locate Sherman's advance, ascertain his movements, and

report at the earliest moment. My guides were Sanders, of Orangeburg, and Ben Knots, of Lexington. We mounted and set out, crossed the Congaree bridge into Lexington, and made a forced march for Edisto bridge. We passed the "Red Store," eighteen miles south of the city, turned southwest and reached Knot's mill, where we stayed all night. The next morning we mounted, made another rapid march for the river, where we found Colonel Keitt's regiment guarding the Edisto bridge. We were informed that some of Sherman's bummers had appeared on the opposite side of the bridge the day before and were driven back by Colonel Keitt's men, and there was no time to tarry. We dismounted. I took Shoolbred, Colvin, Dulin, Guffin and Sanders, and gave Adolphus Kennerly orders to take charge of our horses and remain at the bridge for further instructions, unless the regiment should receive orders to fall back, and in the event of that they should fall back to Knot's mill and there await my arrival. We were soon across the river and out of the swamp and on the south side of the river. Now, I depended on my guide, who proved to be familiar with the roads and well acquainted with the citizens. Making our way through woods and fields, crossing lagoons and boggy swamps, we were soon in close proximity to the enemy. We came across several citizens who were hiding out from the Yanks and obtained some valuable information from them in reference to Sherman's movements. After remaining in the neighborhood the following night and a part of the next day, I was assured that he had abandoned Charleston and that he would make an attack on Columbia the next morning. Just as the sun was rising we reached the river, only to find the bridge burnt and still smoking, and without much delay we crossed on the smoking timbers, hastened over a distance of five miles and reached the home of Miss Martin. On entering her house I was surprised to find three Federal robbers. Miss Martin was sitting by her parlor fire crying, and a man in a Yankee uniform standing about six feet high, with a Colt's revolver in his hand, demanding her money. I disarmed him at once. Shoolbred disarmed another. From an adjoining room Miss Martin drew my attention to another at her back gate. I disarmed him as he was making an effort to mount his horse for flight. As I was in need of a horse I mounted it hurriedly and

gave orders to the boys to bring the prisoners to Knot's mill, where I expected to get my own horse and proceed to Columbia as fast as horseflesh could carry me. The captured horse was a good traveler, and I crossed streams and creeks and left the tall Lexington pines behind me at a rapid rate. Passing Knot's mill on a panting horse I saw the miller, a negro, and asked him if he had seen any soldiers. "Yas, sah! Whole company of Wheeler's men up at the house now!" The house could not be seen from the mill, and I urged my horse forward, thinking that I would soon be mounted on my own horse and carrying the information that Sherman would attack Columbia and not Charleston. To my surprise, however, I rode right into about one hundred of Sherman's bummers, and they had my horse by the bridle and a dozen or more Spencer rifles presented at my breast. I asked them if they were not Wheeler's men. "No. What command do you belong to?" "The Twentieth Army Corps" was the reply. I saw that discretion was the better part of valor, so I gave up my brace of Colt's pistols. I had scarcely dismounted before they had taken off a pair of fine brass spurs presented me by my friends in Columbia, a penknife from my vest pocket, and began searching me, when I protested in no uncertain terms. I told the officers that they would be made prisoners, and I would be released in a very short time, and I demanded the same treatment that would be accorded them. My knife was returned, and the officer gave orders to move immediately. They mounted me on a slow, miserable old horse and took up their line of march back to Miss Martin's. Arrived there late in the evening to find the place covered with blue bellies, I was closely guarded, and about dusk the army went into camp for the night. I was conducted to General Williams' headquarters, where I found him and his staff assembled around a pine-log fire. The guard announced: "General, here is a prisoner we captured today." About the first question asked was: "What were you doing in our lines?" "You're in ours; I supposed the Edisto formed your line." After many other questions I told him "that it was very mortifying for me to state that I had called by to bid Miss Elizabeth Knot good-bye, and was disarmed in her presence." "What army do you belong to?" "The Confederate army!" "What corps?" "Hampton's." "What division?"

"Butler's." "Where is Hampton and Butler?" "I cannot answer that question, General, but you will find them in the proper place at the right time." After many questions propounded in like manner, I was carried to General Sherman's headquarters, being only a short distance away. I was accompanied by some of General Williams' staff, one of whom made himself very conspicuous in tantalizing me at General Williams' headquarters. He said, "General, here is a full-blooded 'Johnny Reb' who was caught in our lines this morning." The general, who was sitting on a camp stool by the fire, turned to me and said: "What was your business inside my lines?" "I was not inside your lines, General. Your men had disarmed me and were inside of our lines, and I mistook them for friends." "What command do you belong to?" "General Butler's division." "Where is Butler?" "I cannot answer." "What State are you from?" "The State of South Carolina."

During this time a prisoner or deserter was brought in before Sherman. He was from Lexington and gave his name as Trotter. He had gotten away from the "Rebels" at Columbia, and was giving all the information he could in regard to location and strength of our army. I rebuked him and denounced him as a cowardly traitor unworthy the name of a South Carolinian. The officer who made himself so conspicuous said, "Why, Johnny Reb, I believe you would fight!" I rose from the camp stool I was sitting on and answered: "I will fight you for my liberty, and you can select the weapons, and I will select my second from your friends." He turned and twisted, some of his friends laughed and seemed vastly amused at his discomfiture. The general passed the incident by unnoticed, and turning to me asked what was the strength of our army at Columbia. I could not, nor would I if I could, answer that question. I replied, "You will find an army there that will defend the city and defeat your army." He replied, "I admire your pluck, but your judgment is bad; it will all be over by the first of June." "I may be a novice in military tactics, but I have an abiding faith in the justice of our cause," I replied. The answer came back, "A man of your determination should be engaged in a better cause." "The cause is good enough for me, and if it goes down I will go down with it."

Supper at this juncture was announced, and the general cordially invited me to join them. It proved to be a nice spread on the ground at the back of his tent, and I enjoyed it. I was closely guarded during the night in company with some twenty other prisoners. I fully intended to make my escape during the night should opportunity offer, but, unfortunately for me, a special guard was placed over me. Early the next morning the command took up its line of march for the Saluda River, crossing it west of the city, which move turned our right wing and Columbia was sacked and destroyed. There is to this day a scar on the west end of the State House left there by a shell fired from the high hills of Lexington. The left wing of Sherman's army crossed a narrow strip of Lexington County, then crossed Broad River into Fairfield County, thus pursuing their onward march to Winnsboro, and going into camp on the red hills northeast of the town on the Rocky Mount Road.

During the night I had a very severe hemorrhage, caused from a wound through the lungs received a year before. After destroying Columbia the army proceeded to Rocky Mount and camped there. A surgeon examined me and declared "that I would never be able to fight them any more," so I was placed on parole. It was a great relief, for had they searched me they would have found on my person passes from Generals Robert Edward Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler, Fitz Hugh Lee, and had they fallen into the hands of the enemy it may have caused a very serious trouble.

I am, dear Colonel,

Yours very truly,

J. D. HOGAN.

J. C. COLVIN, SCOUT, OF NOKESVILLE, VA.

One of the highest honors I had paid me during the war was by General Hampton, although I was complimented by General E. M. Law before on the battlefield of Bentonville amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon.

I did feel a pride when General Hampton selected me to go around Sherman's army near Columbia to ascertain if the buildings had been burned by the enemy. General Hampton gave me and my detail breakfast from his own table the morning we started for the city. This detail was selected from the different sections through which I had to travel, one from south of Columbia, between that point and where Sergeant Hogan was captured. This comrade and one other was sent in advance. They were captured by the Yankees, and soon after recaptured when General Hampton ran Kilpatrick into the swamp. I had just reached the command the morning of the Fayetteville charge. On reporting to General M. C. Butler, the first order given me was to stop the wagon train and check the stampede; the next to charge. When the brave little band swept by I fell in the rear, and the first man I saw was General Hampton with his pistol leveled at a Yankee, the next instant proved his aim true. Hugh Scott says, in *The Veteran*, "General Hampton hewed them down with his sabre." He is in error, the facts are he shot them both. I was the nearest man to him and an eyewitness to the shooting of both men. I emptied both of my pistols and struck a Yankee as he passed me with one that I had just fired.

I will give you a short sketch of my last war trials. We left our command with a few of our party, Guffin and our leader accompanied by another whose command I cannot now recall, and a detail of men numbering some twenty or more, to go around Sherman's right. Occasionally we would send back a courier with a report. I was taken sick on the way and the boys persuaded me finally to ride back with the courier, fearing that I might fall into the hands of the Yankees. We started back, and it was not long before we began meeting soldiers from Lee's army. These men stated that Lee had surrendered. At first we

thought them deserters. We pushed forward. The faster we marched the faster these soldiers came, until at last the courier met a man he knew; this man confirmed the report of Lee's surrender. The rumor was well founded, for the courier knew this soldier to be a truthful man. I turned to the courier and asked: "What are you going to do?" He answered, "I'm going home." I then said, "I am going with you." He did not object, and turned out to be a splendid fellow. I remained with him until I had rested up, then I started for the fighting lines. The first day's travel I ran into a body of Yankees before I knew it, but concealed myself in a cluster of pines, standing meantime by my horse to keep him quiet until night came on, fearing that his noise might attract the attention of the enemy. When night came the Yanks were all around me, so I camped on the spot, hoping to leave some time during the night, but I did not awake until their bugle sounded just before day. Then it was that I hustled from there, keeping to the woods and fields until I thought that I was out of reach of the Yankees. Here I met a citizen, an old gentleman on his way to the camp to try and have a horse restored which had been taken from him. I found him all right. He directed me to his house and to ask his sister to give me something to eat and to feed my horse. He told me, also, that he had two negro boys whom he could trust. I had seen enough of the negro, though, and was, consequently, always on my guard. The sister was a charming lady. She told me to put up my horse and that she would prepare a breakfast. I asked her to let me take some food into the pines, and she consented to this. One of the black boys soon came with a bountiful breakfast, and on his return the Yanks were carrying off her side-saddle and a side of bacon. The lady of the house notified me to be on the lookout. Riding over to the edge of the pines, I could see the blue jackets in every direction. Returning, I hid my horse in the thicket, selecting a place dense and well under cover. About two hours before sunset the Yanks made a dash for my hiding place, and about two hundred yards to where my horse was tied. They took him in charge. Sixty or seventy feet away, up in a pine tree, I lay concealed and settled myself as close as possible. The Yanks rode under and around me, but for the time being they never realized that I was nearer heaven than they were. Their guide

was one of the old gentleman's *trusted darkeys.* Between sunset and dark I left my roost and cautiously made my way to the house. He met me with outstretched arms as if I had been his son, and had a glass of mint julip made for me as soon as I entered the room. He took care of me that night and at daybreak woke me, gave me breakfast, and himself piloted me across the main thoroughfare, thus giving me a homeward start afoot. That day's journey made my feet sore, but I soon crossed into Virginia and stopped at a farmhouse to rest. The farmer informed me that he understood that horses could be bought cheap, as Sherman's army was on its march to Washington. I had a little over $50.00 in silver which I had exchanged with the Yanks for Confederate money, thinking it would be more convenient for them in prison. This money I gave to the farmer in order that he might purchase two horses. This he did; I took one and gave him the other.

The most thrilling experience I witnessed during the war was on this lonely jaunt, not having surrended (and, furthermore, I have not yet, as I am a firm believer in the Jeffersonian doctrine,) with no other companion than my horse, I made my way through forest and fields, following the main road and sleeping upon the bosom of mother earth when chance offered. On one occasion it was reported that the Yanks had threatened to hang any person found with a horse branded "U. S." I did not know at what moment I might fall into the hands of the enemy. However, this animal, as if by instinct, avoided the Yanks and carried me safely home in Northern Virginia. There he spent the balance of his days and helped to furnish bread for the family.

I reached home May 25th, 1865. I found my father and mother working in the garden. Neither knew me at first glance, but when I smiled and spoke to them, mother recognized me and with tears of joy clasped me to her arms. My father stood by gazing upon me in mute admiration. The long-lost boy had been found. Much had been demanded of them for that holy cause. Two sons slept under the soil of Missouri—they had served in the army of General Price—another sleeps in the family enclosure at Amosville, having died from wounds received in Stuart's night raid on Catlett's Station; he was a lieutenant in the Fourth Virginia cavalry.

JOHN C. COLVIN, Scout.

WARREN'S RAID

The winter of 1864 was notably one of the coldest for many years, and Virginia in winter is not a warm climate, and December of that year took the palm for that kind of atmospheric phenomena. The scout of long experience can almost guess when the enemy is about to move, and so it was just prior to December 7, 1864.

The writer for several dark and tempestuous nights just prior to that date had been "in the lines" and saw that the enemy were unusually active for that season of the year. Rations for many days were being cooked, wagons were being loaded, arms and accoutrements were gotten into readiness and a general stir was prevalent. This was the condition of Warren's corps, hence Shadburne dispatched to General Hampton: "The enemy, Warren's corps, are about to move; will keep you advised." And in verification of the prediction, on the 7th day of December, 1864, he started southward with about 30,000 men of all arms of the service, and in the best possible condition. What a contrast they presented, as they marched proudly forth from their lines, to our poorly equipped, ragged, half starved little army, composed of Butler and his men, about 2,000, and A. P. Hill's corps, about 14,000, who were all we could muster to meet that formidable array. That morning Shadburne and Isaac Curtis, of General W H. F Lee's command (in blue), rode through the enemy's column, commanding the stragglers to "close up," and Shadburne reported to General Hampton, "That Warren's destination was doubtless Weldon," and that he had his corps, inclusive of Gregg's cavalry, numbering 30,000 men. Then he hastily returned alone, again passing through Warren's line of march, and assembled his scouts, about twenty men, heavily armed and well mounted and each man a host in himself, and quickly was in pursuit. It was dreadfully cold; it had rained for many days and was now sleeting and raining at intervals, and great icicles had accumulated on the limbs of the trees of the dark forest through which led the line of march, so that all day the cracking of fallen branches, broken by this load of ice, sounded as the discharge of firearms.

Our ambition was to harass and destroy the enemy's rear, and we did it quite satisfactorily. In our first charge we captured a number of the enemy and each fellow had a canteen of apple jack (brandy), which we joyously seized and absorbed, so that presently we were quite warm, and as our fervor grew, so grew our appetite for the enemy, not that we longed for him on account of his apple jack, simply because we loved him so. Fast and furious became our charges and each time many of the enemy told no tales; prisoners we did not want, when we had enough apple jack, hence we took but few. About noon we galloped up to a wayside house, and seeing a lady walking up and down her front porch, wringing her hands in great agony, the writer jumped his horse over the paling fence and inquired of her what was the matter, and soon took in the *horrible* situation, which we leave the reader to conjecture (which was common to our beloved enemy), when she pointed to a company of New York Zouaves (devils incarnate), not far distant, by the roadside. Instantly rang out loud and clear the command, "Charge 'em boys; charge 'em, and give 'em hell." That charge left that company of New York Zouaves to tell no tales; their lust for booty and beauty doubtless gave them to the devil. The sequel to this occurrence was that when the infernal vandals returned, whipped by Butler and his men, they burned this poor woman's home; first, they robbed her of woman's proudest inheritance, then they stripped her of her home and turned her out in the pitiless storm. Magnanimous enemy! Chivalrous enemy! It is no wonder the South is a "Solid South." God trust she will ever remain so! With her chivalric recollections, and the remembrance of the aftermath of carpetbaggism and reconstruction, how could her self-respect permit her to be otherwise?

But let us return to Warren and Butler and his men. As the day advanced, the cold increased and by nightfall it was intense, and that night five of our pickets were frozen to death on their posts. Notwithstanding this condition of the weather, General Hampton marched all night of the 7th and next morning was in front of Warren at Bellefield with General Butler and his men, and Warren, finding the streams swollen and the fords barricaded, after a brief engagement with these determined veterans, concluded that retreat was wisdom, if not valor, and after destroying

many miles of our railroad, on the 9th, commenced his backward march, burning and destroying everything destructible within his reach. All that he had accomplished within two days with his 30,000 men was the tearing up of about twenty miles of our railroad, which we soon repaired, and the ravishing, pillaging, burning and destroying of many homes. Thus he had imitated his illustrious fellow-soldier, Crowvatious Sheridan, and he marched back into his lines somewhat a wiser but not better man.

On the 8th, about midday, an amusing incident occurred: While the writer was resting a few moments at a wayside house, waiting for dinner, to which the scout was always welcome in dear old Virginia, one of General Butler's men entered and asked of our hostess if she could send General Butler a bottle of brandy, that he was suffering from thirst, cold and hunger and greatly in need of it; our hostess, a beautiful young lady, readily responded: "Why, of course; certainly General Butler shall have it," and produced a bottle of excellent old peach brandy and requested the trooper to present her compliments to the general together with the bottle. The ladies always, all, admired, perhaps loved the general (just a little), for he was one of the grandest knights that ever set lance for fair lady. The soldier politely doffed his cap and, bowing low, answered: "Certainly." The writer felt certain the general would never even see that bottle, and that the spirits would hie to other haunts. That night, when reclining by the camp fire, he informed the general of this incident and inquired how he relished the brandy. The general laughingly responded: "The scoundrel, and just to think, he used my name, imposed on that young lady and never gave me a drop. Confound him, if I could catch him I'd make him rue it." When the laughter subsided, in which the general heartily joined, Shadburne said: "General, you have the advantage of us." He answered, "How?" "You have but one foot to freeze, we have two." This was cruel wit, but the occasion seemed to demand it, and it was meant in love and admiration, and the general received the sally good-naturedly and simply smiled (a sad smile) at his handsome cork foot, and doubtless thought of that memorable battlefield at Brandy Station—9th June, 1863—when he lost that foot. The general was a handsome man, then about twenty-seven years of age, tall, spare, graceful, athletic, and every inch a

soldier. The army loved him and all the ladies of the South admired him. He is now the last of his line, and when he retires to the Shades of Night no one can fill his place. God knows he was a hero, and would to God his prowess had known success. Never fought a grander man for a grander cause. And we all felt as he, that success should have crowned our efforts, and so shall ever feel. We cannot feel that our failure was best.

GEO. D. SHADBURNE,
Chief of Scouts.

At San Francisco, January 1, 1909.

DOCTOR E. W. TAYLOR

DR. B. W TAYLOR

Augusta, Ga., December 26, 1905.

DEAR COLONEL BROOKS: Your telegram just received announcing the death of Dr. B. W Taylor. To say that the announcement has filled my heart with profound sorrow is a very feeble form of expression.

Dr. Taylor, familiarly known by his friends as Watt Taylor, was my college mate at the South Carolina College away back in the '50's. We entered the Confederate service together in the Hampton Legion. He was chief surgeon of my regiment, the Second South Carolina Cavalry. He performed the surgical operation on the 9th of June, 1863, which I verily believe saved my life. He was surgeon of the First Cavalry Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, then of the first division, commanded respectively by General Hampton and myself. Added to that he was my comrade and friend from first to last.

A man more devoted to his duty whether to friend or enemy, a more conspicuously courageous soldier and gentleman never lived. He was, moreover, up amongst the first in his profession of surgery and medicine. He never complained or found fault, but went straight ahead doing his duty as it came to him. He never said unkind, ill-natured things about anybody, although a man of strong convictions and undaunted courage.

Of all the men I have known in a long, checkered career, there were three, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Hampton, Dr. B. W Taylor and Major Jack Preston, whom I have always cherished with the sincerest affection. They were such thorough gentlemen, so true, so courageous, so gracious, so free from guile and deceit.

Watt Taylor's death will be a great loss to Columbia and the whole State. His great personal worth and character, his professional standard of honor, his sense of duty to his country, his undeviating pursuit on the line of right exercised a commanding influence. May the blessing of God be with him and remain with him always, is my devout and heartfelt prayer. I know he will be among the elect in the next world.

M. C. BUTLER.

THE CHARGE ON KILPATRICK'S CAMP

"That brilliancy called History is pitiless; it has this strange and divine thing about it, that all light as it is, and because it is light, it often throws shadows over spots before luminous, it makes of the same man two different phantoms, and one attacks the other, and the darkness of the despot struggles with the lustre of the captain." In the language of Wendell Phillips: "If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country."

I am about to tell you of one of the many battles which was planned, fought and won by our own illustrious Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton on the 10th day of March, 1865—the charge on Kilpatrick's camp, twelve miles west of Fayetteville, N. C. Hampton's plan of action was a masterpiece. No historian will ever say of him what has been said of Wellington, that "Waterloo is a battle of the first class won by a captain of the second." Hampton's brave men who dared to follow where he dared to lead saw no Waterloo because that expressive word of defeat was not written in their vocabulary. Napoleon said that "detail facts belong rather to the biography of regiments than to the history of the army." I will, therefore, try to deal in detail facts as I remember them.

In January, 1865, General Lee ordered Lieutenant-General Hampton with General M. C. Butler and two of his brigades (Young's and Dunovant's) from the Army of Northern Virginia to meet Sherman at Columbia, where General Wheeler was to report to General Hampton upon his arrival. Each general had a squad of scouts who were brave and courageous men. I will give their names as I remember them. General Hampton's scouts were G. D. Shadburne, sergeant commanding; Bob Shiver, Lindsay, W. W Miller, D. F Tanner, Tom Thistle, Phil Hutchinson, Jim Dulin, Jim Guffin, Lem Guffin, Walker Russell, David Smith,

Jack Shoolbred, McCalla, —— Simmons, Jim Sloan, Shake Harris, R. B. Merchant, Pres Parks and Sol Legare. Sol Legare was captured below Petersburg, Va., in October, 1864; died in prison, July, 1865—Point Lookout. Wallace Miller brought his remains home in 1868.

General Butler's scouts were Dick Hogan, sergeant commanding; Hugh H. Scott, Bernard King, Bill Morrow, Dolph Kennedy, Bill Light, —— Elliott, Joel Adams, Jim Niblet, —— Black, —— Ashley, —— Collins, —— Hodges, Bill Burness, Bill Turner, Pem Guffin, and a brave young lad from Virginia named Colvin, and also the fearless Captain James Butler and N. B. Eison.

General Wheeler's scouts were commanded by Captain Shannon.

The gallant General Butler commanded the rear guard on the morning of the 17th of February, 1865, when we were leaving Columbia, and while the remnant of the second squadron of the Sixth S. C. Cavalry was reluctantly leaving our beautiful city Sergeant Hill Winn was killed in the college campus when withdrawing the picket line by Black Jack Logan's advance guard. This gallant young soldier belonged to "Co. B" which with "Co. F" (the cadet company) formed the said second squadron—than whom no braver squadron ever crossed the James.

The hero of Sherman's army was Lieutenant John A. McQueen, of the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, who saved several houses in Columbia at the peril of his life, and in the language of Dr. A. Toomer Porter, "he was one of the finest men I have ever known, a brave soldier, a chivalrous enemy, a devoted friend, and a most devout and honest Christian gentleman." So much pleased was Dr. Porter with him that he wrote this letter:

Columbia, S. C., February, 1865.

Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton.

DEAR GENERAL: Should Lieutenant McQueen, Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, one of General Howard's escort, U. S. A., ever fall into your hands or any of your command, let me entreat you to show him every kindness in your power. In the awful night of the 17th, I testify but for him my family and Dr. Reynolds' would have suffered indeed. He stuck to us all the night and all the day. He was a great part of the night on the shed, and labored with all his might to save Dr. Reynolds' house, which, by the good providence of God, by his aid was saved. I beg you, by all kind remembrance

of the past, for my sake as well as for him who has in the midst of the horrors of that night proved himself a man and a Christian, return to him in his extremity all the kindness he showed to us in ours. I am, General,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. TOOMER PORTER.

Bummers were men who were ordered by Sherman to go from house to house along the march and rob our women and children of every morsel of bread and meat they possessed to feed his 70,000 hungry men who, with a few exceptions, acted like savages more than soldiers. Some of our women were forced to rake up grains of corn from where these men had fed their horses in order to prepare it for food as best they could. Every horse, mule, cow, turkey, chicken and all that could be eaten, had been stolen. The day after leaving Columbia, General Butler, with a few men, charged some "bummers" and they ran in every direction from the house they were then pillaging, and in a chase of about 200 yards through the woods I caught one of them, who begged hard for his life, and offered me a beautiful riding whip not to kill him which he had evidently stolen from some lady, and as he had thrown his gun away all that I could do was to accept the whip and him too. I turned him over to Geneneral Butler and left him answering questions.

The next day some one presented General Butler with a large map of the State, which was put in my charge until we could get a smaller one, which was procured, I think, the next day. About sundown of the first day I carried it General Butler called for the map which, to my disgust, I had left five miles away in a house where some ladies had given me a piece of bread. The order had to be obeyed, and when I mounted my faithful horse something, I know not what, seemed to tell him that quick work was all that could save us both—the smoke of the houses all around showed that we were gradually being surrounded and I expected every moment to be bushwhacked or perhaps meet a column in the road and be shot to death; but I swore I would have that map or die, and when I reached the house with my horse white with sweat, a lady met me at the gate with the map and said, "Fly, for they are here." It is useless to state that the map was soon in General Butler's hands. This same faithful horse, like Tam O'Shanter's Meg, "good as ever lifted leg," was killed at Campbell's Mill,

on the Juniper Creek, in Chesterfield County, when his rider and a private soldier belonging to the Phillips Legion named McDaniel, being possessed with more pluck than judgment, charged fourteen Yankees in the Campbell house. Well do I remember how poor old Mrs. Campbell looked when she ran out of the house and said, "My gracious alives, men, if you don't stop that shooten somebody is gwine to git hurt." I soon discovered that she was right. My horse was shot, and so was I, but the poor horse had enough strength to take me to the swamp, where McDaniel and I held a council of war and decided to separate at once. Poor fellow, I hope he is doing well—I have not heard of him since. I wandered about in the woods, dodging blue coats until dark, when I met an old citizen who gave me his hat and said, "Here is a good negro who will conduct you through the woods to Society Hill to Dr. Pressley's house, and he will let you have a horse." Upon our safe arrival I gave this faithful negro all I possessed, which was a five-dollar Confederate bill. Our scouts took the bummers in at Campbell's Mill and ate the dinner which they made old Mrs. Campbell prepare for them. At Dr. Pressley's hospitable home I fortunately met Colonel Zimmerman Davis, and the next morning I was mounted on Dr. Pressley's horse and with Colonel Davis crossed the Great Pee Dee and went in the direction of Bennettsville, and after traveling a few miles, I had returned Dr. Pressley's horse, having procured a wild young horse which could run like a deer. We spent the night at Bennettsville and early next morning met our men at Cheraw, where a hot skirmish was going on. A battery was placed in position to shell the town, and while General Butler and his scouts were consulting in the street a shell killed the horse of Sergeant Wells of the Charleston Light Dragoons. This gallant company had been so badly cut to pieces in Virginia that only fifteen or twenty men were left, and while at Columbia, General Butler detailed these brave boys as his escort, and the first shell fired into Cheraw killed the horse just mentioned. Just before reaching Lynch's River we stopped at a house where a deserter lived. He told us that he belonged to "Nelson's Battalion, Hagood's Brigade," and took us for Kilpatrick's men and opened his corn crib and fed our horses and assured us that he was with us and would do what he could to crush the rebellion. I never can forget

GLENN EDWIN DAVIS,

since 1883 City Sheriff of Charleston, was born in Fairfield County in 1843, but was reared from the age of four years in the city. Several of his ancestors were officers in the Revolutionary Army. In 1858 he entered the military academy at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and in 1860 became a cadet at the Citadel Academy at Charleston. He left this institution with the Cadets in June, 1862, and enlisted in the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, the Cadets forming Company "F" of that command. In this regiment he served one year, participating in several skirmishes on the coast, and was then transferred to Company "D," Fifth South Carolina Cavalry. Being ordered to Virginia, his regiment became part of General M. C. Butler's command of Hampton's Division. He was appointed color-bearer of the brigade of General John Dunovant. After this gallant general was killed, Davis returned to his regiment. After the battle of Trevilian, he was appointed sergeant-major of the regiment in recognition of his gallant record and soldierly ability; from early in 1865 until the surrender at Greensboro, he acted as adjutant of the regiment. Among the battles in which he participated were the engagements of cavalry before Richmond and Petersburg, Chester Station, Va.; Drewry's Bluff, Charles City, Trevilian's, White House, Ream's Station, Vaughn Road, Burgess' Mill, Averysboro, and Bentonville, N. C. He was in over forty cavalry skirmishes in Virginia, a number on the South Carolina coast, and almost daily skirmishes in the two Carolinas during Sherman's march from February 14th to April 13th, 1865. For a year after the close of hostilities he resided in Edgefield, S. C.; then he returned to Charleston, where he has since resided. His election as City Sheriff in 1883, and his long retention in office evidence the high regard in which he is held by the people of Charleston.

how this unfortunate man looked next morning when he found, to his utter disgust, that he had been entertaining "graycoats."

I take the following from a letter written by Colonel Zimmerman Davis:

"Among many similar brilliant exploits of our Major-General Butler, was a morning attack upon one of Sherman s wagon trains on the west of Little Lynch's Creek, in Kershaw County, on February 23rd. The night before was cold, dark and rainy, when he boldly marched his command into the very midst of Sherman's army, and about eleven o'clock went into camp in sight of and between camp fires of two army corps. His men were in the saddle again before the dawn and by sunrise were drawn up in column of fours in close proximity to an encampment of wagon trains, anxiously awaiting the opportune moment to charge. Just as the wagons were all hitched up and had been driven into the road for the purpose of beginning the day's march, their escort in front, the shrill blasts of our bugles sounding the charge awoke echoes in the forests around and away we went, shouting, shooting and hewing with sabre. It was but the work of a few moments and in an incredible short space of time about two hundred prisoners and nineteen splendid army wagons, each drawn by six fine mules clad in such harness as our Confederate teamsters had not seen for many a day, were put across the stream into the peninsular formed by Little and Big Lynch's Creek, where they were safe from rescue."

This wagon train was coming after the very corn that our horses had just eaten, and in this charge that took them in one of General Hampton's bravest scouts, Jim Dulin, was severely wounded in the thigh, and the best we could do for him was to put him in a little hut near the river in Darlington County. Jim Dulin was as brave as Julius Cæsar, and was detailed to scout for General Hampton from Company I, Second South Carolina Cavalry, though a Virginian from Fauquier County. I have never seen him since telling him good-bye in the hut.

Colonel Davis continues: "After the charge, while waiting in the road in column of fours, prepared to resist a counter charge from the enemy's main body, should one be attempted while the captured train was crossing the creek, I observed a horse running throngh the woods without a rider, and dispatched Private

McElroy of my old company, the 'South Carolina Rangers,' to capture and bring him in. He did so, and as the horse was equipped with a perfectly new English bridle and martingales of soft yellow leather, I lost no time in transferring them to my own horse. I swapped saddle pouches, too, as the captured one was also new. One side of the pouch was empty, the other side contained nothing but a book which, upon examination, proved to be the diary of Lieutenant John A. McQueen. The diary was frequently referred to and discussed by General Butler, Colonel Aiken and myself during the next day as we had opportunity on the march. These words were written in the diary by Lieutenant McQueen: 'It was heartrending to see the wanton destruction of property and the insults visited upon defenseless women and children of Columbia by our Union soldiers. I did all I could to prevent it, but was powerless.'"

Butler's old brigade was commanded by Colonel Hugh K. Aiken, and on the morning of the 24th of February, 1865, General Butler being then at Kellytown, directed Colonel Aiken to take a regiment and proceed down the east bank of Lynch's Creek and ascertain if any portion of Sherman's army had crossed into Darlington County. Colonel Aiken selected the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Davis. This gallant old regiment had been cut to pieces so that only about 300 men answered to roll call. On the road to Dubose Bridge Colonel Aiken met a picked body of men commanded by Lieutenant John A. McQueen, and led the charge, with Colonel Davis by his side, and it being dark the men got into close quarters and Colonel Aiken was captured, with Sergeant Haigler, but jerked the reins out of the hand of the Yankee who held them and escaped and rode up to Colonel Davis and dismounted, but was hit immediately by one of the parting shots of the enemy, and cried out, "Davis, I am dying, catch me." His nephew and courier, young Willie Aiken, caught him as he fell, and his death was instantaneous. Thus ended the career of the gallant Hugh K. Aiken, colonel of the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry.

In this night charge, as Colonel Zimmerman Davis drew near the enemy he saw that the two men in the road ahead were officers and both firing pistols, their last shot passing through his hair at less than five paces. He fired at them once as he

approached and again as he went rushing by; he struck the one nearest to him a severe blow with the muzzle of his pistol and pulled the trigger at the same instant, severely wounding Lieutenant John A. McQueen, who was taken by the Confederates to the house of Mr. Dubose, where he showed Dr. Porter's letter and was treated with the utmost kindness. As soon as Dr. Porter heard of it, he was at once by his side and could not have been more tender to his own son. From the Dubose house Lieutenant McQueen was sent to Camden and there it was that Dr. Porter nursed him.

After leaving Cheraw we had a pretty hot skirmish at Rockingham, N. C., and the next day charged a regiment of cavalry just after they had opened a barrel of wine. I led this charge, simply because I lost control of my horse—he being young and afraid of a gun. Fortunately, our men coming behind me with rebel yell created a panic among the Yankees and they stampeded, thereby saving me from death or capture.

While our command was in Chesterfield County, Pink Brantley, General Butler's orderly, got permission to visit the house of a friend, where the Yankees captured General Butler's satchel containing, among other things, his comb and brush, and old Pink, too. While we felt sorry for Pink, we could not refrain from laughing when we heard of it, because when Pink left us he said no ten or fifteen Yankees could catch him—he knew the country too well—he was raised there. Little did he think that he would be raised again so soon by the Yankees.

The gallant Colonel L. P. Miller commanded the Sixth Cavalry from the date of General Dunovant's death, October 1st, 1864. Colonel Miller was one of the best disciplinarians in the army, and is now the only surviving field officer of that historical regiment.

Major Tom Ferguson was wounded 10th of March, 1865, and a few years ago went to his reward full of honors as soldier and citizen.

On the 9th day of March, 1865, General Hampton rode ahead of the command all day by himself, and the men would look at each other and say: "Look out, boys, old Wade is fixing a trap for them; we will be into it tonight," while others would say: "We will give it to them tomorrow," which forcibly reminded me of

what General Mart Gary said to a Yankee general in Virginia one day after they had arranged some matter under a flag of truce and had separated, but before the general in blue was fifty yards away the "Old Bald Eagle" called to him and said, "I am coming over tomorrow and give you hell," and sure enough he did.

About sundown on this bleak, cheerless, drizzling day, we caught up with General Hampton, who consulted with General Butler, and just at dark General Butler paralyzed the pickets of the Fifth Ohio U. S. Cavalry, not by shooting at them, but by simply commanding them to surrender—not a shot was fired. It was the coolest thing I ever witnessed, and within ten minutes more he had captured fifteen or twenty bummers in the same cool and deliberate way—thus leaving Hampton at Kilpatrick's picket post with the key to the lock of the situation well in hand. A "council of war" was held with General Wheeler, and in a short time Hampton, Wheeler and Butler were walking through and around Kilpatrick's camp, where all was still as death save across the road where the provost guard kept a close watch over 125 of our men who had been captured along the route from Columbia, who were all barefooted, bareheaded and almost naked. Flynn Davis, a brother of Colonel Zimmerman Davis, and Frank Niernsee, with his brother, Reuben Niernsee, now of Washington, D. C., were among the prisoners recaptured. Just at the break of day, a few minutes after the formation of the line and in the midst of that profound silence which precedes the storm of a battle, General Butler ordered Colonel Gid Wright and Hugh Scott by his side with the gallant old Cobb Legion to lead the charge, following close on the heels of a dashing young officer, Captain Bostick, who first entered Kilpatrick's camp leading his squadron of the Cobb Legion. Captain Bostick had been selected by Colonel Wright to lead what was supposed would be a "forlorn hope." They were followed by the rest of Butler's "Spartan band." No charge was ever made with more determination. The charge of the "Scotch Grays" at Waterloo was not equal to it. General Wheeler was ordered to support us on the right, but unfortunately, his horse bogged up in the miry woods and like Moses of old, and the promised land, they could see us and hear us, but could not get to us—at once. Oh, that I had the power to describe this hand-to-hand fight—the men on both sides were

brave and fought with more desperation than I had ever before seen.

Victor Hugo says: "A certain amount of tempest is always mingled with a battle. Every historian traces to some extent the lineament that pleases him in the hurly burly. What is a battle? An oscillation. The immobility of a mathematical plan expresses a minute and not a day. To paint a battle, those powerful painters who have chaos in their pencils are needed. Let us add that there is always a certain moment in which the battle degenerates into a combat, is particularized and broken up into countless detail facts. The historian in such a case has the evident right to sum up, he can only catch the principal outlines of the struggle, and it is not given to any narrator, however conscientious he may be, to absolutely fix the form of that horrible cloud which is called the battle."

Butler's men charged down the road and as soon as they rode over the sleeping men in blue, they wheeled their horses and rode over them again—three times they rode over them—while the men under the blankets would say, "We surrender," but would fight like tigers when they saw so few "gray coats." Soon we were all mixed up so that swords, small arms and ringing cannon thunder caused blood to flow in streams.

"Breast against breast with ruinous assault
And deaf'ning shock they come."

The rush of columns to the breach, officers cheering the men on; pauses, breaks, wild and angry threats, upbraiding calls, fresh rush on rush, now here, now there; fierce shouts above, below, behind; shrieks of agony, choked groans and gasps of dying men and horses hurled down with rattling missiles of death. I take the following from Colonel Thomas's history of the Citadel, page 219, by Lieutenant Alfred Aldrich:

"On the 10th March, 1865, our command surprised General Kilpatrick's camp about daybreak, and the battle which followed lasted the whole day, and on the Confederate side no infantry was employed. It may not be out of place to chronicle here one of the many episodes that befell the cadets here, collectively and severally, during their service, and the writer will relate an incident of this battle in which 'Shaftsbury' Moses measured sabers' fists with one of Kilpatrick's troopers. The cadet company was

fighting hand to hand with the enemy, and Moses' horse was killed under him. On freeing himself from his dying horse, he found himself confronted by a big Yankee, sabre in hand. Moses, being a smaller man than his antagonist and dead game, determined to force the fighting, and he made a furious thrust inside of his adversary's guard, which caused a clinch and a fall 'then the Gaol above, Fitz James below'—and not only so, but the Gaol had in the brief struggle secured a firm hold with his teeth on Fitz James' finger. As good luck would have it, Private Bill Martin, whose horse had also been killed, came along just at this juncture, and, in his own expressive language, 'lifted the Yank off of' Shaftsbury with his revolver. As no such name as 'Shaftsbury Moses' appears on the muster roll of the Cadet company, it is proper to state that Cadet J. H. Moses while at the Citadel, on account of his scholarly style of composition, had been dubbed by his fellow cadets 'Lord Shaftsbury.' In this battle Sergeant G. H. Hodges' horse was killed under him and he was shot in the side. Though wounded, he succeeded in capturing another horse and continued in the battle until disabled by a wound in the shoulder. After the battle, investigation showed that the enemy's bullet had entered the same hole in his coat that was made by the bullet which wounded him at Trevillian, 12th June, 1864. In this battle, Captain Humphreys was wounded in the arm by a grape shot in charging a battery. He was carried to the hospital in Raleigh, N. C. The surgeon informed him that his arm must be amputated. He refused to submit to the operation from a morbid horror of going through life maimed, and died a short time before Lee's surrender. Cadet Humphreys was gifted with a fine intellect, and every natural quality to make for himself a successful career. Fate willed otherwise than that he should survive to fulfil the promise of his youth, and after a term of service, brief but brilliant enough to satisfy the dream of any Paladin of romance, he died just in time not to know that the good fight had been made in vain.

"'The Cadet Company' fought in the battle of Bentonville, and learning that Johnston's army was to be surrendered, by permission, marched out of camp the night preceding that event, with the idea of making its way to the trans-Mississippi part of the Confederacy, but disbanded under counsel of its colonel, L. P Miller, when he bade them good-bye."

The 10th of March was a damp, dreary, cloudy day, and the smoke from the guns would not rise. If you missed your aim your bullet was liable to kill friend or foe. The prettiest duel I ever saw was fought by Captain James Butler and a Federal officer who began the fight with the brave, the dashing, the gallant and handsome Nat Butler, who was riding the same horse that his brother Thomas was on when killed at Gettysburg, he was shot through the right elbow, and as soon as Captain James Butler saw his young brother's arm hanging at his side he at

once attracted the Yankee's attention by sending a bullet whizzing by his head, and after exchanging three deliberate shots at each other, this brave man in blue bit the dust. Captain James Butler was cool, brave, and at times reckless, and I can never forget how tenderly he nursed his young wounded brother—no woman could have been more attentive and kind than he. Nat Butler was my friend, and I was his friend. I loved him, and he loved me.

Among a great many other brave men, gallant Sam Cothran, orderly sergeant Company B, Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, Tom Sego, Mat Adams and Fayette Cogburn were killed, which reduced this gallant old company to a mere handful of men.

Captain Bostick was ordered to capture General Kilpatrick, but the wily general outwitted him. When the captain rode up to him in his dishabille, and said "Where is General Kilpatrick?" he replied, "Don't you see him running on that horse right yonder?" With this, the captain charged him; the private soldier, who was frightened, outran everything that followed him. General Kilpatrick, however, took time by the forelock and was soon mounted on his courier's horse and made good his escape. After the war, when General Butler was in the Senate, Kilpatrick said to him: "When I heard the Rebel yell in my camp, I threw up both hands and exclaimed, 'My goodness, four years' hard fighting and a major-general's commission gone in four minutes.'"

The next day we comparatively rested and rode into Fayetteville, N. C., and while we were all at breakfast gallant Hugh Scott notified General Hampton that 100 Yankees were at the door and said: "General, give me four or five men and I will run them out of town." General Hampton, hearing the words of this beardless boy, inspired him and he said: "You scouts follow me and I will lead this charge." He killed two with his own pistol and captured the captain, who acknowledged that he had sixty-eight men, of whom quite a number were killed and captured. Here is a copy of General Hampton's letter complimenting these gallant boys who followed him:

Headquarters Cavalry,
19th March, 1865.

LIEUTENANT: I take great pleasure in commending to you Privates Wells, Bellinger and Fishburne of your company, who, with Private Scott, and one of Wheeler's command whose name I regret I don't know, acted

with conspicuous gallantry in charging and driving from the town of Fayetteville that portion of the enemy's cavalry which entered the town before it had been evacuated by my troops. Their conduct on this occasion reflects high credit upon them as soldiers.

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,

WADE HAMPTON, Lt. Genl.

Lt. Harleston, Commanding Co. K, 4th S. C. Cav.

It seems that the sixty-eight blue coats rushed into town and were surprised to find us there. The whole thing was done so quickly that some of us knew nothing about it until it was all over. General Hardee crossed over the river with his foot-sore veterans. Butler's rear guard followed leisurely, burning the bridge over Cape Fear River behind him. Bachman's battery was among the last to cross the bridge, and an historic battery it was, recruited in Charleston, composed of sturdy, brave, determined Germans. It enlisted for the war, served in the trying years in Virginia, complimented for gallantry at every turn, it bore a distinguished name for unbounded courage. In the history of artillery it seldom happens, perhaps never before can it be cited, where a battery charged a brigade of cavalry. Yet it occurred, and the Federal commander of that cavalry brigade, rather than surrender himself, blew out his own brains on the field of battle. So that this battery traversed nearly every military road in Virginia, crossed the Potomac, fought in Maryland and Pennsylvania, ordered back to South Carolina, and aided by an enviable courage to close the career of the Confederacy at Bentonville, N. C. The only surviving officer of this historic command is the Hon. James Simons, ex-speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives.

Heretofore in these pages an allusion has been made to the "Charleston Light Dragoons." This is an old and time-honored corps back to 1773, when it was named the "Charles-Town City Troop," and did active service then as a company, and in halcyon days as gay and gallant "Dragoons" on "Muster Day," and as an escort for governors. They went to Virginia as a "kid glove" company, earning glory on each and every field, such men fought at "Bakalava" and at "Inkermann," and knew when and how to die. They died as they had lived—"true to God and to country," and a high tribute was paid by their commander, General Wade

Hampton, who had witnessed their gallantry on more than one field. On an occasion General Hampton was riding with General Lee, and came opposite the "Dragoons." General Lee was attracted by the general appearance of the men, and in his gentle, quiet way, asked General Hampton: "General, what command is that?" The answer came with pride and tenderness in the tone: "General Lee, it is the 'Charleston Light Dragoons,' and, sir, I would rather be a private soldier of that command than wear today the decoration of the 'Legion of Honor.'"

Like wine, time sometimes flavors records of men and horses. Two of the oldest cavalry companies, "Dragoons," in fact today are the "Philadelphia City Troop" and the "Charleston Light Dragoons." For a principle they each of them fought in 1776, and for the same reason in 1861-1865. In the latter years one represented the blue, the other the gray. Each maintained its organization, and when the time comes, rest assured that where duty calls these men of the "Old Dragoons" will ever be found. Thank God that we have living today a man who wore the "gray," high up in rank, great in military achievements, and who is willing to award to the private soldier of the Confederacy of every branch of service the glory that belongs to each. But the old cavalry commander from South Carolina is devoted to the history of his command, and M. C. Butler has placed chaplets of laurels upon the monument to the "Dragoons" and measured out to the survivors the full measure of credit due a command as faithful in life, as were they in death, to a cause where time honors alike memories of the living and of the glorious dead.

The winding up of affairs at the city of Fayetteville was hastened, Sherman, with his 70,000 men, halted until his pontoon bridge could be put down. On the 12th of March, suffering from a wound received at "Campbell's Mill," General Butler sent me with Bernard King, the famous scout, to Raleigh, where I might be with my friend Nat Butler, who was beloved by staff and couriers alike. Any man who has served on the cavalry headquarters or staff can fully understand the kind relations existing between the general and his household—the tenderest sentiment exists—a sympathy for chief and staff, for orderlies and couriers. We found my wounded friend nicely quartered at Major Devereaux's house with Captain James Butler and Edmund, General

Butler's faithful body servant, at his side. I was so thankful that I was able to help nurse the wounded soldier boy. Dr. Warren, the surgeon, when asked by me what I should do, said: "Poor Nat is so low, if you can keep him mad all the time we will pull him through." Major Devereaux's beautiful daughters, "Miss Agnes" and "Miss Kate," would bring every delicacy they could think of—but from no hands save mine would he touch food. He died in the prime of his life on the 12th day of April, 1877, at the Planter's Hotel, Augusta, Ga.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray."

HEROIC DEEDS

In the beautiful Battery Park of Charleston is a monument erected to Sergeant Jasper, of Revolutionary fame. He was in Fort Moultrie during the attack by the British fleet. The flagstaff on the fort was shot away, and the flag fell in front of the fort. Jasper, exclaiming, "Don't let us fight without our flag," jumped down, seized the flag, brought it into the fort, and under the fire of the British fleet, attached it to a sponge staff and stuck it up on the parapet.

During one of Admiral Nelson's sea fights, it is recorded that a shell from one of the enemy's ships fell upon the deck of Nelson's ship, the fuse of the bomb was burning and it was about to explode; if it had exploded many men on the ship would have been killed; an English sailor boy, quick as thought, seized the smoking shell and tossed it into the sea, thus saving the lives of many aboard.

These were brave acts, and the deserving fame of these two heroes has been handed down to posterity in song and story. While unwilling to pluck one leaf from the wreath of fame so worthily won by these brave men, it is a well-known fact that acts of equal daring as the ones alluded to were performed daily by heroes of both the "gray and the blue" engaged in the War of Secession. There were many brave and gallant men among our then enemies. In fact heroic deeds were so common as only to excite passing notice, and were soon forgotten. I will recall two instances of a similar nature to the ones of Jasper and the Nelson hero, performed by two Charleston boys. During the bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Federal fleet, the flagstaff on the fort flying the Confederate colors was repeatedly shot down; it was immediately replaced by some daring boy in gray. One occasion when the entire attacking fleet of ironclads and other war vessels were pouring their shot upon the fort, and it was considered certain death for any one to be exposed a moment upon the parapet, a portion of the flagstaff near the top was shot away, carrying the flag with it. As soon as it fell dozens of the garrison sprang forward to get and replace the fallen flag.

Young James Tupper, Jr., of Charleston, was the first to seize the flag. Rushing upon the parapet, with a hammer and nails (the ropes for hoisting the flag being shot away), he climbed the broken staff to the top and nailed the flag there, returning to the bomb-proof as if he had done nothing unusual. I am told that sailors on the fleet, while he was replacing the flag, realizing his heroism, stopped their shooting and cheered him. There is no question that Tupper's feat was a more daring one than Jasper's.

Lieutenant Alston was serving coffee one day to his men in Fort Sumter. They were huddled for protection close to an inner wall of the fort. A mortar shell dropped among them; it was about to explode, when Lieutenant Alston, putting down the coffee pot, picked up the shell and threw it into a deep hole made by one of the large shells of the fleet, and the bomb, bursting, did no damage. He resumed his duty of pouring out coffee for his men as if nothing had occurred.

Every man in Butler's Cavalry loved and admired him (Butler). They always saw him around when any fighting was going on, and felt that no matter how tight a place he ordered them into, they had to "hold the fort" until he brought them out. It would be more than any one could do to record the many and daily deeds of valor performed by Butler's Cavalry, and the individual heroism of his men. The surprise and attack on Kilpatrick's camp, during the march of Sherman through North Carolina, I will only mention, among the many thrilling incidents witnessed that day, one in which Lieutenant John P DeVeaux, of Charleston, Company D, Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, figured. DeVeaux was on all occasions one of the bravest men I have ever known; never hesitating an instant to risk his life for a friend. I knew that General Butler was a frequent witness to his bravery, and I have often seen him select Lieutenant DeVeaux for some very dangerous mission. During the hot hand-to-hand fight in Kilpatrick's camp a battery of artillery on a slight hill, a little distance from where we were engaged, was playing havoc with our men, discharging double loads of schrapnel into us. Some of Butler's command commenced to concentrate their fire upon the men working these guns, and soon killed or knocked out all who were serving the guns except one lieutenant. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and bravely loaded and fired the one gun

left. DeVeaux called for some men to charge this battery with him; there was so much noise and confusion incident to such close fighting that he and Captain John Humphries of the Sixth regiment, and Glenn Davis were the only ones to charge towards this battery. The Yankee lieutenant serving the gun pulled the lanyard and discharged the load of schrapnel when they were a short distance from the muzzle of the cannon. Lieutenant DeVeaux was shot in five places, fortunately no bones were shattered. Captain Humphries was shot in the arm, afterwards died of his wound in Charlotte, N. C., from delayed amputation. Both of their horses were killed. When we saw DeVeaux and Humphries shot down, some of our men charged up to this battery, served so gallantly by this brave and cool Yankee, and while he was in the act of reloading, killed him with a pistol shot. General Butler, who witnessed the killing of the Federal lieutenant, said it was a shame to have to kill such a brave fellow.

My friend Flinn Davis (who died in Louisville, Ky., many years after the war) was taken prisoner while on picket on the 7th March, 1865, by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, three days before the surprise of his camp, and was in the camp with several hundred other Confederate prisoners when we entered, surprised Kilpatrick, and released all of the prisoners. He was treated very cruelly by Kilpatrick's men who captured him—they seemed to be particularly bitter against Butler's Cavalry, and did not give him anything to eat during the three days that they had him. He managed to pick up an ear of corn in the muddy road while they were marching with him, and putting it in his pocket without their seeing it, pinching off a grain occasionally and slipping it to his mouth. You may imagine when we released him, that he was hungry. The first thing that he did when the fighting commenced in the camp was to seize a camp kettle that some of the Yankees had on a fire, and sitting on the ground with the kettle was eating its contents ravenously when a bullet went through the bottom of it. General Butler rode by and, seeing him, said: "Well, Davis, what are you doing?" "I am getting a little bite, General," he replied, "the first in three days; will be with the boys in a minute."

One of Kilpatrick's men who was guarding our men, who were taken prisoners, up to the time we released them, was a large

Dutchman, a very cruel fellow. He frequently struck the prisoners with the flat of his sabre, kicked them and otherwise maltreated them. Many swore vengeance upon him, and they determined to get even with him if an opportunity occurred. They called him "Dutchey," behind his back, of course.

When Flinn Davis finished with the camp kettle he picked up an abandoned Winchester rifle, mounted a fine horse (whose rider was persuaded to dismount by a navy bullet in his breast) and with the two pistols handed him by one of his brothers, they were making things lively in that vicinity. Flinn asked one of the recently released prisoners who was fighting near him if he had seen "Dutchey." The man said yes, that he was behind that big blazed pine tree (pointing to it). Flinn wanted just one shot at him. "Dutchey" never moved from the tree, because he was loaded down with lead and was dead. The released prisoners paid him special attention as soon as the Rebel yell of Butler's men was heard in the camp. Moral: Be kind to those in your power, for we know not what a day will bring forth.

Captain Nathan Davis was on General Hampton's staff during the War of Secession and was his intimate friend. General Hampton told Captain Davis one day in 1864 that he wanted a small Colt's pistol, and Captain Davis notified his nephew, Glenn E. Davis, of General Hampton's desire. About a week after, Glenn pulled in a Yankee lieutenant and was much gratified to find that the Yank had exactly the kind of a pistol General Hampton wanted, and immediately relieved him of a beautiful ivory-handled small Colt, also a belt of cartridges, and carried the pistol to headquarters, where he found the great cavalry leader seated on a camp stool and gave him the pistol, and in answer to an inquiry told how he got possession of it. Hampton admired the gun very much, said it was just the thing he wanted, and seeing that the belt contained a number of cartridges, said he would shoot off the loads and load it with fresh cartridges. He selected a small tree not larger than a man's arm about twenty yards off, and quickly put every bullet in it; some of the shots were a foot or more apart, but all were line shots, and every one would have been a body hit to a man at that distance. Glenn Davis admired his shooting, but told him he would not give his pair of Navies for fifty little guns like his. A man could be filled

with bullets at that distance and still be able to shoot back at you, but one ball from a large pistol like one of his Navies, at four times that distance, hitting him fair, would paralyze him. General Hampton said that he did not expect to use the gun unless in very close quarters and told Glenn that he never took sight when shooting a pistol, that he looked at the object alone and pulled as soon as he raised the gun, not waiting a second; that nine times out of ten one could make a very close shot that way. Davis told him that he doubted if many knew that. Glenn Davis said that his experience in shooting at an animated target was that he always did that, and seldom failed to land a bullet where he wanted. The general then related an incident to Davis which very few knew. He said that before the war he used a Colt's revolver frequently in his numerous hunts. The old style of pistol then had smooth cylinders that contained the lead. On one occasion this cylinder burst when the general was shooting it. He saw that if the cylinders were grooved the pressure when fired would be more equalized and the danger of bursting would be obviated. General Hampton then wrote to Colt, the head of the arms factory, and explained fully his idea, telling him if he agreed with him he could use the suggestion as his own. Colt patented the invention and sent General Hampton a very fine pistol specially made, and thanked him for the idea. Colt's was the first factory to turn out these improved grooved-cylinder pistols and made much money by it. All pistols are now made in this manner.

General Hampton did some mighty good work with his little ivory-handled pistol on the 11th March, 1865, when he led the charge in the streets of Fayetteville, N. C., so graphically described by Hugh Scott.

Glenn Davis saw General Hampton while right in the midst of the flying Yankees shoot down three with the little ivory-handled pistol, and also saw him kill a sergeant, and when Glenn was coming back from the charge he dismounted to see what this sergeant had of value and appropriated the Yank's suspenders—a beautiful pair of silk elastic ones. I am satisfied they were the finest if not the only pair of silk suspenders at that time—not on Yankee shoulders—in the Southern Confederacy. Glenn wore them many years after the war.

The men in Butler's division looked upon him as perfection as a cavalry leader. These brigades were commanded by Dunovant, Young and Rosser.

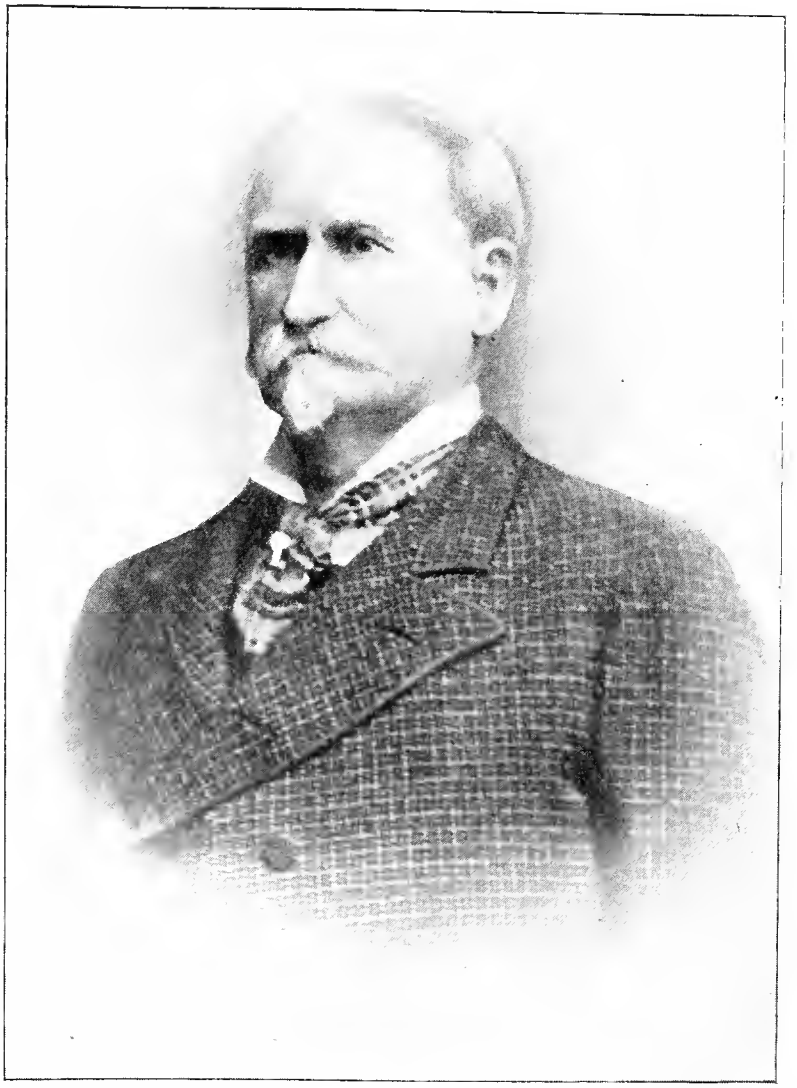
On the 1st October, 1864, when General Dunovant was killed, General P M. B. Young rode with one aide down a road in front of where his command was fighting. He halted, being some distance from the men, and intently observed the enemy through his field glasses. Happening to look back, he saw a group of Yankee officers mounted in the road between him and his men. He saw in an instant that it was important for him to regain his command as soon as possible. Putting spurs to his horse (he was always splendidly mounted) he dashed at full speed, hoping to pass them. He had only two things to do, either to be captured or run past them. They saw him coming, and when near, with level pistols, called to him to surrender. Not halting, they greeted him with a shower of bullets. When passing one of these Yankee officers near enough to touch him, he was called upon to surrender. "Surrender hell," said Young, and passing him like the wind he gave the Yankee a cut across his face with his riding switch (he had no weapon), and was soon safe among his men. Some days after we learned from prisoners that the officer cut by General Young bore the mark across his face and was much ridiculed by his brother officers. General P M. B. Young, after the war, served several terms in congress with ability. He joined the "silent majority" several years ago.

On the 16th day of November, 1863, in the fight at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, General M. W Gary was hard pressed and was falling back, but was contesting every inch of ground, and promoted two men of his command on the battlefield in the most unique way, which doubtless has no parallel in history. The same day he had orders to that effect read on parade—one to be captain for "distinguished piety on the battlefield," and the other to command a company for "extraordinary profanity." It happened in this way: The general, as all knew him, was paramount a fighter and had the gift of profanity to an extraordinary degree. He used to say that there was nothing like "cussing" to make men obey an order quickly. He had very little faith in the fighting qualities of what he called a psalm singer, but he admitted that he had done the pious man an injustice.

On this occasion at Campbell's Station, Tenn., 16th November, 1863, his command had to retreat rapidly from overwhelming numbers, and his killed and wounded were left where they fell. A man in his command was shot and fell mortally wounded. His comrades left him on the field, but when the "psalm singer," the Rev. William Thomas, came along, he stopped, and kneeling down beside the dying soldier proceeded to offer up a prayer and to take his last messages to his family. Some of the enemy, seeing him stop on the field, commenced a rapid fire upon him; he, regardless of the flying bullets, stayed the few minutes until the soul of the wounded comrade took its flight. The enemy stopped firing upon the pious and brave soldier, and he was cheered both by his retreating comrades and the advancing foe. General Gary complimented him upon his bravery, and told him he would make him chaplain for "distinguished piety" on the battlefield.

Now the "cussing" man won his promotion in this wise: It was the custom of General Gary to visit his picket posts very frequently. While on his rounds one dark and rainy night he met a cavalryman in the road. Knowing that this man had no business to be out of camp, General Gary, with a string of cuss words, demanded who he was and what company he belonged to. The lone cavalryman, not knowing the rank of his questioner, "cussed back" at the general, and, as the general expressed it, made the "air blue with cuss words"; he had struck at last a man who could out-curse him. Finally he persuaded, by mild words, the cavalry man to inform him that he was a sergeant in one of the companies of General Gary's command. This company, in a recent fight, had lost all of its officers. The general complimented the soldier on his swearing abilities, and said he was just the man to command that company. The next day an order was issued promoting the brave religious man to be chaplain of his regiment for "distinguished piety on the battlefield," and the "cussing" man to the command of his company for "extraordinary profanity."

General Mart Gary was a gallant officer in the war, and in 1876 did much to help redeem the State. He was devoted to his mother. He died at his home in Edgefield village 9th April, 1881, and the next day his devoted mother died at Cokesbury,



GENERAL M. W. GARY

S. C. The remains of this gallant officer are buried by the side of his mother at old Tabernacle Church, near Cokesbury.

The Rev. William Thomas, whose prayers over a dying comrade caused two armies to cease firing and cheer him on the battlefield because he represented Him who suffered and died on the cross for us all, died 1st December, 1890. Mr. Thomas was a Christian. A Christian is not a mere name or empty profession; it is a great and noble work, a work of difficulty which requires assiduous application and continual pains, and in which the greater our endeavors and advances have been with the greater ardor do we continually strive to advance higher towards perfection.

There is a tie between old soldiers that none but old soldiers can understand. After the war the Rev. William Thomas was called to Edgefield, S. C., and when General Gary heard that the Methodist parsonage needed furniture the necessary articles were soon in the house at no cost to Mr. Thomas. When General Gary died his old friend and comrade, Mr. Thomas, preached his funeral.

The survivors of these stirring times are rapidly passing away, and soon there will be none to recall their brave deeds. The souls of those giving their lives for their country certainly find the gates of Paradise open to them.

"Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon or an offering that Heaven holds dear;
'Tis the last libation that liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

THE CITADEL BOYS

Spartanburg, S. C., July 27, 1908.

Colonel U R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

DEAR SIR: Your letters in *The State* are always interesting—the last one more particularly, as it deals with incidents in which I participated. I was in the Citadel Cadet Corps Brigade—in General Stephen Elliott's brigade. We fought on the skirmish line near Fayetteville all day before Hampton's fray in the streets, built three lines of rifle pits with our bayonets, tin cups and tin plates, completing the last one at 2 o'clock on the morning referred to, and passed through the city and over the river just about 3 a. m. Camped in a pine barren, a mile beyond the river, and fell asleep on falling down just where we stopped, without rations all day and the day before. I was called early the next morning, as cadet corporal Company A—that grand company of boys, whom Governor Thompson in an address before the alumni at Charleston challenged the world to equal for bravery and loyalty to duty—to take ten men from each company in our brigade, and, with axes and spades, fell the trees and charge the breastworks on the north side of the Cape Fear River, so that we might protect Hampton and Butler as they crossed the river—thus enabling us to fire over the river at their following enemies. These breatsworks were built to defend Fayetteville from the north. We charged them hurriedly to defend Hampton as he crossed to the north from Fayetteville. I had barely completed these tasks and had placed my men above and below the bridge to fire on the enemy as they followed closely on Hampton's rear guard, when his advance struck the bridge in a gallop. Then the shells began to fall all over the old field, which lay on the north side of the river in our rear, as we lay on the banks of the river.

General Hampton, the last time I saw him during the war, called me and said, kindly remembering me as a cadet when he relied on our corps two years before: "My dear boy, get your men out of here as soon as possible. Scatter them out all over this old field, as I am doing my men, so they can't get you in a bunch." Well, we scattered, and the shells that fell around us

so glibly aided us to move up lively. I did not regain my command until dark that night—and still without rations except one goose that had been captured that day by one of our mess. We cooked it all night, with flour dumplings, made up of cold water without shortening. But it was a delightful breakfast anyway. That day we advanced to the front of Hardee's army and carried there some prisoners that Hampton and Butler had captured in their fight described in your article on Kilpatrick's defeat. On to Raleigh ahead of the army, where we left them in charge of others and we returned to South Carolina, and were stationed at Spartanburg and Greenville to head off Kirk's raiders, who were threatening these two places with their presence. How I wondered when I read of the fight of our gallant brothers in their fight. The Citadel boys in Humphrey's company, they were alongside each other, each doing his duty for his country and neither knowing the presence of the other. Humphreys killed, dear old Gabe Hodges wounded; these two knightly gentlemen were bosom friends of my own. Had I known of their distress, hampered as I was with my own duties, I would have made many efforts to see them. Gabe Hodges, how I remember him, and dear Dick Quattlebaum, another cadet who lost his life with Colonel Fleming in the crater at Petersburg; brave and gallant gentlemen, without fear and without reproach. Poor Hodges lived to die a horrible death from an accident in his cotton gin. The other two, with many others, as gallant boys as ever followed any flag—John Neill, Nichols, of Sumter, Patterson and many others.

The Citadel needs no veil to cover her gallant boys. She is proud of their record—and will ever be—for all who leave her portals have imbibed enough of honor and pride to make them ever and always patriots and defenders of all that is honorable and glorious. I couldn't refrain from this communication, as it stirred up the depths of my heart to know that side by side, waiting to work, we were all there, each fighting in his own company and each doing his exalted duty and neither knowing the others were there. How glad had we known of this.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. R. DEAN.

GENERAL KILPATRICK'S NARROW ESCAPE

BY GENERAL M. C. BUTLER.

We had marched all the day preceding the morning of the attack on Kilpatrick's camp in North Carolina, March 10, 1865, in a drenching rain. My division was in front. Humphrey's squadron of the Sixth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's brigade, commanded by General E. M. Law, was the advance guard of the column, Wheeler's division bringing up the rear.

About dusk Humphrey halted at the intersection of a road leading toward Fayetteville, and upon my riding up to learn the cause, he pointed out the sign of a heavy mounted column having recently passed ahead of us, evidently Kilpatrick's cavalry, of Sherman's army. While we were discussing the situation we discovered a squad of about thirty cavalrymen coming up the road. On learning from Humphrey that he had nobody down that road, I moved out to meet the squad, and when within hailing distance, it being too dark to recognize who they were, I asked, "Who comes there?" The reply was, "Fifth Kentucky." I knew that to be one of Kilpatrick's regiment. So I said to the man at the head of the column, "Ride up, sir; I want to speak with you." Kilpatrick's column having just passed, of which I have no doubt this squad was the rear guard, the man, who turned out to be the officer in command, rode up to me with his orderly, supposing I was a friend. They followed me a few steps into the midst of Humphrey's men, leaving the squad halted in the road. I turned, with my pistol presented, and demanded the surrender of the two. Nothing else was left for them to do. After disarming the prisoners, I whispered to Humphey, General Law having ridden up, to send out, surround the squad of the Fifth Kentucky, and take them in. He very promptly carried out the instructions and brought in the twenty-eight or thirty men, with a regimental stand of colors, without firing a shot.

On my reporting these facts to General Hampton, he decided to attack Kilpatrick at daylight next morning. I accordingly followed in his wake about four miles, and bivouacked on the

roadside without unsaddling or making fires, although it was a cold, rainy March night, in the open pine woods. I established my headquarters for the night on the road, and with a pine root for a pillow slept on the ground, with my bridle on my arm, covered with my overcoat. I threw out a line of dismounted skirmishers in front, with videttes well in advance of the skirmishers. Soon after the videttes were posted one of Kilpatrick's lieutenants rode into our lines, and was brought to my headquarters. Getting all possible information from him, as to the location of Kilpatrick's headquarters, about midnight we reconnoitered, and found he had no pickets out to guard his rear, which enabled us to ride almost up to his campfires without being discovered. He had moved round the head of a swamp and pitched his camp in front of it, with his rear and right protected by the swamp, but his left entirely exposed.

It was agreed between Generals Hampton, Wheeler and myself that we would attack at daylight next morning; that, inasmuch as Wheeler's command was stretched back for some miles in column of fours, I should close up my division in column of regiments and be prepared to move when the head of Wheeler's column appeared in my rear; that I should follow up the road taken by Kilpatrick, move around the head of the swamp, as he had done, and fall suddenly on his camp from that (the west) side, while Wheeler was to move through the woods to the right and attack from the rear. Young's brigade, commanded by Colonel Gid Wright, of the Cobb Legion, was moved to the front, having occupied the rear in the day's march. I sent for Colonel Wright, informed him of our plans, and directed him to select a prudent but bold captain to lead the advance squadron in the attack, and that he should follow close on the attacking squadron and throw a regiment at the time into the camp, and that I would be in striking distance, with Law in command of my old brigade. Colonel Wright selected Captain Bostick, and ordered him to report to me for instructions. After describing the location of the house in which Kilpatrick was stopping, I ordered him, on entering his camp at daylight, to rush straight for the house, surround it, and hold his position until we could come to his assistance; that I wished to take Kilpatrick prisoner. Having completed all arrangements, I gave the order to advance.

Just as the day was dawning, in a murky, misty morning, Wright moved promptly, and I followed immediately in his rear, at a trot, with the other brigades. As I turned the head of the swamp and struck the camp I witnessed a scene of confusion and disturbance such as I had never seen before. Kilpatrick did not have a vidette or picket out, or, as far as I could see, not even a camp guard. The result was, we found his men asleep and taken entirely by surprise. I had not advanced far into the camp when I was astonished to meet a hundred and thirty or forty Confederates rushing wildly toward us. At first I thought Wright had been repulsed, but it turned out they were prisoners whom Kilpatrick had taken, and whom Wright's vigorous and unexpected onslaught had released from their guards, and they were making good their escape. I sent them on to the rear and moved on, passed Kilpatrick's headquarters, through his artillery, wagon and ambulance train. Anticipating that Wright's command would become scattered, I halted Law near the entrance to the camp to take charge of the prisoners, etc. Wright had gone clear through the camp, and, of course, his command was much scattered. I, therefore, halted in the midst of the camp and sent back for Law to move in, complete the capture and take possession. To my dismay, I learned that General Hampton, without my knowledge, had ordered Law to some other point, so that my messenger could not find him. I then hoped for the arrival of Wheeler's command from the other side. He came through himself with a few of his staff and escort. He rode up and inquired about my command. I replied, "Scattered like the devil; where is yours?" He said he had encountered a bog through which his division could not pass, and that he had ordered it to make a circuit to the left and come around on my track. This, of course, took time, and in the meantime Kilpatrick's 1,500 dismounted men had recovered from the shock of our first attack and gathered themselves behind pine trees, and with their rapid-firing Spencer carbines attacked us savagely and finally drove us out. I managed to gather up fragments of Wright's brigade and charged the rallying Federals, but they had got to their artillery and, with their carbines, made it so hot for the handful of us that we had to retire. It was at the head of this charge that Lieutenant-Colonel

King, of the Cobb Legion, was killed. In fact, I lost sixty-two men there in about five minutes' time.

While I was sitting on my horse near Kilpatrick's artillery and wagons, hoping for Wheeler or Law, I witnessed one of the most remarkable duels between two men on horseback that I had ever heard of. As I have observed, I rode into the midst of Kilpatrick's camp, passed his headquarters, and, as Wright had swept through from our side of attack, I concluded they were ours, especially as I expected Wheeler to come in from the other side and clinch the work. You may imagine my surprise, then, when I discovered a mounted man approaching us and showing fight. This was before the dismounted men had rallied. About the same time I noticed a Confederate moving out to meet him, who, I supposed, was a member of the Cobb Legion. His back was to me, and I could not identify him in the early dawn. However, I said to myself, "They are about matched; I will see it out without interfering." They got within about ten paces of each other, when the Federal fired first, followed in an instant by a shot from the Confederate's revolver. The Federal fired a second time, and the Confederate fired almost simultaneouly, and, I discovered, hit his antagonist, but the Federal managed to fire a third shot, and with the report of the Confederate's third fire the Federal tumbled from his horse, mortally wounded. I dismissed the matter from my mind, and was surprised afterward to learn that the Confederate was my brother, Captain James Butler, who had come from the Trans-Mississippi department, where he had commanded a company of partisans with Price and McCullough, and was serving temporarily on my staff. It was the gamest fight I ever saw, and there I was, a silent spectator, without suspecting that my own brother was one of the parties to a duel *al' outrance.*

And now for the sequel. In a conversation with General Kilpatrick about this affair, after the war, he told me he had walked out in his slippers about daylight, as was his usual custom, and scarcely got out of the house when he heard the "Rebel yell." He said he thought to himself, "Here is four years' hard fighting for a major-general's commission gone up with a surprise"; that in a very few minutes a Rebel dashed up to him and asked, "Where is General Kilpatrick?" to which, he said, he replied, "There he goes on that black horse," pointing to a man making off on a black

horse; that thereupon the Rebel pursued the man on the black horse, and that he (Kilpatrick) then mounted the nearest horse, in his night clothes, and escaped.

My theory has always been that the man who accosted Kilpatrick was Captain Bostick, and being anxious to take him prisoner, was misled by Kilpatrick's ruse. At any rate, we did not get him, but took in 475 of his men as prisoners, and resumed our march towards Fayetteville, which was not many miles to the north of us.

THE SCENES OF A YANKEE MARCH

A short time previous to the final attack on Port Henry, the Yankees, several thousand strong, marched out to a reconnoisance in force in that direction. The scenes of the return march are thus described by a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune:*

"The march has been, I am sorry to say, a most disgraceful one. Pillage, arson, murder, have been its accompaniments. The population have fled precipitately before the approach of the column, and their houses have been stripped of everything portable, useful or otherwise—and that which was not portable has been destroyed. One fine country residence was burned to the ground, and another was fired and partially burnt. A fine tobacco house was laid in ruins. From the village of Mayfield to the Tennessee River if there is a domestic fowl, calf, pig or anything living that could furnish food for men disgusted with hard bread and salt meat, left alive, it is because it failed to be discovered. The village of Murray was literally pillaged of everything. Stores, shops and houses were broken open, and everything that could appeal to a soldier's fancy taken away. We have been followed into this camp by scores of farmers searching for mules and horses that have been driven off by the straggling soldiers. A general order has been issued to commanders of regiments to have all such property turned loose before leaving this place. A straggling soldier on the march was accosted by a citizen on discovering him behind his premises, when words ran high, resulting in a taunt from the citizen that the Yankee soldiers were all d—d cowards, whereupon the soldier deliberately fixed his bayonet and ran the citizen through, killing him instantly. It is reported that a citizen of Mayfield was shot by the soldiery. Still another case of a person being killed between Murray and this place is reported. The citizens, maddened to frenzy, have finally armed themselves as best they can, and are hanging on our rear, shooting down stragglers. Pickets are also suffering the consequences of this inhuman warfare; two pickets of the Second Illinois Cavalry who were out night before last have not returned nor been heard from. The consequences of such a march through a territory of

which a portion of the inhabitants at least are friends, and all sought to be made such, must be apparent to all. Our enemies will be multiplied and our friends proportionately decreased. The people of western Kentucky have had a severe lesson, and will hereafter shudder at the announcement of the approach of the Federal army."

Port Henry fell into the hands of the Yankees on the 6th February, 1862.

What Sherman did on his march through Georgia and the Carolinas was much worse than the above, which reminds us of a young man when he went to see his sweetheart. She said, "Darling, please tell me the difference between a jackass and a mule." "Why," he says, "my dear, a jackass is just like a mule, only a little more so."

My desire is to publish nothing but the truth and to state the facts as they happened as near as possible. As Dick Wash said to Stan Griffin when he was cursing the preacher at Antioch church: "State facts, Stan—Stan, state facts," as he patted him on the shoulder.

Captain Daniel Oakley, of the Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, in "Battles and Leaders," says this: "It was sad to see the wanton destruction of property, which was the work of 'bummers' who were marauding through the country committing every sort of outrage; there was no restraint, except with the column or the regular foraging parties. The country was necessarily left to take care of itself and become a howling waste. The coffee coolers of the Army of the Potomac were archangels compared to our bummers, who often fell to the tender mercies of Wheeler's Cavalry and were never heard of again, meeting a fate richly deserved."

Another Northern soldier, writing for the Detroit *Free Press*, gives the following account: After describing the burning of Marietta, in which the writer says, among others things, "Soldiers rode from house to house, entered without ceremony, and kindled fires in garrets and closets and stood by to see that they were not extinguished." Again he says: "At the very beginning of the campaign at Dalton the Federal soldiery had *received encouragement to become vandals.* When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta everybody had license to throw off restraint and make Georgia

drain the bitter cup. The Federal who wants to learn what it was to license an army to become vandals should mount a horse at Atlanta and follow Sherman's route for fifty miles. He can hear stories from the lips of women that would make him ashamed of the flag that waved over him as he went into battle. When the army had passed nothing was left but a trail of desolation and despair. No houses escaped robbery, no woman escaped insult, no building escaped firebrand, except by some strange interposition. War may license an army to subsist on the enemy, but civilized warfare stops at live stock, forage and provisions. It does not enter the houses of the sick and helpless and rob women of their finger rings and carry off their clothing."

The above was simply "hell broke loose in Georgia."

Alexander H. Stephens, the vice-president of the Confederate States, who was one of the greatest men that Georgia ever produced, said in one of his speeches advising against secession before the State seceded, that in case Georgia did secede, that large armies would invade the country. But he did not realize how terrible it would be.

Like the preacher at sea in a great storm. When the boat was tossing and the waves running high, the reverend gentleman said to the captain, "Do you think we are in much danger?" and when the good captain said, "Yes, we will all be in heaven in five minutes," the preached exclaimed, "Oh, Captain, you don't think it can be that bad."

In Savannah General Sherman said that he would take his gloves off in South Carolina—and he did. Sherman's army introduced the nameless crime in our country—such a thing was never heard of before in our State.

Butler's cavalry would shoot these brutes down like so many mad dogs. Every one of Sherman's "bummers" when captured would exclaim, "Please don't shoot me," and would offer our cavalry something that they had stolen to spare their lives. I suppose they thought they ought to have been killed. On the afternoon of the 21st February, 1865, General Butler and his couriers charged some "bummers" and they scattered through the woods like so many wild turkeys. The one I captured offered me a lady's beautiful riding whip and begged me not to kill him. He had thrown his weapons away before I caught him. It was

fortunate for me that he had, for my pistol was empty, so I double-quicked him to General Butler. I take the following from a Yankee history, "Kilpatrick and Our Cavalry," by James Moore, M. D.:

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi.
In the Field, February 24, 1865.

Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton, Commanding Cavalry Forces, C. S. A.

GENERAL: It is officially reported to me that our foraging parties are murdered after capture and labelled, "Death to all foragers." One instance of a lieutenant and seven men near Chesterfield, and another of twenty near a ravine eighty rods from the main road about three miles from Feasterville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner. I hold about 1,000 prisoners captured in various ways, and can stand it as long as you, but I hardly think these murders are committed by your knowledge, and would suggest that you give notice to the people at large that every life taken by them simply results in the death of one of your Confederates. Of course, you cannot question my right to forage on the country. It is a war-right as old as history. The manner of exercising it varies with circumstances, and if the civil authorities will supply my requisitions I will forbid all foraging. But I find no civil authorities that can respond to calls for forage or provisions, and, therefore, must collect directly of the people. I have no doubt this is the occasion of much misbehavior on the part of our men, but I cannot permit an enemy to judge or punish with wholesale murder.

Personally, I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this war; but they were to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow, and made war inevitable, ought not, in fairness, to reproach us for the natural consequences; I merely assert our war-right to forage, and my resolve to protect to the utmost my foragers to the extent of life for life.

I am with respect, Your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General U. S. A.

Sherman contradicts himself, for he says, in his Mem., page 182: "I would not restrain the army, lest its vigor and energy should be impaired."

Headquarters in the Field, February 27, 1865.

Major-General W. T. Sherman, United States Army.

GENERAL: Your communication of the 24th inst. reached me today. In it you state it has been officially reported that your foraging parties were "murdered" after captures, and you go on to say that you have ordered a number of Confederate soldiers to be "murdered."

You characterized your order in proper terms, for the public voice, even in your own country, where it seldom dares to express in vindication of

truth, honor or justice, will surely agree with you in pronouncing you guilty of murder if your order is carried out.

Before discussing this portion of your letter I beg to assure you for every soldier of mine "murdered" by you I shall have executed at once two of yours, giving in all cases preference to any officers who may be in my hands.

In reference to the statement you make regarding the death of your foragers, I have only to say that I know nothing of it; that no orders given by me authorize the killing of prisoners after capture, and that I do not believe my men killed any of yours, except under circumstances in which it was perfectly legitimate and proper they should kill them. It is a part of the system of the thieves whom you designate as your foragers to fire dwellings of those citizens whom they have robbed.

To check this inhuman system, which is fully execrated by every civilized nation, I have directed my men to shoot down all of your men who are caught burning houses. This order shall remain in force as long as you disgrace the profession of arms by allowing your men to destroy private dwellings.

You say that I cannot, of course, question your right to forage on the country. It is a right as old as history. I do not, sir, question this right. But there is a right older even than this, and one inalienable. The right that every man has to defend his home and to protect those who are dependent upon him. And from my heart I wish that every old man and boy in my country who can fire a gun would shoot down, as he would a wild beast, the men who are desolating their land, burning their houses and insulting their women. You are particular in defining war rights. May I ask if you enumerate among them the right to fire upon a defenseless city without notice, to burn that city to the ground after it had been surrendered by the authorities who claimed, though in vain, that protection which is always accorded in civilized warfare to non-combatants; fire the dwelling houses of citizens after robbing them, and perpetrate even darker crimes than these crimes, too black to be mentioned.

You have permitted, if you have not ordered, the commission of these outrages against humanity and the rules of war; you fired into the City of Columbia, without a word of warning, after its surrender by the mayor, who demanded protection to private property; you laid the whole city in ashes, leaving amid its ruins thousands of old men and helpless women and children, who are likely to perish of starvation and exposure.

Your line can be traced by the lurid light of burning houses, and in more than one household there is an agony far more bitter than death.

The Indian scalped his victim regardless of sex or age; but, with all his barbarity, he always respected the persons of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult those whose natural protectors are absent.

In conclusion, I have only to request that when you have any of my men disposed of, or "murdered," for the terms appear to be synonymous with

you, you will let me hear of it, in order that I may know what action to take in the matter.

In the meantime I shall hold fifty-six of your men as hostages for those whom you have ordered to be executed.

I am yours, etc.,

WADE HAMPTON,
Lieutenant-General.

When Sherman's army marched through Fairfield County, S. C., three gentlemen who had passed about seventy mile rocks on life's journey took to the tall timber and when hunger had forced them out of the woods they approached a house, and one of them said to the boy in the front yard, "Go and tell the lady (whose home was not in the line of march) that three gentlemen formerly of affluence, but suddenly reduced to poverty, would like to have breakfast." It is useless to say they enjoyed the Confederate coffee made of toasted cornmeal, and other things in keeping with the times.

Here is a letter by a Yankee lieutenant to his wife:

Camp near Camden, S. C., February 26, 1865.

MY DEAR WIFE: I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. *Unrestrieted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day.* The chivalry have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pichers, cups, spoons, forks, &c., &c., are as common in camp as blackberries. The terms of plunder are as follows: The valuables procured are estimated by companies. Each company is required to exhibit the result of its operations at any given place. One-fifth and first choice falls to the commander-in-chief and staff, one-fifth to corps commander and staff, one-fifth to field officers and two-fifths to the company. Officers are not allowed to join in these expeditions unless disguised as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a rough suit of clothes from one of my men, and was successful in his place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things an old milk pitcher) and a very fine watch from a Mr. DeSaussure of this place. DeSaussure is one of the F. F. V's. of South Carolina, and was made to fork out liberally. Officers over the rank of captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, the subordinate officers and privates keep everything back that they can carry about their persons, such as rings, earrings, breastpins, &c., &c., of which, if I live to get home, I have a quart. I am not joking. I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and the girls, and some No. 1 diamond pins and rings among them. General Sherman has gold and silver enough to start a bank. His share in gold watches and chains alone at Columbia was two hundred and seventy-five.

But I said I could not go into particulars. All the general officers, and many besides, have valuables of every description down to ladies' pocket handkerchiefs. I have my share of them, too.

We took gold and silver enough from the d—d rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the Old Bay State. It would deck her out in glorious style; but, alas! it will be scattered all over the North and Middle States.

The d—d niggers, as a general thing, preferred to stay at home, particularly after they found out that we wanted only the able-bodied men, and, to tell the truth, the youngest and best looking women. Sometimes we took them off by way of repaying influential Secessionists. But a part of these we managed to lose, sometimes in crossing rivers, sometimes in other ways. I shall write you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro, or some other place in North Carolina. The order to march has arrived, and I must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother and Aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and the children. Don't show this letter outside of the family.

Your affectionate husband,

THOMAS J. MYERS,

Lieutenant, etc.

P. S. I will send this by flag of truce to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it to Hilton Head. Tell Lottie I am saving a pearl bracelet and earrings for her. But Lambert got the necklace and breastpin from the same set. I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia. T. J. M.

This letter is addressed to Mrs. Thomas J. Myers, Boston, Mass.

In his memoirs Sherman says that war is hell. I am inclined to the belief that some of his house burners (bummers) who were killed with torches in their hands are still in the fire department presided over by his Satanic Majesty.

The Yankee general Joe Hooker said of the Confederate soldier that for steadiness in action and discipline he had no equal.

At 9:30 p. m. on the 10th day of October, 1862, General Hampton placed General M. C. Butler and his cavalry in immediate command of Chambersburg, Pa., until 9 a. m. the following day, and nothing was molested except government property. The women of the city were as free from insult as they ever were. It was in this city that General Lee issued the following:

Headquarters A. N. V.,
Chambersburg, Pa., June 27, 1863.

General Orders No. 73.

The commanding general has marked with satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march and confidently anticipate results commensurate

with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the first ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and the duties exacted of us by civilization and christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army and through it to our people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we, without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain, the commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the order on this subject.

R. E. LEE, General.

The future historian will prove that the Confederate soldier was ever true to his convictions and fought as no other soldier did, and he will be held up as the typical American soldier, honored and respected by all the people from the rockbound coast of Maine to the golden gates of California, and from the great lakes to where the waves of the Atlantic kiss the shores of the Carolinas and Georgia.

"General Lee fled from Fame; but Fame
Sought him in his retreat;
Demanding for the world one name
Made deathless by defeat."

BURNING OF THE CONVENT

When the Pagan Saxons laid England waste from sea to sea many of the inhabitants fled into Gaul and settled in Armorica. Others took shelter in the Netherlands and had a settlement near the Rhine at a castle called Brittenburgh, as appears from ancient monuments and Belgic historians produced by Usher. St. Ursula and other holy martyrs seem to have left Britain about that time, and to have met a glorious death in defence of their virginity from the army of the Huns, which in the fifth age plundered that country and carried fire and the sword wherever they came. It is agreed that they came originally from Britain, and Ursula was the conductor and encourager of this holy troop.

Sigebert's Chronicle places their martyrdom in 453 (see Butler's "Lives of the Saints," page 493, October number). St. Ursula, who was the mistress and guide to heaven to so many holy maidens, who she animated to the heroic practice of virtue, conducted to the glorious crown of martyrdom, and presented spotless to Christ, is regarded as a model and patroness by those who undertake to train up youth in the sentiments of piety and religion. A great many religious establishments have been erected under her name and patronage for the virtuous education of young ladies throughout the world—they are found among the uncivilized as well as the civilized performing their heroic work.

The first Ursuline convent in the United States of America was established in the State of Louisiana, in the city of New Orleans, in the year 1727, and in the year 1858, upon the invitation of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch, who was one of the brightest lights of the church, this community of the Order of the Ursulines came to Columbia from Brown County, Ohio, and has accomplished much good. The Mother Superior at that time was Madame Baptiste Lynch, who was possessed with wonderful tact, energy and intellect. These good ladies had their convent at the northeast corner of Main and Blanding streets and continued their good work until Sherman's army put the torch to their beautiful convent on the night of the 17th February, 1865;

MAIN STREET LOOKING SOUTH, SHOWING STATE HOUSE PARTIALLY COMPLETED—1865

MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM STATE CAPITOL GROUNDS—1865

CATHOLIC CONVENT—1865

HUNT'S HOTEL, MAIN STREET—1865

REPRODUCTIONS OF RARE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING SCENES IN THE CITY OF COLUMBIA, S. C., AFTER THE BURNING BY SHERMAN'S ARMY

when these poor nuns had to take the young ladies under their charge and sit on the tombstones in the Catholic churchyard during that memorable night with no covering, save their wearing apparel, other than the canopy of heaven. The next day, however, General Sherman relented and was equally as liberal with property that did not belong to him as he was with the torch the night before, presenting these good nuns with the Preston mansion, now the South Carolina College for Women under the management of some gentlemen of the Presbyterian persuasion, and the Methodist College, where the Colonia Hotel now stands. These Mother Baptiste Lynch gladly accepted with the view of saving them from Sherman's torches for their lawful owners. She was also the means of saving Valle Crucis, at one time the home of Governor Pierce Butler.

General Sherman had his headquarters on Gervais street between Pickens and Henderson, at the residence now owned by the merchant prince Mr. J. L. Mimnaugh, while General John A. Logan occupied the Preston mansion, who was in ante-bellum days charged by the Hon. William C. Preston, while in Washington, with being an "Indian half-breed." The impression was then, and is at this late date, believed true.

During the mess dinner hour at the "old mansion," General Logan turned to the venerable and ante-bellum butler of the Hampton and Preston families and remarked: "Henry, what would William C. Preston say could he know that the feet of the 'half-breed Indian Logan' rested under his mahogany?" Old Henry dare not answer, devoted as he was to that house, the family, and the traditions dating back to the days when his master, Major-General Wade Hampton, of the old army once entertained gentlemen comrades at that same board. Old Henry had been "faithful among the faithless," and though a rope had been placed around his neck more than once to make him reveal hidden treasures, yet, with force applied, no information could be obtained, and this old negro remained steadfast to the end of the ordeal.

Testimony before the mixed commission on British and American claims in Washington, D. C., 1872, volume entitled "Who Burnt Columbia?" published by Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Charleston, S. C., February 17th, 1865, page 97:

Wm. T. Sherman testifies:

"Q. Do you not believe—I do not want what people told you—but do you not believe that individuals assisted in spreading that conflagration? Soldiers may have been concerned in spreading it?

"Answer. *Sherman on oath.* Yes, sir, after it had been started. There was a little circumstance which occurred at the beginning, while I was still at the pontoon bridge, that I will mention right here: I received a note from a sister of charity who kept the asylum or school in Columbia, alleging the fact that she was a teacher in a school in Brown County, Ohio, where my daughter, Minnie, was a pupil, and by reason of that fact she claimed protection to her school and property. I think I sent one of my staff officers, Colonel Ewing, to assure her that there was no purpose to disturb her or the property of anybody in Columbia. I have since heard that she claimed that I passed my word guaranteeing to her protection, on which she had based a claim for indemnification, etc. Now, of course, I did not want that school burnt with a parcel of little children. I went myself to see her afterwards; that is what I am getting at. The next day after the conflagration I went and found them all clustered in an adjoining house, and gave orders that they should have possession of some Methodist establishment, which happened to be vacant, and which would serve as a shelter until they could procure another place. Their schoolhouse was burnt down in the great conflagration of the night before."

It is true that General Sherman's daughter, Miss Minnie, did go to the convent in Brown County, Ohio; it is true that the Mother Superior did write the note asking for protection (whom he calls the sister of charity in his testimony), and it is true that the Mother Superior did not get the promised protection.

In the report of Chancellor James Parsons Carroll, in relation to the destruction of Columbia, the 17th of February, 1865, we find the following on page 7: "The Confederate forces were withdrawn and the town restored to the control of the municipal authorities on the morning of the 17th of February. Accompanied by three of the aldermen, the mayor, between eight and nine o'clock a. m., proceeded in the direction of Broad river, for the purpose of surrendering the city to General Sherman. Acting

in concert with the mayor, the officer in command of the rear guard (one squadron) of the Confederate cavalry, General M. C. Butler, forebore from further resistance to the advance of the opposing army, and to effectual precautions against anything being done which might provoke General Sherman or his troops to acts of violence or severity towards the town or its citizens. On the night of the 16th of February, 1865, Generals Hampton and Butler had their headquarters at the Preston mansion, and the next night at Killian's Mill, and well do I remember, with my saddle for a pillow, how sweetly I slept on the cold, wet ground, while others watched the flames eleven miles away which razed our beautiful city to the ground.

General Hampton brought from Virginia in January, 1865, two brigades of the First Division Cavalry, A. N. V (Dunovant's and Young's), commanded by General M. C. Butler (who in many battles would present his breast to the sword of the enemy and by his example force his soldiers to repulse the insulting and pursuing hirelings of an invading army), leaving General Rosser's brigade in the valley with General Fitzhugh Lee, while the "old bald eagle," the man who never surrendered, General Mart Gary, guarded the left of the army around Richmond and General Dearing guarded the right wing below Petersburg.

I recollect on the morning of the 17th February, when the rear guard was preparing to leave Columbia, we were mounted and ready for orders on Blanding street, in front of the Preston mansion, with the head of the column facing west, when to our dismay we witnessed the sad sight of Logan's Fifteenth Army Corps marching down Main street. Words fail me to express how these battle-scarred veterans looked. They were ready to spill every drop of their life's blood in defense of the helpless women and children. Some said it was time to fight, let us charge; while others said how glorious to die defending our beautiful city. General Hampton saw that discretion was the better part of valor, and ordered General Butler with the rear guard up the Winnsboro road towards Killian's Mill. Butler only had in his gallant little Spartan band about 800 men. The rest of these two old brigades —save a few dismounted men commanded by General P M. B. Young on the coast—had been left on the plains of Virginia, where their bones now lie bleaching. General M. C. Butler never

planned and fought a battle during the late unpleasantness but what he covered himself and his brave veterans with glory. He taught his men to conquer and was a terror to his enemies; and in all battles he was everywhere present, striking fear and terror into their breasts and paleness over their countenances, and inspiring his own men with courage. General J. E. B. Stuart, who was mortally wounded at the Yellow Tavern, near Richmond, and died 12th May, 1864, once said that the chivalrous Butler, the dashing Rosser and the gallant Young would make any man a military reputation.

On page 13 of Chancellor Carroll's report we find it stated: "It is said by numbers of the soldiers, that the order had been given to burn down the city. There is strong evidence that such an order actually issued in relation to the house of General John S. Preston. The Ursuline convent was destroyed by the Sherman fire, and the proof referred to comes from a reverend and honored member of that holy sisterhood, the Mother Superior, and it is subjoined in her own words: 'Our convent was consumed in the general conflagration of Columbia. Ourselves and pupils were forced to fly, leaving provisions, clothing and almost everything. We spent the night in the open air in the churchyard. On the following morning General Sherman made us a visit, expressed his regret at the burning of our convent, disclaimed the act, attributing it to the intoxication of his soldiers, and told me to choose any house in town for a convent, and it should be ours. He deputed his adjutant-general, Colonel Ewing, to act in his stead. Colonel Ewing reminded us of General Sherman's offer to give us any house in Columbia we might choose for a convent. We have thought of it, said we, and of asking for General Preston's house, which is large. "That is where General Logan holds his headquarters," said he, "and orders have already been given, I know, to burn it tomorrow; but if you say you will take it for a convent I will speak to the general, and the order will be countermanded." On the following morning, after many inquiries, we learned from the officer in charge (General Perry, I think,) that his orders were to fire it unless the sisters were in actual possession of it, but even if a detachment of the sisters were in it it should be spared on their account. Accordingly, we took possession of it, although fires were already kindled near and the servants were

carrying off the bedding and furniture in view of the house being consigned to the flames.' "

Of course the nuns, as soon as hostilities ceased, turned the property over to General Preston, and in August, 1865, purchased from Colonel Ellison Keitt his beautiful home situated about three miles east of Columbia, whose angelic and accomplished wife called the place Valle Crucis—Vale of the Cross. Little did she think that a convent soon after her demise would be established on the spot she had so appropriately named. Her beautiful and cultured daughter received her education at the Ursuline Convent at Valle Crucis, and is now married to that gallant and chivalric gentleman, Colonel L. P. Miller. Young ladies from nearly all the Southern and some of the Northern States have received their education at Valle Crucis and Columbia by the untiring efforts of these saintly nuns. While the convent was at Valle Crucis on the 14th day of October, 1872, by permission of Bishop Lynch and the Mother Superior, and at the instance of that good, noble and saintly priest, Rev. James Fullerton—like Nathan of old, with no guile in his heart—two of these nuns, Madame Ursula and Madam Thomasine, moved into Columbia and established the parochial school at St. Peter's church. Almighty God alone knows the good this school has done. We poor mortals can only imagine how many have been saved from perdition by attending the school which was the pride of the good priest's heart. After the death of the lamented Bishop Lynch, which occurred on the 26th February, 1882, the gifted Bishop Northrop, his successor, induced the nuns to move into Columbia. They purchased the above-mentioned Preston Mansion, and on the 18th day of July, 1887, established the convent once more there, where they continued their noble work until 19th February, 1890. Madame Baptiste Lynch died 28th July, 1887—the venerable superior who brought the community from Ohio in 1858—leaving as her successor Madame Charles Weed, who only survived her a short time, for she was called to her reward on the 16th of March, 1888, and was succeeded by Madame Thomasine, the present able, accomplished and gifted Mother Superior.

On the 26th day of July, 1889, the cornerstone of the new and beautiful convent was laid at the northwest corner of Plain and Assembly streets, and on the 19th of February the nuns left the

Preston mansion, not for Valle Crucis, but to take up their abode in their large and commodious and handsome convent which contains about fifty rooms and thirteen large halls. Fifty boarders and three hundred day scholars can easily be accommodated. This fine brick building is furnished with hot and cold water, baths, lights and best sanitary arrangements; thoroughly heated by hot-air furnaces and well ventilated. The grounds are ample for out-door exercise, which is regularly required. In point of health and beauty Columbia does not yield to any Southern city. Owing to the mild climate and dryness of the atmosphere, it is beginning to attract much attention as a winter resort for invalids. The mean temperature is 50 degrees Fahr. The city is connected by direct lines of railway with all parts of the United States. The institution is chartered by the Legislature of South Carolina and empowered to confer degrees and diplomas.

In admission of pupils into the institution no distinction of religion is made, nor is any undue influence used over their religious principles, but for the maintaining of order all are required to attend the exercise of divine worship prescribed for the institute.

All applicants must be properly introduced. Application made by societies or individuals disposed to aid the education of young ladies, for admission of pupils at reduced rates will receive the most favorable consideration that the circumstances of the convent will admit. For further information application may be made to the Rt. Reverend Bishop, to the Reverend Clergy, or to the Mother Superior. Some of the young ladies enter the convent school very young, scarcely in their teens, and during their days of study and meditation, that after graduating so much charmed are they with their saintly training received at the hands of these pious nuns they immediately take the white veil and wear it two and a half years, when they rejoice to take the black veil and are consecrated to Almighty God, and for whose honor and glory they devote the rest of their lives introducing children, particularly girls, to Him who created all things visible and invisible. To see these saintly women and converse with them you are forcibly reminded that white-winged angels of peace are continually hovering around them and those under their charge. "All that pleases is but for a moment, and that which troubles is but for a moment, and that only which is important is eternal."

HUGH SCOTT, SCOUT FOR HAMPTON AND BUTLER, TROOP "I," SECOND S. C. CAVALRY

When Sherman was in camp in front of Goldsboro, N. C., in 1865, after his splendid (?) march to the sea, "we scouts," James Butler (brother of General M. C. Butler), a man by the name of Ashley (I regret the absence of his initials, for he was a very gallant man, but he was an enlisted man of the splendid "Philip's Legion,") Dan Tanner, N. B. Eison, and three others, who, in the lapse of years have escaped my memory, brave, gallant men, all of them.

At Snow Hill, a little town on the banks of the Neuse River, in North Carolina, it was reported that the Yankees were in camp —nineteen horses—awaiting our coming, and a few moments later the nineteen horses belonged to us and the Confederacy. I returned in order to secure the Yankee headquarters flag which I had seen floating in the breeze, but the sentinel on post became alarmed, and the force being too strong I was unable to effect the capture. We swam the Neuse River with our horses, crossing safely with our plunder. The next day we went down to Snow Hill, and found that the Yanks had left. We crossed the bridge, tearing up the planks behind us, thus cutting off communication. We then moved in the direction of Goldsboro, with the intention of destroying the railroad between that point and Newbern, derailing the train, robbing it, and leaving. En route we captured a Yankee officer riding out with a young lady. We held the festive colonel prisoner, but allowed the misguided young lady to go "Scot free." That scouting expedition secured to us seventy-five splendid horses, with saddles, accoutrements and equipments, amply repaying us for the risk and danger attending our every step.

We rode day and night in our endeavor to reach Raleigh in advance of the Yankees, and our speed increased when it became known that Captain Jim Butler knew the hiding place of a splendid barrel of whiskey, "Old Mountain Dew," for, you know, a Confederate soldier would ride through hail and a tempest for

a bottle of whiskey, and for a barrel they would ride through ——. In the course of time a citizen pointed out a short cut to Raleigh, and I was detailed to reconnoiter. I moved cautiously in the direction of a house located about two miles from where a few moments before I had left the boys and horses. Reaching a house, I found four Yankee steeds hitched to the fence. This was about 10 o'clock at night. I entered the house and found four Yanks eating supper, the owner of the place waiting on table. As I entered I remarked: "Well, I'm just in time," at the same time seating myself at table and helping myself to a real, big, strong drink of fine old North Carolina corn from a generous decanter set before them. One of the Yanks asked, "To what command do you belong?" I answered, "Kilpatrick's, am one of his scouts, and wanted to find out something about the roads in that region." Between "the good old corn" and an animated conversation, I gathered the information desired, and deemed it wise to withdraw and not to stop upon the order of my going. I told them that I was compelled to leave them, but would shortly return and spend the night. As there were only two beds in the room, the owner spread a pallet on the floor for me. Before taking leave, I made the host fill my old canteen full of the good old stuff and bid them "*adieu.*"

I did return shortly as I had promised to do, but with me came four of my gallant comrades. We walked in, lit a candle, covered them with our pistols and demanded their surrender. As in love, so in war, men resort to many tricks. They were rudely aroused from a seemingly refreshing sleep, dreaming, perchance, of home and fireside.

Upon being aroused, one of them, eyeing me keenly, remarked: "You are the man that took supper with us!" I modestly answered, "Yes," and that was the end of it.

We secured horses, and a nice set of prisoners, but lost the treasured barrel of whiskey, for Sherman got there first. Generals Hampton and Butler, however, were delighted at the result of our trip, for in those dark days seventy-five horses was no mean gift to cavalrymen.

Thus ended that trip.

HUGH H. SCOTT.

THE CURTAIN FALLS—BUTLER SURRENDERS HIS CAVALRY

At the Chester reunion, 1899, General M. C. Butler was the annual orator. Instead of indulging in a speech filled with customary platitudes he recited a narrative of the retreat of Joe Johnston from Columbia in the face of Sherman's overwhelming army. General Butler is known to have been a sagacious, as well as a dashing cavalry leader, and his observation of that famous march are well worth reading and remembering. General Butler said:

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: Your committee has done me the honor to request me to deliver an address before you today. I will, with your permission, appropriate the time set apart for the purpose of a simple narrative of the operations of the troops under my command from the evacuation of Columbia to Johnston's surrender. It has seemed to me we have not devoted enough of the time of our annual reunions to historical purposes. Possibly such subjects might not be so entertaining for the time being, but I am quite sure they would be useful to those who come after us. Besides, we have with us, I am pleased to say, our younger brethren, the Sons of Veterans, many of them endowed with the gift of eloquence and oratory, who will gratify and entertain us with their worthy enthusiasm in the cause of their fathers. The period of which I shall speak will embrace the last days of that constitutional republic, the Southern Confederacy, that came into being by the spontaneous action of its citizens, and flashed its brief existence among the nations of the earth with a brilliancy and grandeur of achievement in military and civic accomplishment never before equalled in the annals of all history. It was a sad day when this great light of constitutional government was put out, by superior force and overwhelming numbers. Its record will survive through the ages among the grandest and greatest efforts of mankind to establish and perpetuate a form of government best suited to the happiness and welfare of its inhabitants.

Its civic history is no less brilliant than its military, and the two combined make a record unsurpassed in human effort.

The burning of Columbia by Sherman was among the last acts of the great tragedy of 1861-65. This act was wholly unnecessary, and a clear, flagrant violation of all rules of civilized warfare. But the city had been marked as the capital of the "Cradle of Secession," and fell a victim to the venom and hatred of her enemies.

Charleston, the splendid old city by the sea, was really the "Cradle of Secession," but for days and weeks and months and years she had resisted and repelled combined assaults by land and water with a tenacity and skill and pluck that challenged the admiration of the world and made a new epoch in the science of military defense. Be it said to her glory, she never surrendered.

Columbia, fair and beautiful Columbia, suffered vicariously for the bull dog obstinacy of Moultrie, Sumter and Wagener, but, thanks to the energy, patience and confidence of her inhabitants, she has literally risen from her ashes and again put on the garb of a new life, and is today a monument to the baffled vengeance of her enemies and the undismayed pluck of her people.

The city was evacuated by the last of the Confederate forces on the morning of 17th February, 1865. It was my fortune to command a division of cavalry, composed of Butler's and Young's brigades, which constituted the rear guard of Beauregard's retiring army, and it was my duty to superintend the withdrawal of our troops in such a manner as not to give excuse to Sherman's incoming forces for a violation of the agreement made by the mayor, that venerable and honorable gentleman, Dr. Goodwyn, and General Sherman that if the Confederates should withdraw without resistance the city should have immunity from assault and violence. The compact was strictly carried out on our part. Let the charred remnants of this beautiful, disarmed and helpless city speak for the good faith and honorable conduct of the other side.

General Hampton retired with Young's brigade, then commanded by Colonel J. G. Wright, early that morning by the Winnsboro road, and later I moved out with the other brigade, commanded by Colonel B. H. Rutledge, by the Camden road. Reaching Taylor's lane, east of the old Charlotte depot, I halted

for an hour or more to witness the movement of a column of Sherman's army down the main street to the State House. The city was free from incendiarism at that time, but that night the inhabitants of the doomed city were engulfed in walls of flaming fire, the demon of hate having been let loose on its helpless victims.

It is not in the best taste that the pronoun "I" should be frequently used in a narrative like this, but it is almost impossible to be impersonal in giving details so essential to a clear understanding of the operations. Be good enough, therefore, my comrades, to bear in mind that in alluding to myself I embrace the officers and men of that gallant division of Confederate horsemen who had illustrated their splendid valor and dashing courage so long and so faithfully. It was simply my good fortune to be associated with them and participate in the glory of their achievements.

Resuming the march about nine or ten o'clock in the forenoon, we moved out to Dent's mill, on the Camden road, thence through the pine woods to Killian's mill, where we joined the other brigade and bivouacked for the night.

Exhausted by anxiety and loss of sleep of the two days and nights before, we slept so soundly that we were not aware until next morning, at least I was not, that Columbia had been destroyed by fire, although only eleven miles away.

During the next day, the 18th of February, Blair's corps, the Seventeenth, was pushed out along the Charlotte and Columbia railroad and appeared across Killian's mill pond and creek, and we had a sharp encounter with him there. I had the dam of the pond cut so as to flood the low ground and check Blair's advance. We deployed along the ridge in front of the railroad station and kept up the fight until dark, losing two men killed and several wounded. The loss inflicted on the enemy I had no means of ascertaining, except some prisoners captured by my scouts. Next morning we marched towards Winnsboro via Doko (now Blythewood) and Ridgeway.

I suppose General Beuregard, and, as for that matter, all of us, assumed that Sherman's next objective point was Charlotte, N. C. Consequently, after a halt of a day at Winnsboro, where it became my painful duty to have destroyed eighty dozen of Governor Aiken's fine old wine (sent up from Charleston for safety), to

prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy and tickling their thirsty palates. I was ordered out to Gladden's grove for convenience in getting forage, watching Sherman's right flank, while the remnant of Hood's army, under General S. D. Lee, with Wheeler's division of cavalry continued up the railroad. General Hampton directed me to rid myself of wheels, move around Sherman's right and join him at Land's ford on the Catawba river.

I accordingly ordered my wagons and artillery towards Charlotte, and with the mounted column started from Gladden's grove in the early morning of my second day there, by the nearest road leading towards Columbia, intending to pass between Sherman's army and that city. We had not advanced far before running into the Fifteenth corps. This corps and the Seventeenth composed Sherman's right wing and the Fourteenth and Twentieth his left. After a sharp fight with the Fifteenth corps, continued long enough to develop the strength of the enemy in my front, and finding I could not overcome so strong a force on that road, I moved to my left so as to get into the river road, the only one left open between my column and the Wateree river. This, too, the enemy had occupied in force. Late that afternoon an incident occurred which satisfied me that Sherman had changed direction to the right and was not moving on Charlotte. A prisoner was brought to me who said he was an artificer of the reserve ordnance train of the Twentieth corps, and that his train had been ordered to camp that night at Rocky Mount, on the Wateree river. This would throw the Twentieth corps entirely out of the direction of Charlotte, and convinced me for the first time that Sherman would move across the State toward Cheraw, at right angles with the course he had been marching, and I sent a dispatch at once to Generals Beauregard and Hampton notifying them of his change of route. This necessitated a change in my contemplated movement, as I could not get around between Sherman and the river. I, therefore, moved up through Beckamville, intending to pass the river at some convenient crossing higher up. Dr. Cloud, a venerable old gentleman of eighty-two years of age, resided at Beckamville and the only two members of his family with him were two young ladies, his granddaughters. He requested me to have our animals all fed from his well-stored

barns of forage, and notified me where he had concealed his valuables. I afterwards learned he had been strung up by the neck twice by Sherman's soldiers to coerce him into disclosing the whereabouts of his silver and valuables. In this they failed, as I also learned, but his negroes betrayed the places of concealment, and the silver and jewelry fell into the hands of Sherman's officers and men.

We moved from Beckamville to Fishing Creek, and bivouacked for the night at Anderson's mill. That night we could trace the line of Sherman's camps by the glare of the incendiary fires, lighting up the horizon for miles above and below us. I had been ordered to drive ahead of us all the work animals possible from the country, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. We carried away with us nine or ten very fine mules of Dr. Cloud's and three or four of Dr. Anderson's, and after the surrender at Greensboro I directed them to be returned to their owners, but whether any of them reached their destinations I cannot say. I learned that I was soundly abused for taking the animals away. If their owners had been aware that I was acting under orders, and how much trouble they caused me, they would doubtless have spared me.

Next morning we moved from Fishing Creek towards Gouche's ferry, on the Catawba river, and as the people living on our line of march could give me no information of a ford, I determined to ferry over the men and equipments in the ferryboat at Gouche's and swim the horses. The Twentieth and Fourteenth corps were closing in on us above and the Fifteenth and Seventeenth below, so the chances of getting out on the east side of the river were cut off.

I had one squadron unsaddled and started a man on a horse ahead with the loose horses following to swim across. The mounted man had almost reached the opposite bank, with the loose horses following closely on his heels, when, for some unaccountable reason, the loose horses turned and swam back to our side of the river. They drifted with the current some distance down, and struck the bank below the landing, and it was only by prompt and hard work we managed to draw them up the muddy, steep bank and save them.

The situation looked rather squally. Fortunately, I had sent scouts up and down the river, as we could learn nothing from the citizens of the neighborhood, with instructions to examine all the crossings within reach. Those from below reported a ford at Wade's—Wade's ford. It was the work of a very minutes to mount and make for this ford, which was crossed late in the afternoon, and the Federal commanders were disappointed in not bagging their game, as we learned from a prisoner taken next morning, who was a clerk at Logan's headquarters, that they expected to do.

After passing Lancaster Court House, where the home guard had been disbanded by General Garlington the day before, we moved east, or southeast. On the old Hanging Rock battle ground of the Revolution, the Cobb Legion of Young's brigade had an encounter with a regiment of Sherman's bummers, and drove it pell mell for some distance, killing and capturing quite a number. Thence we marched towards Cantey's plantation on Little Lynche's creek. We were constantly engaged with flankers and bummers of the enemy, and the night before we reached Cantey's I had intended to make a night attack on the Fifteenth corps, but a terrible rain storm came up before we could get in striking distance. The night was the darkest and the rain the hardest that I had ever known before or since, and so interfered with our plans as to make an attack at daylight impossible.

When we reached Cantey's about nine o'clock next morning, we discovered the enemy loading eight or ten wagons from Mr. Cantey's barns. I sent Colonel Rutledge forward with the Fourth South Carolina regiment to charge and to take the wagons and escort. This was done in handsome style, capturing the loaded wagons and several prisoners. We hurried them to the bridge near by over Little Lynche's creek, and just as our rear, the Phillip's Legion of Young's brigade, was clearing the bridge, a regiment or brigade of Federal infantry swung suddenly out and opened fire, but they were too late to do much damage. Here it was that Sherman's troops captured and carried off Mr. Thomas Pusear's celebrated race horse "Censor" and others. They were racing them below Cantey's farm, as we learned, when we came upon them.

The swamp on the east or north side of Lynche's creek was covered with water from the heavy rains, in some places up to the saddle skirts. As we were moving into the water, necessarily at a slow pace, a squad of mounted bummers followed us and fired on our rear. The audacity of the thing took us somewhat by surprise, but the rearguard, the Phillip's Legion, always prepared for any emergency, turned upon them and killed, captured or wounded the entire party, seventeen in number, before they could retrace their steps to the bridge.

We moved into the pine woods to Big Lynche's creek, now Lynche's river, and crossed at Pierce's bridge, turned down the stream to Kellytown, a hamlet near Tiller's ferry. As Sherman appeared to have halted on the south side of the river, it occurred to me he might determine to turn the head of his column towards Georgetown, on account of the scarcity of supplies, but it turned out he was delayed by high water. I halted for two days at Kellytown and sent Colonel Hugh Aiken with a strong detachment down the river on a reconnoitering expedition, and Major Brown of the Cobb Legion up the stream on a similar errand. Late on the afternoon of the second day I heard from Major Brown that Blair's corps, the Seventeenth, had crossed at Pierce's bridge, where we had crossed, and from the detachment under Colonel Aiken that the enemy had crossed below. This gallant officer was killed the night before in a fight with a detachment of Sherman's army, near Mt. Eron church. This detachment had been sent toward Florence to release the Federal prisoners imprisoned there. Aiken's encounter turned them back.

Becoming satisfied from these reports that Sherman was moving on Cheraw, we started about dark for that point, marching all that night, and next day reached the Confederate outposts just before sunset.

I reported to General Hardee, who had moved the garrison from Charleston, consisting of about 14,000 men, as reported at the time. The advance of Blair's corps reached within a few miles of Cheraw the same evening that we did.

I informed General Hardee that Blair's corps, consisting, as I was informed, of 17,000 or 20,000 men, must have been at least twelve hours' march ahead of the other corps of Sherman's army, and suggested that he attack Blair next morning with his 14,000

men reinforced by my division, and that if he would do so I was satisfied we could administer a severe blow and check Sherman's advance, but he did not appear to think it advisable, and, perhaps he was right. General Hardee directed me to picket Thompson's creek and to go in person to Chesterfield Court House with such of my command as I could spare and watch the movements of the enemy from that direction. He ordered a brigade of infantry on duty on the Chesterfield road to report to me with this small force. We retired, fighting at every point from Chesterfield Court House toward Cheraw. At nightfall the enemy had not crossed Thompson's creek, which is about eight miles distant from Cheraw by the Chesterfield road and four miles by the road to Camden. We had to guard the crossings of the creek covering the entire front of Cheraw.

A short time after dark a courier brought me a message from General Hardee directing me to report to him at once. I reached his headquarters about nine p. m., and as there have been a good many romances about what occurred that night and the next day, I will ask you to excuse me for entering rather minutely into the details of what I know of the incidents, and shall only speak of what comes within my own knowledge.

I found at General Hardee's headquarters General McLaws, General Rans Wright, General Talafeiro and General Stephen Elliott. They had evidently been holding a council of war, for soon after I entered and exchanged salutations General Hardee said to me, in substance, the following: "General, after your experience in today's operations, what do you advise in regard to the evacuation of Cheraw?" My prompt reply was "that he ought to get his army across the Pee Dee at the earliest possible moment." Some of the other officers, notably General McLaws, advanced the opinion that there was no occasion for haste. I said, "Well, gentlemen, you have asked my opinion and I have given it frankly, and have heard nothing to induce me to change it." I had no intimation of what had been discussed before my arrival, but my opinion appeared to settle whatever doubt that existed in General Hardee's mind, as he at once began to dictate aloud an order to his adjutant-general, Major Roy, for the withdrawal of the troops.

The first paragraph directed the chiefs of the quartermaster, ordnance and subsistence departments to begin the moving of their trains next morning at daylight. When the paragraph was finished I suggested that the order be changed to take effect at once that night, and the change was accordingly made. The last paragraph of the order directed that my division should bring up the rear, destroy what public stores that might be left and burn the covered bridge over the Pee Dee.

My reason for suggesting the change in General Hardee's order was based on the fact that great quantities of stores, public and private, had been sent up from the low-country to Cheraw for safety, and I felt quite sure it would require more time for their removal in view of the rapid advance of the enemy, and the event proved the correctness of this opinion.

By daylight next morning the infantry, artillery and wagon trains had been pretty well cleared out of the town, leaving only my division. I had scarcely time to get in one of my brigades from up the Chesterfield road before the enemy reached the outskirts of Cheraw on the Camden road. I halted a Georgia battalion of infantry at the forks of the two roads to hold the enemy in check until Young's brigade could get in on the Chesterfield road. As it was, forty-six men were cut off, but they managed to make their way across the river higher up and escaped. As soon as the brigade got in I relieved the infantry battalion, which in the meantime had had rather a fierce skirmish with the advance of the enemy at the fork of the roads.

I then deployed everything I had across the different streets and retired to the bridge in the face of a sharp fire, returned shot for shot, except that we had no artillery, while the enemy brought a battery and fired down the main street. The horse of one of my couriers, Edward Wells, of the Charleston Light Dragoons, was killed under him before reaching the bridge.

So close was the call at the bridge that as my rear guard passed out at the east end the enemy was entering the west end. The rear guard consisted of a squadron from Young's brigade, commanded by Captain Baugh. Happening to be with the rear guard, I directed Captain Baugh to dismount his men, send his horses behind the abutment of the bridge, drive the enemy out and set fire to the bridge. As horse flesh was very valuable at

that time, I sent my own out of danger, and together we drove the enemy out and set fire to the piles of rosin deposited at intervals along the floor of the bridge by General Hardee's engineer officers. We soon had it in flames and gave General Hardee time to start his heavy trains.

Colonel Alfred Rhett was ordered that evening to report to me for duty with his brigade as a part of the rear guard. The brigade consisted of the First South Carolina regular infantry, commanded by Colonel William Butler; the First South Carolina regular artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Joe Yates, and the South Carolina Heavy Artillery, whose commander I do not now recall. This brigade was deployed along the east bank of the river and kept up a lively sharp shooting with the enemy until nine or ten o'clock. During the firing Lieutenant-Colonel Warren Adams, First South Carolina infantry, was wounded near me by a shot in the chest which I supposed would be fatal, but the force of the bullet had been broken in some way and only inflicted a slight wound. Colonel Rhett was soon afterwards taken prisoner at Averysboro, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel William Butler. In this narrative I have not attempted as much as a reference to the almost daily conflicts we had with some portion of Sherman's army. With only a handful of men we could get only an occasional blow at detachments foraging and plundering the helpless inhabitants.

Soon after the evacuation of Cheraw General Joseph E. Johnston assumed command of the army. General Hardee, however, commanded in person at the battle of Averysboro, in which my division did not participate.

General E. M. Law was assigned to the temporary command of Butler's brigade, and before the battle of Bentonville was relieved by Brigadier-General T. M. Logan, who had recently been promoted to the vacancy occasioned by the death of General John Dunovant. This gallant and distinguished officer led the brigade at the fight of McDowell's farm, below Petersburg, and was killed on the fighting line the 1st day of October, 1864. I rejoined General Hampton, who had been with Wheeler's division, near the old fair grounds in North Carolina, after a separation of two weeks or more operating on my own hook. Just before we reached the junction we had a tilt with Kilpatrick's cavalry, the

first time we had met, and recaptured some Catawba wine he had sent out to seize from a citizen and took a number of prisoners. We had also had quite a heavy engagement with a portion of the Seventeenth corps at the crossing of Black river, where we killed several and captured a number of prisoners loaded down with plunder.

I wish time permitted and your patience could further endure a description of the attack on Kilpatrick's camp at daylight, his flight in his night clothes, Wheeler's inability to carry out his part of the programme because of an unforeseen obstacle, in a boggy swamp, and the severe losses we suffered by reason of the same. Among others killed on that eventful morning was Lieutenant-Colonel King, of the Cobb Legion, while gallantly leading a dismounted charge; also my friend and college classmate, Sergeant Sam Cothran, of the Sixth South Carolina cavalry, who was shot down and instantly killed near me, with sixty others, in an inconceivably short space of time. It was a sad fate so near the end, after so many years of such splendid service. I am not sure, however, that they were not more fortunate than those of us who survived to suffer the humiliation of defeat and the terrors of reconstruction. They died as all gallant soldiers prefer to die, fighting on the front line of battle for their convictions and love of country.

Our fight in the streets of Fayetteville, the battle of Bentonville, the armistice, the final terms of surrender, were the ringing down of the curtain after the last acts of one of the most gigantic struggles in the annals of war. It may interest you to learn something, as I draw my remarks to a close, of the closing scenes which led to the surrender and disbanding of Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C.

With scarce 28,000 men he had met Sherman's 80,000 or 90,000 at Bentonville and fought one of the fiercest battles of the war. Lee having surrendered soon afterwards at Appomattox, Va., a cessation of hostilities was arranged between Johnston and Sherman, as I now remember, for a few days. Before the expiration of the armistice Generals Hampton and Wheeler had left Johnston's army to proceed, as it was understood at the time, to the trans-Mississippi department to join that army and continue the war.

This left me the ranking cavalry officer of Johnston's army, with headquarters at Hillsboro, N. C. General Kilpatrick covered Sherman's front, and through his and my headquarters all messages between Johnston and Sherman passed. The day before the termination of the armistice General Johnston telegraphed me from Greensboro to meet him at the railroad with an escort and led horse and accompany him to General Sherman's headquarters. Accordingly we were at the railroad to meet him on the down train, with a squadron of cavalry and extra horse. When we were within a mile or so of Sherman's headquarters we were met by a detachment of Kilpatrick's cavalry and escorted to the Bennett House, where General Sherman was awaiting us. He and General Johnston entered the house, while I, accompanied by General T. M. Logan, Major John S. Preston and Captain James N. Lipscomb, of my staff, remained in the yard.

GENERAL T. M. LOGAN

In a short time we were joined by General O. O. Howard and later by Generals Schofield, Blair and Kilpatrick, with whom we engaged in conversation until invited into the house to join the two commanding generals, after they had made their final terms of capitulation. It is conceded, I believe, that these terms were drawn up by Major-General John M. Schofield. General Johnston concentrated his army at Greensboro, where it was paroled.

Major-General Hartsuff, of Sherman's army, and myself, representing Johnston's army, were appointed a joint commission to sign the muster rolls of the Confederate cavalry. When my sig-

nature was attached to those rolls I performed one of the most painful duties of my life, and I never recur to it without a feeling of sadness and gloom.

General Johnston directed me before discharging the division that I should superintend the distribution of about $17,000 in silver to the officers and men. This was done, and my share of the fund was $1.75, which was about the amount of my worldly assets with which to begin life anew.

We separated about the 1st day of May, 1865, and marched to our homes with the full consciousness of duty well performed. We made no apologies and have made none since, the only regrets felt or expressed were that we had not triumphed in our cause and won the final victory after so much hard fighting and so many sacrifices.

In parting after this reunion who knows to how many it will be the last. I greet you, my old Confederate friends, with the sincere affection of a devoted comrade who has shared with you the glories of successful battle under the Starry Cross and the sorrows and gloom of undeserved defeat. And to the Sons of Veterans, worthy sons of worthy sires, I congratulate you on the heritage you have in the prestige of your fathers, and commend their splendid records as soldiers and citizens to your jealous guardianship. A few years more and there will be nothing of them left except the sacred memories of their lives and the lofty example of their unselfish patriotism.

"Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabres sheathed and the cannon are dumb,
And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world."

COMMANDS OF M. C. BUTLER

Captain Hampton Legion June 12, 1861.
Major Hampton Legion July 21, 1861.
Colonel Second South Carolina Cavalry August 22, 1862.
Brigadier-General September 1, 1863.
Major-General September 19, 1864.

COMMANDS.

Commanding First Brigade of Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia, consisting of the First and Second South Carolina Cavalry, Cobb's Legion of Cavalry, Jeff. Davis' Legion of Cavalry, Philips' Legion of Cavalry, and First North Carolina Cavalry. Hampton's old brigade in May, 1864, brigade composed of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth South Carolina Regiments Cavalry, and Keitt's Squadron was afterwards added. Division originally composed of the cavalry brigades of Rosser, Young, Butler, and Dearing.

STAFF.

Barker, T. G., Major, A. A. G., November 4, 1864.
Davis, Zimmerman, Lieutenant-Colonel, A. A. G., July, 1864.
Lipscombe, J. N., Captain, A. A. G., November 4, 1864.
Lowndes, R., Captain, A. A. G., November, 1864.
Preston, John S., Major, A. A. G., November, 1864.
Butler, O. N., Captain, A. D. C., May, 1864.

DEATH OF BRIG.-GEN. JOHN DUNOVANT

Brigadier-General John Dunovant held rank of captain in Tenth U. S. Infantry before the war, and that of major of infantry in the South Carolina army during the initial operations of the War of the Confederacy and during the bombardment of Fort Sumter; was present at Fort Moultrie, doing all that was in his power. Subsequently he became colonel of the First Regiment of Regular Infantry, and was stationed for some time on Sullivan's Island and at Fort Moultrie. Later, in 1862, he was given command of the Fifth Regiment South Carolina Cavalry, in which capacity he served in the State until ordered to Virginia in March, 1864. There he and his regiment were under the brigade command of General M. C. Butler. The regiment under his leadership did admirable service. General Dunovant reported at the battle of Drury's Bluff May 16, 1864, and subsequently in the encounters with Sheridan's Cavalry. He shared the services of Butler's Cavalry at Cold Harbor, Trevillian, Nance's Shop, Gravelly Run, Ream's Station and McDowell's Farm. On August 2, 1864, President Davis suggested to General Lee Dunovant's promotion to brigadier-general, and it was soon after ordered.

BRIG.-GEN. JOHN DUNOVANT.

He was killed 1st October, 1864. On receipt of news of the death of the gallant soldier, General Lee replied to General Hampton: "I grieve with you at the loss of General Dunovant and Dr. Fontaine, two officers whom it will be difficult to replace."

HISTORY AND WAR ANECDOTES

GENERAL LAFAYETTE AND THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Forty years after the Revolution, 1776 to 1783, on the 10th of March, 1825, nearly a century ago, when that knightly and chivalrous hero, Lafayette, passed through this beautiful city. Spring's balmiest and most radiant sunbeams had kissed into generous bloom the flowers of wintry March, and these first offerings of spring were laid by grateful hands in the carriage ways and streets and in the dust, that the foot of that gallant son of France should tread this rare and radiant pathway of sweetest perfume. And with the queenly roses there lay the white lily flags, the "Fleur de Lis" of his own loved native land. He won the affections of the stern-browed and iron-souled warriors of the Revolution, thenceforth a halo of glory surrounded him, and he was hailed by all the world as the Apostle of Liberty. Lafayette was received with open arms by the warm-hearted and chivalrous sons of South Carolina, and was entertained in the large and commodious house on Gervais street so long occupied by Bishop Capers.

"On the 10th of March he arrived at Columbia, S. C., with an escort of about 1,000 troops. Splendid arches had been thrown up and he was welcomed in an address from the Governor of the State and another from Dr. Cooper, the president of the college. Some of the militia on this occasion evinced an alacrity which is not unworthy of notice. From two brigades in the interior of the State, 200 men from each, called into service by the Governor, reached Columbia in three days after the receipt of their orders. They marched from sixty to seventy miles on foot in full uniform. Among those who were assembled at Columbia to welcome the general he recognized Judge Waties, the only survivor of the party which received him on his first landing in this country at General Huger's, in Georgetown." See life of Lafayette.

Forty years after the great War Between the States, 1861 to 1865, that knightly and chivalrous gentleman, General Wilie Jones, suggested to the sterling veteran, Captain W D. Starling,

the idea of strewing flowers, and the reunion committee, assisted by Professor Dreher, on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 13th of May, 1903, like God's sweetest benediction—fell the gentle rain from the heavens upon the gallant and battle-scarred warriors of our great cause and upon the fair and dainty little children whose wee hands had made of May's loveliest flowers a carpet from Lady street to the State house. Upon this fragrant pathway of flowers they marched once again, clad in their suits of gray. Some of these were at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson took victory out of the Yankee General Hooker's hand and carried it with him to his grave. Some were at Gettysburg, Shiloh, Chickamauga, and some with Hampton and Butler at Trevillian and Sapony Church, and some with Mart Gary on the Chickahominy, and some from First Mannassas to Bentonville. Oh! grand old patriots who have so nobly fought and bled, though thy steps be feeble and slow and down the west life's sun is setting fast. Forever our hearts will live in the memory of your white deeds of valor and your noble brows we crown with the garlands of fadeless laurel and with the wreaths of deathless immortelles.

* * * *

South Carolina can boast of having had in the War of Secession the youngest colonel of the line, James R. Hagood, aged 19. The youngest colonel of artillery was John C. Haskell, aged 20. John D. Kennedy was the youngest brigadier-general, 24 years old, and at 28 Gen. M. C. Butler was a major-general, and at 32 Stephen D. Lee was a lieutenant-general. The first brigade of Confederate troops that left our State was commanded by General M. L. Bonham, and while commanding the brigade was elected Governor of South Carolina, and again was the last brigadier-general appointed from South Carolina—1865.

While at home in Edgefield on furlough in 1861 General Bonham met a big boy and said, "Hello, Bill, how's your pa?" "He is dead, sir,' was the answer. And late in the afternoon the old general met the same boy again and said, "Hello, Bill, how's your pa?" "He is still dead, sir," was the reply.

When the gallant General Perrin raised a company at Edgefield, Rube Golden and Lorenzie Radden were among the first to join, and as the 10th of August, 1861, drew near for the company to go to the front, Lorenzie would often say: "Oh, Golden! Oh, Golden! You think Perrin's company will go?" and when Golden said, "Yes, you fool; what in the devil did they volunteer for if they are not going?" Lorenzie's only reply was, "Oh, my!"

* * * *

Company "D" was Perrin's in the Fourteenth S. C. Regiment. James Jones was the first colonel, Sam'l McGowan, lieutenant-colonel, W. D. Simpson was the major, and while this gallant old regiment was in camp of instruction at Pole Cat, near Aiken, S. C., every morning at 8 o'clock the sick call was sounded. So one morning, Lorenzie Radden walked up and the doctor said, "Well, what is the matter, are you sick?" and Lorenzie said, "Sick? Why sick? Hell, haint I been sick for three days and better, an' haint a bit of stomach."

* * * *

When the Sixth South Carolina Cavalry was stationed at Adams' Run in 1862, General Hagood sent Company "B" of that gallant old regiment over to Jacksonboro to do picket duty on Cat Island, Bears Island and along the Edisto, under Captain Lewis Jones. We went into camp below Jacksonboro and about twenty men were sent down on Bears Island to remain two weeks to picket at Bennett's Point. The reserve picket post was about two miles this side of the Point, where two men were kept on vidette for twenty-four hours. One day, while at Jacksonboro, old man Scott came down from Edgefield with his three sons to "jine," as he said to Captain Jones. So they were all mustered into service and the boys in the company at once nick-named the whole party, and they were known afterwards as Old Scott, Yaller Scott, Lean Scott and Young Scott. For "we" they would say "we-ens" and for "you" or "yours," they would say "youens." One night when "Yaller" and "Lean" were relieved at the Point, Jim Kimbrill, George Addison, Bill Head and myself thought that it would be so nice to play a joke on the videttes, "Yaller" and "Lean," and meet them on the road in the dark and fire off

our guns over their heads, thinking, of course, they would drop the bag of oysters, which we would capture, as we expected them to beat a hasty retreat,—but lo and behold, when we fired, instead of running, Lean Scott quietly dismounted and said to his brother, "Here, Yaller, hold her creter till we-ens doos some shooten." We lost no time in making ourselves known to them and they quietly said, "Why, we-ens took you-ens for Yankees," and they ate their oysters at the Reserve Post while we looked on.

* * * *

The following incident of a battle is related by an eyewitness. Two Kentucky regiments—Yankee and Confederate—met face to face and fought each other with terrible resolution, and it happened that one of the Yankee boys wounded and captured his brother, and after handing him back, began firing at a man near a tree, when the captured brother called to him and said: "Don't shoot there any more; that's father."

* * * *

On the Warren raid in December, 1864, one of Butler's Cavalry stopped at a house and said to the lady, who asked what he wished, "Madam, could you lend me your frying pan? I belong to the picket down here." "Yes, sir," and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over and looked into it very hard as if not certain it was clean. "Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do anything more for you?" "Could—could—could you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, madam?" and he laughed in spite of himself. He got it.

* * * *

When General B. F. Butler was in command at New Orleans, he was informed that Father Ryan, priest and poet, had said he would even refuse to hold funeral services for a dead Yankee. General B. F Butler sent for him in haste, and began roundly scolding him for expressing such unchristian and rebellious sentiments. "General," the wily priest answered, "you have been misinformed. I would be pleased to conduct funeral services for all the Yankee officers and men in New Orleans."

* * * *

Colonel B. W Ball, adjutant on General Gary's staff, was sent early one morning with some message to Colonel R. B. Arnold, colonel of the Hampton Legion. When he reached Colonel

Arnold, the battle was raging and minnie balls falling thick and fast. When Colonel Ball approached Arnold, the latter stepped from a small tree with which he was sheltering himself from the fire of the enemy, and very politely said to Colonel Ball, "Good morning, Ball," and with a wave of the hand added, "have my tree." Colonel Ball said he (Arnold) was the coolest and politest man he ever saw.

* * * *

One day General Hampton told Major P., who commanded one of Butler's battalions of cavalry, to charge some Yankee infantry. The major and his men were dismounted, and not accustomed to march on foot. Just before reaching the Yankees, the major called to General Hampton and said, "The sperit are willing but the wind are short." The major was brave but forgot to attend college in the days of his youth.

* * * *

A captain in a certain South Carolina regiment was ordered to charge some Yankees in a lane, and he said, "Men, remember where you are from and follow me," and after the first volley had been fired, he ran into a fence corner and said, "Go ahead, my brave boys, for your good old capen has give out."

* * * *

On my way from the surrender in 1865, an Irishman was riding with me, Pat Delaney by name. Pat said, "Well, they whipped us, and faith it was all they could do."

* * * *

On the eve of the Battle of the Wilderness, General Gordon asked an officer to join him in prayer. The officer not catching the last word said, "No, thank you, I have just had some." Just then a ragged private was passing and was called on to pray—and men could pray at such times, knowing that within the next hour or two one or more would be lying in the dust. On this occasion, the soldier began: "O Lord, thou knowest we are about to engage in a terrible conflict. If you take the proper view of the subject—" At this time the hearers lost their gravity, and fought the battle, giggling for some time.

THE TENDEREST ARE THE BRAVEST.

In the winter of 1863 Dick Hogan was doing good work behind the Yankee lines with his squad of gallant scouts, capturing and sending prisoners out to our lines. Hogan could not strip a prisoner, but he needed a watch, and said to his men, "Boys, I wish some one of you would get me a watch." So the next day they captured some prisoners and one of them had a fine silver watch with a very long chain. When the scouts drew lots for the captured things, Walker Russell got the chain and Wallace Miller got the watch and gave it to Dick, which he appreciated very much, and said, "You know, Wallace, I did not have the heart to take it from a prisoner."

* * * *

Once while Butler's cavalry were fighting, dismounted, the end of our line happened to be in the yard of a country house and an old lady ran out with a broomstick, and a married man said, "Why, you can't kill anybody with that," and she replied, "I know I can't but I can let them know what side I am on."

* * * *

From "Our Women in the War" I take the following from letter No. 36, by Miss Annie E. Johns, which she copied from her old scrapbook, called the "Confederate Soldier's Bride," as showing the true feeling of our noble Southern women:

"They said I must not wed thee, love,
They told me I must wait
Till these dark days were over before
I linked with thine my fate;
But hearts that love not cannot choose
For hearts that love like mine;
All—all—that life can give of strength
Is mine, now I am thine."

She goes on to say, "How strangely was the ludicrous mingled with hospital life." "I do not know what made that man die," said a nurse, as we stood looking at all that was mortal of a poor soldier, "for the doctors gave him some of all the medicine in the drug store."

A poor old woman came from Georgia to see her sick son, after sending sage in a letter to make tea for him, and arrived in time to see his dead body. I remember the name on his headboard, "B. Still," and characteristic it was of him.

* * * *

On the 9th of April, 1865, at Appomattox, General Wallace had only about 200 men left in his old brigade and they were drawn up in line of battle, ready to fight, while just in front of them were four lines of battle of well-dressed Yankees, also ready to fight, and some one gave the order for the Confederates to charge, when a long, quaint private of this brigade with the crown of his old gray hat gone, his shoes had also departed weeks before, and his only apparel was an old Yankee overcoat and a pair of old gray pants with the strap of his cartridge box drawn tight around his waist to keep them intact, and when he heard the order to charge, jumped across a little branch and fired his gun at the Yankees and said, "Come on, gen-tile-men, we are giving them hell!" He soon heard the command, "Cease firing!" "General Lee has surrendered." This brave soldier, at this sad news, threw his gun down and cried like a child.

* * * *

In October, 1906, two of Butler's old scouts met for the first time since the war, Dick Hogan and Wallace Miller. They embraced and wept. I witnessed the scene, and like the boy who stubbed his toe and was too big to cry, slipped off and used my handkerchief, for I myself had not seen old Dick since 1865.

* * * *

At the battle of Sailor's Creek, Virginia, just before General Lee reached Appomattox, General Kershaw was captured, together with a good many others, among whom was Colonel C. S. Dwight, who was ordered by a private soldier to surrender at once and demanded his sword and pistol, but, much to the surprise of the Yank, Colonel Dwight swore that he be d—d if he would surrender to a private, and while they were in this heated controversy a Yankee officer rode up and the Yankee private apprised the officer of the predicament that he was in. So the officer took

charge of Colonel Dwight and complimented him for his pluck, but was silent as to his judgment, as the Federal soldier had a right to shoot him.

* * * *

Just after the war a prominent railroad man, together with a capitalist from the North were strolling along the side of a mountain near Asheville, N. C., when they spied a typical Confederate soldier coming towards them. He was lank and lean, and looked sad. The railroad man suggested to the capitalist to ask the Confederate to tell them why he fought in the Confederate army, as he had never owned a slave, and the old soldier replied that early in 1861 a man came along and made a fine speech and told them "that they had crossed over; and, stranger," said he, "I went home and got my gun and fought four long years, and would have fought 'til yit, but 'Marse Robert' said stop fighting, and, stranger, we just *cried* and come home." This is patriotism in its last analysis.

* * * *

A prominent Confederate officer in 1864 said to his faithful negro: "Now, Bob, we have concluded to put all of the able-bodied slaves in the war and give them their freedom when it is over. What do you think of it?" Old Bob looked at him and scratched his head and said: "Boss, jest let me tell you. Did you ever see a bone do anything when two dogs was a fighting over it?"

U. R. B.

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

"The Confederate soldier was a venerable old man, a youth, a child, a preacher, a farmer, a merchant, a student, a statesman, orator, father, brother, husband, son—the wonder of the world, the terror of his foes! When we fill up hurriedly the bloody chasm opened by war, we should be careful that we do not bury therein many noble deeds, some tender memories, some grand examples and some hearty promises washed with tears."

The Yankees are a great people, for they have, without a doubt, proven to the world that the Confederate soldiers were the greatest warriors that were ever produced. By the ingenuity of the Yankees they have placed high up on the roll of fame a Lee, a Jackson, a Johnston, a Forrest, a Hampton and a Butler. They have also shown to mankind that they fought with great courage, and that it took more than four of them four years to convince one Confederate that it would be murder to continue the struggle any longer. Therefore at Appomattox on the 9th April, 1865, Lee ordered his 8,000 veterans to lay down their muskets and to cease firing. More than one hundred and sixty thousand Yankees witnessed the surrender and immediately divided their rations with their brothers in grey, who were suffering from hunger, the most dreadful of human tortures. None but a great people could have acted so magnanimously while the sound of the "Rebel Yell" was so fresh in their ears. A yell which had caused them to stampede and leave many bloody fields which were strewn with their dead, with cannon, small arms, horses, saddles, blankets and wagons. And I well remember the 16th September, 1864, when about 2,500 head of beeves were turned over to Hampton, and this same Rebel yell caused 270,000 Yankees to throw down their arms and surrender to the Johnny Rebs, as it pleased them to call the Confederates. The Yankees are silent about the above facts, for on their own merits modest men are dumb.

War is a dreadful thing—more horrible than any of this younger generation can ever realize. Many families were almost exterminated in our war. General Grant said, in the early part

of 1864, that if he consented to exchange prisoners that with two hundred thousand Rebel prisoners turned loose Sherman's army would be destroyed and his own army would be in great danger, and that the Rebels would have to be exterminated before they would surrender.

Before the war there lived on a beautiful plantation in Fauquier County, about eight miles from Midland, Va., William and Elizabeth Dulin, whose home was the scene of many gay and happy events, and the owners were known far and wide for their old-fashioned Virginia hospitality. At the beginning of the war, in 1861, there were living of this family the mother, one daughter, Mrs. Peyton Oliver, and six sons—John, Lemuel, Melvin, Edward, James and William. The father had passed away several years before and was saved from sharing the trouble and sorrow of those left behind brought on by the dark and bloody days of the sixties, but when Virginia seceded and called for troops to defend the South, five of her sons and the husband of her only daughter were among the first to volunteer their services. John, Lemuel and Edward were members of Captain Randolph's company of the Forty-ninth Virginia regiment, as was also their brother-in-law, Peyton Oliver; James was a scout, first for General Wade Hampton and afterwards for General M. C. Butler, having joined the Second South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's old regiment. Jim said Butler was such a grand man in battle, though he (Dulin) was a Virginian he just had to join his cavalry. William, at the age of fifteen, joined the famous black horse company of cavalry. Lemuel was killed in the first battle of Manassas, and John died in camp of fever at Manassas a short time after. Edward was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, 6th May, 1864, and was last seen by one of his comrades sitting propped up against a tree. It became necessary for the regiment to retreat and it was supposed that he was captured and taken to a Northern prison and died there and buried with the unidentified. William was shot down in cold blood on the corner of Main and Culpeper streets in Warrenton by a Captain Farnsworth, of a company in the Eighth Illinois cavalry. Several of the members of the Black Horse Cavalry were surprised in Warrenton and as the odds were against them they made a dash to escape capture, and rejoined their company. William Dulin's

horse fell with him and while in a semi-conscious condition from the fall he was immediately shot and mortally wounded while he lay prostrate upon the street by Captain Farnsworth. The members of the Black Horse company swore vengeance against this same captain, and he was told by Mrs. James Catlett, of Catlett Station, that every member of the company had his (Farnsworth's) name engraved upon their cartridge boxes, and that it would be only a matter of time until he would meet his fate. On the 3rd day of July, 1863, Farnsworth led a charge at Gettysburg, where he received a mortal wound, and before he would surrender he deliberately took his own pistol and blew his brains out, and thus ended the brilliant career of this reckless man who rose from captain in the Eighth Illinois to colonel of the regiment, and then to brigadier-general. When the Yankee General Kilpatrick ordered him to charge he was slow to obey, and Kilpatrick told him if he did not move at once that he would lead the charge himself, which order nettled him and he said: "Sir, you cannot lead a charge where I would be afraid to go." Farnsworth saw that it was hell and realized it.

After William's death Jim Dulin was the only one left of the six boys, as Melvin had died of consumption soon after the death of John and Lemuel. The mother had followed them about two years later. The loss of her boys and destruction of her property, and the possibility of even greater evils yet to come, was more than she could stand, and she was laid beside those whom she had reared to be killed in battle in defence of all that was dear to them and every true Southerner. She died, however, with the sweet satisfaction that not one of her sons faltered when duty called him. In less than three years a family of eight members had been reduced to only two—James and his sister were the only survivors. When James heard of the foul murder of his brother, William, in Warrenton he took a solemn oath that he would never again, under any circumstances, either give or ask quarter, and that he would take a hundred lives to pay for the life of his murdered brother, and it was claimed by his comrades who had his confidence that he more than fulfilled his oath. Jim was the handiest gentleman I ever saw in a rough and tumble fight. As Ed Wells says, Jim shot to kill and not to wound. The Yanks that he shot seldom needed the services of a surgeon. From the

time of the death of his brother William, on to the end of the war, his deeds of bravery were so dashing and reckless as to often merit the praise of his chiefs, the great cavalry leaders, Hampton and Butler.

The last fight I saw Jim in was at Cantey's Farm on Lynches River, in Kershaw County, S. C., then District, on the 24th February, 1864. Jim led the charge and shot two Yankees before his comrades could catch up with him. The poor fellow was shot through the thigh, as I have already described in a previous chapter. At the close of the war Jim returned home broken in health, and sad at heart, to find a scene of desolation and ruin, where for so many years peace, prosperity and happiness had reigned supreme. He had contracted lung trouble from so much exposure to all kinds of weather as a scout, and his doctor advised a change of climate, so with a few hundred dollars as his share of what was realized from the wreck of the once thriving plantation, he started for Missouri to begin life anew. As he had left school at the age of 17 to take up arms in defence of the South, the first thing he did after reaching his destination was to set about the completion of his education, and that accomplished, he then taught in the district schools and in the high school of Platt City for a number of years. On account of his health he then bought a farm and engaged in farming. He married a Miss Duncan, of Platt County, and was quite prosperous up to the date of his death, in 1876, brought on by a sudden attack of pneumonia. He left a widow, one son and two daughters, all living now, and the son, Robert Melvin Dulin, is the only one to perpetuate the Dulin name in his branch of the family.

The South owes the name of Dulin a monument which should be placed at the corner of Main and Culpeper streets, in Warrenton, Va.

All of Butler's men fought well, for whenever danger had to be faced or duty to be done at cost to self his gallant boys in grey drew inspiration from his cool deeds, for they all agreed there was but one Butler. The war over, his men tried to be as good citizens as they had been soldiers. We were all in the position of old Brother Journegan in East Tennessee when Longstreet's corps passed through that section in November, 1863. Upon reaching a little town near Bristol they found the people very much

divided between the Union and Confederacy. Now, the Confederates liked Brother Journeygan almost as much as the Union people did, because he was really a good neighbor, and they told Longstreet's soldiers that Brother Journeygan would come to town, and when he saw them he would be apt to get drunk and holler for Abe Lincoln and the flag, so they promised the people that they would not hurt him. So when he rode up and looked at the Confederates they at once arrested and court-martialed him and told him to holler three cheers for the Confederacy and Jeff Davis, but he swore he be d—d if he would do it. So they ordered out a squad of men with loaded guns and told him to stand about ten paces from the guns pointed at him, and the officer in command indicated that he could obey the order or be shot. So he said, "Three cheers for the Confederacy and Jeff Davis as things now stand."

We are all good Union people today as things now stand.

PRISON LIFE

The principles for which we fought will never die.

Our cause was not lost.

The nation for which we offered our all is dead.

It died amid battle, its life crushed out by overwhelming numbers.

Its flag trailed not in defeat or disaster.

Born to save constitutional liberty to the South, it lived a heroic struggle for independence and home rule—and died.

Its memories are its own.

None other can appreciate them nor share them.

The total enlistments in the Yankee army were 2,778,304 as against 600,000 Confederates.

Whites from the North	1,777,433
Whites from the South	316,424
Foreigners	494,900
Negroes	186,017
Indians	3,500

Thus it appears that we fought the world, the flesh and the devil.

South Carolina was the only State in the South that did not send an organized body of men to the Yankee army.

Here is an unpublished order. (I have the original.)

H. Q. A. N. V.,
30th May, 1864, 8 a. m.

GENERAL: General Lee directs me to say that General Fitz Lee has just reported that the force of the enemy that was on our left at McKenzie's corner yesterday afternoon has withdrawn by the way it came by Dr. Shelton's. The general thinks the enemy is moving around towards our right, and desires that you will push some bold scouting parties up the road in which your command is and endeavor to ascertain which way they are going. You will extend this information to Colonel Gary and request him to move up the roads he occupies, sending forward good scouting parties, and try to find out where the enemy is crossing. Use every prudent means to find out which way the enemy are going.

Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,
C. MARSHALL,
Lt. Col. and A. D. C.

Brig. Genl. Butler, Comdg., etc.

But for Butler's brigade at Trevillian Station, Richmond would have fallen. The Yankee General Sheridan said after this battle that he had met Butler's South Carolina brigade, and he hoped he would never meet them again. He had fought them at Hawe's Shop, 28th May, 1864, and Second Cold Harbor, 3rd June, 1864, and Trevillian 11th and 12th June, 1864. One of Sheridan's brigades charged Hart's battery about 1 o'clock of the first day's fight at Trevillian, and General Hampton took one of Butler's regiments (the Sixth Cavalry) and routed them in confusion. He emptied two saddles with his own pistol. In 1901 I asked him how many Yankees he had killed and he said eleven, "two with my sword and nine with my pistol." I said, "How about the two at Trevillian Station?" "Oh, well, I did not count them, they were running." Sheridan never met Butler's brigade again, as he was sent to the valley, perhaps by his request, and Butler remained with General Hampton on the right of Lee's army below Petersburg until January, 1865, when he was ordered with General Hampton to South Carolina. Butler's brigade had been in the saddle for about two weeks, fighting nearly every day, and after defeating Sheridan at Trevillian we had to make a forced march to arrest the Yankee General Wilson's raid at Sapony Church on the right of our army. The men were worn out and the horses were jaded. General Butler said to General Hampton that the only way to whip Wilson would be by strategy, and suggested that if he could pick one hundred men he would surprise and rout Wilson that night. General Hampton very reluctantly consented, and about 2 o'clock Butler with his little Spartan band was in Wilson's rear, the rebel yell and the shots from the Enfield rifles were too much for Wilson and his three thousand fresh troops, who stampeded and were soon in the rear of the Yankee infantry. When Butler and Wilson were major-generals in the Cuban War in 1898 General Wilson asked General Butler how many men he had when he surprised him at Sapony Church. When Butler told him 100, Wilson said, "For God's sake don't tell it on me." General Hampton said that Butler was the best cavalry officer he ever saw. If any general on either side ever accompished more with one hundred men than Butler did at Sapony Church, I never heard of it.

The total number of Yankee prisoners captured by the Confederates was 270,000 by the report of Surgeon General Barnes, as quoted by Ben Hill in his famous reply to Blaine as shown by the official records in the War Department. The whole number of Confederate prisoners captured by the Yankees was 220,000. At once it is seen that the Yankees were 50,000 more than the Confederates. The number of Yankees who died in Confederate prisons was 22,576, and the number of Confederates who died in Yankee prisons was 26,436.

On the 8th August, 1864, General U. S. Grant sent a telegram to Yankee General Beast Butler as follows: "On the subject of exchange, however, I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to release them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. To commence a system of exchange now which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those already caught they amount to no more than so many dead men. At this particular time to release all Rebel prisoners would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our safety here."

What a compliment to the Confederate soldier from General Grant, who did not seem to mind having his own men slaughtered. Grant was a fighter without strategy, and that was why he was so inferior to General R. E. Lee. From the 30th of May to the 3rd of June, 1864, General Lee had our cavalry harassing Grant's army, and finally led him into the trap Lee had set for him at Second Cold Harbor, 3rd June, 1864, when our army killed and wounded 13,000 of Grant's army in one hour, and the prisoners our cavalry captured later in the day told us that Grant did his best to make his men charge our lines again, but they refused to move and Grant withdrew his great army and halted in front of Petersburg.

After abundant and indubitable proofs the responsibility for the suffering of prisoners North and South has been laid upon the authorities of the United States Government, and there let it abide in history.

The cause of the South could not be better stated than in General Order No. 16, General Lee to the Army of Northern Virginia, which says:

"Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth living. The freedom of his country, the honor of his people and the security of his home."

I mean no disrespect in calling the men who composed the Northern army Yankees. I glory in the fact that I was a Confederate soldier. What a privilege it was to fight under such men as M. C. Butler, Wade Hampton and R. E. Lee.

One of Butler's Captains in Prison

At your solicitation I herewith give you an account of how Confederate officers were treated on Johnson's Island. I have read your sketches of how Butler's scouts were treated at Point Lookout and Fort Delaware. When Stuart started for Pennsylvania, of course Butler's cavalry was placed in front, and after riding a day and a night we arrived at Upperville on 21st June, 1863, and just as we were about to leave, General Stuart ordered a squadron of the First South Carolina Cavalry, under my command, to dismount and hold a bridge just in our front. We took our position behind a rock fence running parallel with the creek, but very near the bridge. The Yankee cavalry soon approached in large force and attempted to cross the bridge, but the fire from our carbines was too much for them and they retreated in disorder, but reformed and made a stubborn attack and were again repulsed. They soon found fords above and below the bridge and began to cross.

I then ordered a retreat, and in falling back several of my men, like myself, were severely wounded and captured. The Yankees carried us some distance to the rear, where our wounds were dressed by an old surgeon who was very kind and attentive. We were soon sent to the railroad and in due time were quartered in the old capital, Washington, where I learned to my disgust that officers were not to be exchanged, and only privates had that honor. I have no complaint to make as to our treatment. We had comfortable quarters and good food. I was surprised to find it so, but I soon learned the cause. Mr. Wood was superintendent. He was an old man and a Virginian. Captain White, his assis-

tant, hated a Confederate more than he did a viper. As soon as Mr. Wood got an opportunity he said: "Boys, I am a true blue Virginian, too old to go to war, and thought I could do some good for the boys in gray, and I am going to make all I can out of the Yanks, and I shall see that you have plenty to eat and these d—d kinky heads will cook and wait on you."

When White was present Old Man Wood acted like he would have been delighted to see all hanged. There were some thirty officers among the prisoners. After some days we were notified that the rest of our prison days would be spent on Johnson's Island. When we arrived there we were permitted to bathe in the lake only once. We were conducted to our quarters, which were known as Block No. 11. We were tired and hungry, having nothing to eat on our way from Washington to this prison hell, which was too horrible to describe. Four of us entered a mess of twelve. Dinner was soon served. I inquired: "Is this all you have to eat?" And the pale and emaciated prisoners answered, "Yes, and you will sometimes have less than this."

I don't think there was a hound dog but what would have turned away from it in disgust. We soon found out that at times the fare was much worse. The only delicacy we could get was rats. Frequently you would see officers fishing in the slop tubs for crumbs, squeezing the water out and eating them. I, together with fifty or sixty other officers, occupied a room sixty feet long with a small office stove and three pieces of green buckeye wood for twenty-four hours. They gave us one blanket. The space between the weatherboarding was so large that when there was a snowdrift our blankets would be covered. A great many officers died for want of food and clothing.

A Colonel Pearson was in command of the prison, and permitted sentinels to fire into our quarters at night for their amusement, killing prisoners frequently. We determined to submit to such barbarity no longer. We addressed a letter to Pearson informing him that the next time our quarters were fired into that we would break out and kill every man, woman and child on the island—and this put a stop to it.

ANGUS P. BROWN,
Captain Co. K, 1st S. C. Cavalry.

On The Way Home

Augusta, Ga., November 30th, 1907.

Hon. U R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

DEAR SIR: As I have written you of my experience as a Confederate prisoner, and thinking my experience in making my way home may be interesting, am writing you this. Brent and I were given transportation from Fort Delaware, via Philadelphia, New York and Savannah, to Albany, Georgia. We went by steamer to Philadelphia, and were the first to leave the boat as we landed there, and being desirous to go back through Virginia, we hurried to the transportation office to try and get our transportation changed by way of Richmond, but the provost marshal would not accommodate us, so we walked out determined to go the way we wanted to if we had to walk, which proved true to a great extent.

I put our transportation in my pocket, and still have it. Probably some day when I am in New York I may yet have the pleasure to ride home on Yankee transportation. The first thing we did after leaving the provost marshal's office was to hustle around to try and scrape around and get up enough money to take us to Washington City, which we were not long in doing. I had two dollars in cash and a dozen finger rings which I had made while in prison. I had intended carrying them home for keepsakes, but at that time money was want we needed, so I soon disposed of them to Yankee girls, who were there in abundance. I had no idea they would prove so valuable, for if I had there is no telling how many I would have had along. After disposing of the rings I then remembered a Dr. Shipping, Edward I believe was his given name, who lived on Walnut street. Finally I found his home, but he and his wife had gone to church, so I left my name and said I would call later, and just as I was leaving, the young lady who had answered my call asked me to wait a minute, returning into the house and soon returned accompanied by two other ladies. As soon as they saw me standing at the door, clad in my old gray uniform—what then was left of it—they clapped their hands and exclaimed, "A Rebel!" I said, "Don't get excited, it's true I was once one of those things, but since I have been forced to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, I

now consider myself as good a citizen as any one." They then returned into the house, returning in a few minutes and one of them gave me two dollars in greenbacks and the other two pairs of socks. I don't know which I appreciated the most, the money or the socks. The money was soon spent, but the socks lasted me the rest of the year, as I used them only for Sunday. I thanked them and left, going back to the provost marshal's office. There was a large number standing, some sympathizers and some not. The Mrs. Hill that I have already mentioned was there with clothing and provisions for the South Carolinians, and spoke to us, saying, "Boys, hold up year heads; I would rather be a whipped Rebel any day than a Yankee."

While there Dr. Edward Shipping had returned home, where some one had told him I had been there, so he hurried off to look me up; some one in the crowd pointed me out to him, so he came up and touched me on the shoulder—we never having seen each other—saying at the time for me "to step into an alley, as he was a very prominent Republican and could not afford to be seen talking to a Confederate soldier." He told me that he had done a great deal for the Southern prisoners, as his wife was a Southern woman. She was a daughter of General David Twiggs of Georgia. He gave me five dollars and said he would like to have me spend the night with him, but he was afraid his people would think he was showing too much sympathy for the South. He had previous to this sent me twenty dollars while I was in prison. I thanked him and told him I would return him the money when I got home, but this he would not listen to.

I then turned to look up Brent to apprise him of my good fortune. Finally I found him and then we gave a little boy five cents to show us the way to the depot. On our way the little boys and girls would flock around us as negroes around a monkey show. They almost tore what few clothes we did have on off, begging us for rings and Confederate stamps. Finally we did get to the depot and stepped into a restaurant to enquire when the next train left for Wilmington, Delaware. There was a big Dutchman standing behind the bar, and as soon as he saw us he said, "Shonny Rebs, by dam! Come up and have something to drink!" We did not wait for the second invitation, as it had been a long time since we had a "smile." He told us there would be no

train going South until 6 A. M. the next morning. We then began to enquire for some place to spend the night. He told us he could accommodate us if we could put up with his fare. In a short while five or six Yankee soldiers dropped in, and we thought sure there was going to be trouble, so we began to get on our war paint, but instead of treating us disrespectfully they invited us up to have something to drink, which we did, deeming this the more prudent way than to refuse, so we had several. Finally the Dutchman announced that supper was ready, which we did not fail to do justice to, and after we had finished he showed us up to our room. We were not long in getting to bed and were soon fast asleep. I don't remember whether we undressed or not. The next morning we thought we had overslept ourselves, so hurried down to find to our delight that we had plenty of time to get breakfast, which we did. When we offered to pay for our lodging, etc., the Dutchman refused to take a cent. After breakfast we secured tickets to Wilmington, Delaware.

We decided to lay over there for a while, as I was anxious to see a Mr. J. D. Yates, who had been very kind to me while I was in prison. He was from Charleston, S. C., and had moved up North, just before the war began, for his health and to educate his children. He had a nephew, Dr. Joseph Yates, who was surgeon of my regiment, and as soon as he heard what prison I was confined in he wrote his uncle and also sent me his address. It turned out he had written his uncle to furnish me with money and any other things that would be acceptable to a prisoner of war. When I found his home he was sick, and his physician had left instruction for no one to be allowed to see him. As luck would have it, the doctor came in while I was there and found him much improved. When they told him I was there he sent for me and when he saw me he seemed as glad to see me as if I had been his own son. I had never seen him before nor heard of him until I was captured. I remained there until the next day, and when I left he gave me five dollars and requested me to write him when I got home. We then bought tickets to Baltimore and stopped over there one night. We found there good Southern friends and a plenty of them. The next day we ran down to Washington and hurried on to get across the Potomac once more. We transferred from the depot by street cars down to the wharf and

there across the river by steam ferryboat to Alexandria. The town was black with Yankees on their way home. This was in the afternoon. While walking down the street looking for some place to get something to eat, on our way a Yankee stepped up in front of Brent, halted him, taking out his knife and cutting a button from his jacket without saying anything else and walked off. Finally we found a friend in a Mr. Massey, who ran a restaurant. He told us to call for anything in his place. He would not allow us to pay for anything, all that he asked was that we would not allow the Yankees to see that he was doing anything for us, as he was afraid they would destroy his place. We spent the night with him and the next morning caught the train, but before leaving he gave us a five-dollar bill. We didn't go very far on our way to Richmond on the train, as the railroads had been torn up. Sometimes we had to walk fifty miles in one stretch. When we reached Fauquier County, where we were captured, we spent around in that neighborhood about a week with the people who had been so kind to us and so loyal to the South. Of course we hated very much to leave them, but we remembered that we had loved ones at home, who knew not whether we were dead or alive, and who were more anxious to see us than any one else. We made our way on to Richmond, walking most of the way, stayed there a day and night and went on to Petersburg. In passing through the battlefields some of the graves were fresh, the grass not having had time to grow.

Finally when we got into North Carolina we found that all the railroads had been torn up. Sometimes we would ride fifty miles, then have to walk one hundred. Very often we would have to sleep by the roadside in the corner of fences or anywhere else night would catch us. Everything seemed to be destroyed. On these long hot tramps the skin pealed off the soles of our feet, but we knew we must not lose courage, so we kept on tramping, tramping. We tried to sing "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie," but the most of the music had been knocked out of us and we didn't make much headway. Sometimes we could hardly hold out from one shade tree to the other, but after a while the soles of our feet began to get hardened and we made better time. Finally we reached the line of old South Carolina, which, of course, gave us heart, but even when we had gotten thus far the

distance was oh, so long. What fools we seemed to be, there nearly dead from fatigue, hunger, etc., and free transportation in our pockets, which would have almost put us on our doorsteps. But we had accomplished what we set out to do, and that was to get another glimpse of "brown eyes in old Virginia."

All through South Carolina we found conditions about the same as they had been all along the way—everything destroyed and railroads torn up, bridges burned, etc.

We only got one horseback ride on our whole way, and that was on one Sunday we stopped at a widow lady's house to get dinner. She stopped us at the gate and asked us if we were "any of Mr. Wheeler's men?" It was some little time before we could convince her that we did not belong to Wheeler's command, though finally we did, and she invited us in and gave us dinner. After dinner, as we were about to move on, she told us she would send us as far as the river "if we could ride on side-saddles." We assured her that we could, so she had two horses saddled and we mounted, she sending a negro along to bring the horses back. It was about six miles to the river—I think it was Saluda. When we got there we found the ferryboat on the opposite side and could not get them to come over after us, so we started down the river hunting for a batteau. Finally we found one and it wasn't long before we were gliding to the other shore.

I don't remember how many days it took us to get to old Edgefield, but we did finally reach there on the Fourth of July. About three miles out we stopped at an old gentleman's to get dinner. There was a little girl out in the yard churning. I asked her where her father was, and she, thinking we were Yankees, would not tell us. Now that same little girl is my wife, and has been for the past thirty odd years.

Finally the old gentleman came and invited us to dinner. We spent the night there and the next day he sent us down to Hamburg, just opposite Augusta. We walked into Augusta and went to the old Augusta Hotel, stayed there a few minutes and separated. I have never seen Brent since. He said he was going to Atlanta, and if everything was burned out there he was going on out to Texas. I spent several days around Augusta, then made my way home down in Miller County, in the southwestern part of the State. I went from Augusta to Albany, which was about

fifty miles from my home. When I got home mother and father had not been there long, they having been to the depot and heard that I was dead. Of course, you can imagine their feelings when I walked in. Yours truly,

J. H. PIERCE.

War is an awful thing—particularly so when the same people in the same country are busily engaged for four long years killing each other—but with all the bitterness and suffering there were religious men in both armies who by their example made their comrades cheerful and hopeful, who were for wit and fun.

A beautiful Southern girl, on her daily mission of love and mercy, asked a badly wounded soldier boy what she could do for him. He replied, "I'm greatly obliged to you, but it is too late for you to do anything for me. I am so badly shot that I can't live long." "Will you not let me pray for you? I hope that I am one of the Lord's daughters, and I would ask Him to help you." Looking intently into her face, he replied, "Yes, pray at once, and ask the Lord to let me be his son-in-law."

After the evacuation of Petersburg in April, 1865, when gloom hung over the Confederacy, some of our generals gathered together in a small log hut and united in prayer to Almighty God for His guidance. As they assembled one of our generals was riding in hailing distance and General Heth stepped to the door and called to him to come in and unite with them in prayer. The officer did not understand the nature of the invitation and replied, "No, thank you, General, no more at present; I've just had some." A private was called on one night to pray and he said in a clear, ringing voice, "Oh, Lord, we are having a mighty big fight down here and a sight of trouble; and we do hope, Lord, that you will take a proper view of this subject and give us the victory."

We take the following from the graphic pen of Dr. Henry Alexander White:

"Winter poured down its snows and its sleets upon Lee's shelterless men in the trenches. Some of them burrowed into the earth. Most of them shivered over the feeble fires kept burning along the lines. Scanty and thin were the garments of these heroes. Most of them were clad in mere rags. Gaunt famine oppressed them

every hour. One-quarter of a pound of rancid bacon and a little meal was the daily portion assigned to each man by the rules of the War Department. But even this allowance failed when the railroads broke down and left the bacon and flour and the meal piled up beside the tracks in Georgia and the Carolinas. One-sixth of this daily ration was the allotment for a considerable time, and very often the supply of bacon failed entirely. With dauntless hearts these gaunt-faced men endured the almost ceaseless fire of Grant's mortar batteries. The frozen fingers of Lee's army of sharpshooters clutched the musket barrel with an aim so steady that Grant's men scarcely lifted their heads from their bomb-proofs.

"All lost! but by the graves,
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves—
Success is not the test."

Butler's Scouts in Yankee Prisons

Butler's scouts in Yankee prisons, as I remember them: Newt. Fowles, Wallace Miller, Jim Dulin, John H. Pierce, Sol Legare, Bill Turner, Walker Russell, Shake Harris and others.

On the 12th November, 1864, Wallace Miller was captured and was carried to City Point and kept in close confinement for about two weeks, when he was sent to Point Lookout. Fortunately for the scouts they always managed to have a few greenbacks sewed up in their underclothes—as to where they got the money was their business. Several of Butler's scouts bought the Yankee doctors. Newt. Fowles paid a Yankee doctor fifty dollars to let him out. After the war he met this same doctor right here on the streets of Columbia, but, of course, they were like the old fellow was when his bull hooked him, they would pass and repass, but never spoke again. The bull, like the doctor, was for sale.

Bill Turner gave a Yankee doctor ten dollars to let him out. An exchanged prisoner died and the doctor marked Bill Turner dead, and Bill was released in the dead man's name. One night in November, 1864, in Virginia, I was sleeping on the ground

with Jesse Hart, and just before day Bill Turner got under the blanket with us. We were delighted to see him, and the first thing he said was, "Boys, never surrender," and then proceeded to tell of the horrors of prison life, which so impressed me that I have really never surrendered. On the 25th April, 1865, General Butler started me home with his horses and Johnston surrendered the next day, and no one has asked me to surrender, and it is too late now to entertain the idea of such a thing—in fact, I don't want to surrender, and I am sorry that any Confederate had to surrender.

Jim Dulin was captured twice, and being a very slick proposition, they could not hold him. Jim always had United States currency somewhere concealed about his person and lived better in prison than some others, who died for the want of proper nourishment. A fellow prisoner was, in the spring of 1864, booked to be exchanged, and Jim fixed the doctor and paid the prisoner one thousand dollars in Confederate money that he borrowed from Newt. Fowles, to let him take his place. The poor prisoner said, "Mr. Dulin, will you please take this thousand dollars home to my wife and children, they are starving?" When Jim placed the money in the poor woman's hands she had no further trouble in keeping the wolf from the door.

One rainy morning, 24th February, 1865, at Cantey's Farm, on Lynche's creek, Jim Dulin, who was quite handy with his pistol, came galloping up on his little horse and reported to General Butler that about 200 Yankee infantry foragers were engaged in pillaging Mr. Cantey's house and outbuildings preparatory to applying the torch. "They have stacked arms," said Dulin. General Butler ordered Colonel Rutledge to take the remnant of his regiment, the Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, and bag the last one of them. Dulin rode beside Colonel Rutledge.

In the language of Ed. Wells: "Dulin was a rather small person, inoffensive in appearance, light in weight and wiry, but not athletic in build. His manners were excellent and the tones of his voice habitually gentle. But he was like a bloodhound on the trail of human blood, and a very devil in action, a wonderful pistol shot, seldom missing even when at full speed.

"When Rutledge shouted charge, the Fourth made quick, clean work. But, as for Dulin, like a tiger on his prey, horse and rider

sprang among them and as rapidly as you could fire a 'right and left' at partridges, two bummers lay dead (he had a knack of killing, not wounding). He scored a third just afterwards, and more for aught I know."

Jim Dulin was shot in the thigh and rode in one of Butler's captured wagons to Cheraw, S. C., where he met his old chum and fellow scout, Newt. Fowles, who had just bought his way out of prison as above described; paid Newt. Fowles back the money he borrowed from him with which to pay his way out of prison, and swapped his little black horse for a mule and bought a buggy. He and his friend Fowles put one end of a short plank under the cushion and put the other end on the dashboard of the buggy in order for Jim to rest his wounded leg. So off they started for Greensboro, N. C., to put Jim on the train to go back to his desecrated home in Fauquier County, Va. When they had gone about six miles from Cheraw the mule proved to be a mule by getting stubborn, so they traded the mule off to Mr. Pegues for one of his carriage horses, a big gray. At Greensboro, Newt. Fowles put his friend on board the cars and with an affectionate good-bye they parted never to meet again.

One of Butler's Scouts at Point Lookout

The half will never be told—certain horrors cannot be printed.

On the 12th November, 1864, one of Butler's scouts was captured by a party of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry in Prince George County, Va., in rear of the Yankee army, was taken to headquarters of Colonel Irwain, when he was closely questioned in regard to the condition of Lee's army around Petersburg.

The colonel asked the prisoner if the soldiers of Lee's army were not starving, and replied, "Do I look like I am starving?" The colonel said, "You are an officer are you not?" "No, I am a private." The prisoner was sent to headquarters that night and next day in company with Pat Sanders, a fellow scout from Butler's brigade, and Bill Jackson, another scout from a Tennessee infantry. This trio were sent to City Point, where they were kept for ten days in the prison with a set of deserters from both armies,

bounty jumpers and niggers. The Yankee government would give any man one thousand dollars to join their army, and these Hessians could desert, disguise themselves and go to another part of their army and sell out again. Butler's scouts captured one of these "bounty jumpers" and he said he had jumped sixteen bounties. Grant had two picket lines to keep up all the time—the one in front of his army to warn him of the approach of the Confederates, and the other in the rear of his army to keep his men from deserting. They were very tired of the war.

On the 23rd of November, 1864, these three scouts were placed on a steamer and sent to Point Lookout, Md., where they arrived the next day and claimed to belong to other commands than their own, for fear they would be charged with being scouts. After getting penned and settled down to the real horrors of prison life, they gave their names and commands in order to receive letters from home. They were assigned to the Sixth Division in the prison camp and about fifteen were given quarters in a sibley tent, where they had to lie on the cold, damp ground without a spark of fire unless they could steal wood from some of the guards of this damnable place of abode. The guards were composed of insolent negroes, who did not hesitate to fire into a tent if the light was not put out exactly when taps were sounded, without giving any warning whatever. In fact, their conduct was so outrageous in the latter part of the war that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, when the prisoners sent a delegation, among whom were scouts, to the general commanding (General Barnes) saying they would not stand the treatment any longer. Of course, he had it in his power to have them all shot, but some of Barnes' people would get hurt during the killing. The negroes were soon displaced and white men put on duty in their stead.

The drinking water was terrible and was procured from shallow wells inside the prison camp, so strongly permeated with copperas that it caused a frightful mortality among these brave but unfortunate men of Lee's army. It was a very usual occurrence to have fifty dead Confederates hauled out to the boneyard in one day. There was only one good well of water in the prison, and only a fortunate few were able to obtain water from it, and then by a written order countersigned in red ink. Sometimes the prisoners would forge a permit by scratching the arm until

the blood would flow from their pale and emaciated bodies to countersign the pass, so the writing was literally done in blood. The Yankees had the finest kind of food, the land was flooded with milk and honey, but there was scarcely enough dished out to the unfortunate men clad in gray to keep soul and body together. The food was of the worst quality and not half enough to supply the cravings of hunger. Often they would issue codfish that was so rotten that it would drop to pieces while handling it, and no bread was issued from Saturday noon until Monday noon. The horrors of that place will never be fully described. Shake Harris had two very thin blankets sewed together. He drew an extra one by putting the first one in the ground and claiming that the first one was lost. Whenever the guard would catch a prisoner with two of these little thin blankets sewed together they would cut them apart, keeping one and leaving the other to the poor prisoner to partially cover the old gray clothes that he happened to have on when captured. If a prisoner had a friend who would send him a little money with which to buy something to eat, and some poor, half-perished devil were to steal some of it and was caught, his fellow prisoners would immediately turn his head down into a slop barrel, where he was turned into an honest but much more ravenous man. Two of Butler's scouts were very fond of tobacco. One would chew it and then dry it and the other would smoke it. There was no place that one could go in the prison pen where he could avoid vermin. The prisoners had to have some kind of employment, some made rings of gutta percha, buttons and beef bones. One prisoner made a small engine and a train of cars out of broken camp kettles, and built a railroad track upon which the little train would run. General Barnes allowed this ingenious prisoner to receive forty dollars for the outfit, which amount lifted him out of the suffering of his fellow prisoners, who were too honest to steal, too proud to beg, for they belonged to the shabby genteel, especially after a few of them had been put head foremost into slop barrels.

Rats were found to be very fine food for the prisoners. They were tender and very delicious.

John H. Pierce was captured in February, 1864, together with two other scouts, and carried to Washington, where they were kept for four months and then taken to Fort Delaware and held

there until the 10th June, 1865. John Pierce belonged to Captain Angus P. Brown's company, Company K, First South Carolina Cavalry. He scouted under Bob Shiver, Bill Mikler, Shadbourn and Dick Hogan, and a brave scout he was, too.

Hal. Richardson belonged to Company K, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry, and was captured on the 30th May, 1864, near Cold Harbor, and together with other prisoners was made to double quick nearly all the way to the White House, a distance of thirty miles. When a prisoner would break down the Yankees would stick a bayonet in him and if he failed to respond he was left for dead. The cause of this forced march was that some one said Hampton and Butler were coming.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

Prison Experience of W. W. Russell

Anderson, S. C., October 22, 1907.

Colonel U. R. Brooks, Columbia, S. C.

MY DEAR COLONEL: Yours of the 16th to hand, and I take great pleasure in complying with your request. The escapade referred to is as follows:

I was captured at Proctor's Cross Roads, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, October 27th, 1864, by the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was carried to Point Lookout prison and held there until April 18th, 1865. I paid the commanding officer of the prison one box of tobacco, value $75.00, and three $20 gold pieces to put me in with a boatload of sick that were then being exchanged. I may say that my first effort to get out of prison was a failure (although successful). In explanation of this seeming contradiction, it is necessary to state that I succeeded in having the captain take the bait offered; but he himself was unsuccessful in securing my escape, because opposite my name on the roster was written "Hold—suspicious." However, being posted, I went higher and succeeded.

My return on the U. S. S. "Starlight" to Richmond, Va., was both pathetic and exciting. McClure and myself had been sent to Norfolk, Va., to locate the position of General Dix, who com-

manded that department of Virginia. I could not undertake active duty, as I was suffering from wounds received on the cattle raid September 16th, hence my duty was to carry reports of our findings to headquarters. After McClure and myself had located all the camps of the enemy between Suffolk and Norfolk, had learned the position of the artillery, and had prepared our reports, together with drawings of the location of General Dix's headquarters, we started to ride through to Petersburg, one hundred miles, in a day. But we had relay horses at the fifty-mile post, and were able to make Proctor's Cross Roads (ninety miles), where the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry were out on post duty. Dr. Taggart, who lived within four hundred yards of the picket post, informed us that the Thirteenth Virginia cavalry was on picket at the Cross Roads, not knowing that the Confederate cavalry had been driven off by the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry at nightfall. All was quiet as we approached. Suddenly we were ordered to halt—"Who comes there?" To our reply of "Friends," the picket commanded, "Advance, friends, and give the countersign!" McClure advanced, but I was too far to hear what was taking place. Then I was ordered to advance, and I did so, confident that I was safe in the hands of friends, and that I would now be able to rest from my long and tedious ride of ninety miles. Imagine my surprise when I was told to give up my arms! This I indignantly refused to do, demanding that I be carried back to the reserve, where I could easily identify myself. But when carbines were pressed against my breast, I gave up my pistols, though taking care to impress upon them that, since this was not the first time I had been arrested by my own men when I was coming in from outer lines, I fully intended reporting the matter to General Hampton. About this time we arrived at the head of the column, and I, being unable to recognize them in the dark, said to them, "I believe you are Yankees! What command is this?" Swiftly the reply came, "The Thirteenth Pennsylvania." The mystery was explained, and my indignation quickly vanished to be replaced by a much deeper and stronger feeling. I had thought up to this time that we were in the hands of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry, as the picket had told us that it was the "Thirteenth," without indicating that it was the Pennsylvania cavalry. You can imagine that my feelings

were not very self-congratulatory, as here I was disarmed, with nothing to defend myself with, a predicament in which I had boastingly said I would die before I would allow myself to be placed. This was especially embarrassing to me, as I had been compelled to surrender without a shot, particularly in view of the fact that not long before this Wallace Miller, Bernard King and myself had refused to surrender when we were surrounded in a house in the midst of Grant's army and had gotten out alive. So galling was this to my rebel pride that I appealed to the colonel of the Pennsylvania regiment in this wise: "This affair looks like desertion of a cause very dear to my heart. Won't you do me the honor of restoring my pistols and give me ten paces, when I will defy the world? If I should die, I will die as a Confederate should." To this appeal the colonel rode up to me, struck a match to see my face, and replied, "This would be foolish."

Our horses were tied together with halter reins, our bridles were placed in the hands of guards, fifteen in number, with drawn sabres, and orders were issued to carry us to camp ten miles off, not a word to be spoken en route. If we had not been touching bottom in regret and disgust, we would have felt complimented by the strength of our guard. The orders given were strictly obeyed, but after riding some five miles, the lieutenant in command allowed his Yankee instincts to get the better of him and began making an effort to satisfy his curiosity by asking me the name of my command. I replied by an outburst of crying, at the same time stealthily putting my left hand into my coat pocket and taking out the papers that would be the occasion of a speedy death to me if they were apprehended. Between my sobs I managed to chew and spit to the ground every particle of evidence against both of us. But the commanding officer did not "catch on" to my little ruse and witheringly remarked that he thought we were *soldiers* and not children! and threatened to use his sword if I did not cease the baby act. But the spectacle I had had to make of myself was atoned for by the fact that I had succeeded in wiping out the danger of being shot by drumhead court-martial.

This is in brief a partial history of my capture. There is, however, an interesting story connected with our imprisonment. We

could not be located by the enemy, and were carried first to Major-General Gregg, then to General Meade's headquarters, and from there were taken to City Point and placed in close confinement, where our only associates were Federal soldiers under sentence of death, a very disquieting matter to us when we did not know our fate. A very few days later, after another investigation by the authorities, we were placed on board the steamship Champion, together with one hundred and twenty-five other Confederates who had been stationed at Dutch Gap (this being dug by General B. F Butler), and carried to Point Lookout prison. En route we organized and came very near capturing the vessel, but were thwarted by a Confederate who gave us away. Incidentally this plan came so near being a success that a party came to Anderson some two or three years after the war, hunted up Colonel James A. Hoyt, and the two came to see me to get facts for history. Of course, at that time I had to deny all knowledge of the affair, but afterwards told Colonel Hoyt the particulars. Hoyt believed there was no danger in revealing everything for the sake of true history. Later another party came to see me, who hailed from Ohio. Still I gave out nothing.

While at Point Lookout we organized a regiment to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, when we were to go north of the Susquehanna River to fight Indians—when in reality we intended to beat, if possible, the record of Stewart, Hampton, Forrest or Morgan in the raiding of the enemy's country. When the time arrived to take the oath, however, all of us who were leaders in the movement hesitated and could not swallow the oath; besides McClure and myself were suspected and were to be left out.

This whole story, if written out in its entirety, would be interesting to all the old Confederates, especially to the boys who know us.

I will send you photograph soon, which you will kindly return when you have finished with it.

Yours most truly,

W W RUSSELL.

Forty-Nine Thousand Die in Prison

Sol Legare was a splendid fellow, gentle, courteous and brave. He could not stand the hard prison life of the Yankees, which caused the death of twenty-six thousand of the flower of the Confederate army. His friend and fellow scout, Wallace Miller, was allowed to nurse him, and he did well and faithfully, but in July, 1865, after Lee's army had reached Appomattox, the warrior's banner took its flight to greet the warrior's soul. His ear was deaf to earth's rude alarms, and the weary spirit peacefully departed to its eternal rest. In 1868 Miller went to the old prison burial ground in Maryland and brought his remains back to Charleston, S. C.

The Confederate soldiers captured two hundred and seventy thousand Yankees, and twenty-three thousand of these died in our prisons. The Yankees captured two hundred and twenty thousand Confederates, and twenty-six thousand died in Northern prisons. (See War Records at Washington, D. C.) General Grant would not exchange prisoners and gave his reason that to turn loose two hundred thousand Rebel soldiers at one time, Sherman's army would be destroyed and his own would be in great danger. He knew that General Lee could have easily destroyed his army had he (Grant) agreed to exchange prisoners.

After the 9th of April, 1865, the Yankees would beg the prisoners to take the oath of allegiance, but they positively refused to do so until they received letters from the people, their friends all over the South, to take the oath, that the war was really over. A Yankee asked two prisoners after they had taken the oath to take a drink of whiskey with him, and one of them drank to this toast, "Here is to my fallen country, whom it is treason to love and death to defend."

"God holds the scales of justice;
He will measure praise and blame;
And the South will stand the verdict,
And will stand it without shame."

Recollections of Andersonville

BY HENRY A. WHITMAN.

In the summer of 1864, when I was a temporary resident of Cuthbert, Ga., I went up by train early one morning to Andersonville, where I spent the whole day looking over its military prison, about which so much since then has been said and written. I was accompanied by a New Jerseyman, who expected to obtain through prisoners there some news of his Northern relatives, from whom he had not heard since the commencement of the war. The visit was made in August, but I have forgotten on what day of the month. I remember, however, that it was hot and sultry weather, and that the journey, though a short one, was made all the more uncomfortable to us by having to be packed into a crowded, stuffy, rickety car that, with occasional wild lurches, justled and bumped slowly over worn-out rails to the imminent risk of life and limb. In those days all the railroads of the South were fearfully run down at the heel, and traveling over them was both fatiguing and dangerous. We were over two hours in getting to Andersonville, at that time a bit of a village of some half-dozen houses, near which, about five hundred yards east of the depot, was located the prison.

I hardly know what I had imagined the prison to look like. It certainly differed from anything my fancy may have pictured. Perhaps I had anticipated seeing a huge building of brick and stone in the middle of a vast courtyard surrounded by high, unscalable walls, on top of which would be sentinels pacing to and fro with measured military tread. If imagination tricked me into expecting such a prison, I was painfully disillusioned and disappointed. What I really saw was a great stockade composed of two parallel palisades of pine logs set in the ground endwise to the height of eighteen feet. It enclosed some thirty acres of yellow-clay land lying on two hillsides facing each other, between which ran, from east to west, a small creek about five feet broad with an average depth of a foot.

The only signs of vegetation that I saw within the enclosure were two tall, lonely pines with tufted tops, one on either hill; but they gave precious little shade to the crowded prisoners,

thirty-two thousand or more, that sweltered beneath the hot rays of an August sun. Their only protection from the weather—hot or cold, rain or sunshine—were some rough sheds, open at the sides, but covered on top with planks and pine boughs. Besides these, I noticed a few old army tents, also blankets stretched over poles gypsy fashion. Some of the prisoners, who possessed neither tents nor blankets, had apparently made excavations in the hillsides, where they probably slept or protected themselves against the heat of the sun. I say apparently, for as I was outside the stockade and some distance away, it may be that what I thought were excavations for the purpose of protection, were nothing more than places where the prisoners did their cooking.

The nearest approach to my fancied prison were the sentinels, whom I found stationed on a high platform built on the four sides of the stockade between the palisades and next to the inner one, thus affording them an unobstructed view of all that went on in the enclosure. Here also, at intervals of a hundred or more feet, were sentry boxes, between which the guards on duty marched back and forth, and to which they retired in time of bad weather.

The "dead line," a small railing eighteen inches high, was placed about nineteen feet from the inner wall on all sides of the stockade. Prisoners were not allowed to cross it. The guards were under orders to shoot down any prisoner attempting to do so without permission, and of these orders the prisoners were fully informed.

On the high ground surrounding the enclosure, which, by the way, was six hundred yards long by over two hundred wide, was a cordon of connected earthworks where fifteen or twenty pieces of artillery were placed, being trained on the stockade and ready for instant service in time of need. Back of the earthworks were the quarters of the guards, which were simply log huts chinked with mud. Their officers were more comfortably housed in a two-story frame building near the village. The whole number of guards, whose commander was General John H. Winder, was at the time of my visit about four thousand.

Outside of the prison proper, a hospital, which was also a stockade, had been built a short while before I went to Andersonville. It was supplied with some tents and three or four covered

wooden sheds. At the distance of a hundred or more yards from the hospital was the "dead house," a bush arbor of circular shape, to which dead prisoners from both stockade and hospital were brought and laid out for burial. In a northerly direction, several hundred feet from the "dead house," stood the cook house or regular kitchen, which must be distinguished from the bakery built over the creek and between the palisades on the west side of the main stockade.

The prison, established under the pressure of necessity and in haste to relieve the congestion of other Southern war prisons, struck me as being at best but a miserable makeshift. Its sanitary condition was bad, or so it appeared to me, but being only a boy at the time perhaps I was incapable of forming an opinion on this point worthy of consideration. Be that as it may, however, I know the prisoners were both crowded and much exposed to the weather. The day I saw them they were a sweltering mass of humanity, each unit of which was confined to a space of not more than twenty feet. This of itself—the crowding of thirty-two thousand human beings so thickly together—was sufficient to make the prison unsanitary. But that was not all. There was the bakery over the creek, where, in addition to the baking going on, I saw whole carcasses of slaughtered animals being cut up and made ready for distribution. The refuse which fell into the creek, together with the filth that washed into it from the hillsides during heavy rains, necessarily contaminated the water. Then the ground within the stockade on both sides of the creek had been trampled into a mire of nastiness. Although unfit for any sort of use, this creek water was about all that was accessible to the prisoners for bathing. There was an abundant supply of comparatively pure drinking water from springs and wells within the enclosure and about the eighth of a mile from the creek.

To the unacclimated prisoners such conditions and the kind of food furnished them, although the same as that given to the Confederate guards, were greatly provocative of sickness and death. In fact, a large number of the prisoners was continually on the sick list, and the percentage of deaths from various diseases was frightful. While it never occurred to me to make the inquiry, I venture to say that on the day I was at Andersonville fully a thousand were in the hospital, and that nearly as many more

were sick in the stockade. Some of the latter I saw—pale, emaciated fellows lying around in such shade as they could find, or walking about with a look of despair in their eyes—on whom, it seemed to me, Death had already set his mark.

About noon I happened to be standing near the hospital gates, when, in the space of as many minutes, I saw four or five dead bodies brought out on stretchers and borne to the dead house. I don't know exactly how many died that day, but in all probability a hundred at least; for, according to the hospital records, the average daily death rate for the month of August, 1864, was fully that number.

I accompanied the bearers of the dead to the "dead house," which, as has been said, was only a bush arbor far removed from the prison. Four other dead prisoners were already there awaiting burial, making, with those the bearers brought, eight in all. The bodies were not put in coffins, but they were laid side by side on the bare ground. They were bareheaded, barefooted, unwashed, and unshaven. Flies swarmed about them, or crawled over their upturned faces. A few beams of light here and there strayed through the leafy covering overhead and lit up the ghastly scene.

One of the dead was a boy about my age. Unlike some of the others, he did not have the appearance of a foreigner. I was quite sure he was an American, probably from one of the New England States. It made me feel very sad to see him lying there dead, in a strange and hostile land. Somehow I had no such feeling toward the others. To me they were simply unknown dead men, in whom I took little interest. But with the boy, I suppose because he was a boy like myself, it was different. As I stood in the entrance to the "dead house," leaning against one of its posts and looking down on his peaceful face in which death had carved fine lines, I got to wondering about his antecedents—who he was, where he came from, if his parents were living, and how one so young happened to drift into the army. It occurred to me that possibly he, like many other Andersonville prisoners, had died of homesickness. He seemed one of those to whom the call of home would appeal irresistibly. I could imagine how, shut up in that prison, thoughts of home would come to him, making him long for it with unutterable longing, until, bereft of all hope of

release, he sickened and died. I wondered if he was the "only son of his mother, and she a widow." Perhaps he was one of the "unknown dead," and if so, that mother would never know where or when he died, and year after year she would be looking for him, but in vain.

So it came to pass, as I thought of all those things, I could hardly keep back the tears. Every trace of animosity in me died. He was no longer an enemy of my country, but a poor dead boy whose untimely end I commiserated. And I turned away, realizing how death can rub out old scores and replace them with feelings of pity and sorrow.

When the burial squad, also prisoners, came to take away the dead to bury them, I followed, not from idle curiosity, but with a different sort of feeling, I hardly knew what. I only know that I realized as never before the strange solemnity of death, to the sight of which I was unused. At that time I had no such indifference toward dead people as came later, even before the end of the fraticidal war, when I could look as unmoved on a dead man as on a dead animal.

The graveyard or burying place was situated three hundred yards northwest of the stockade, and thither, led by the guards, we took our way, unaccompanied by sound of drum or funeral note. There was no time for ceremony. I supposed, of course, coffins would be found there, but not so; for death worked much faster among the Andersonville prisoners than coffins could be made. Instead of graves, one for each body, there were shallow trenches, already dug, of varying lengths. Here, in one of these trenches, they put the uncoffined dead side by side, separated from each other by only a few inches. There was no religious service of any kind, not even a prayer was said. Nature was more pitiful than man, for the wind kept up a great sighing in the tops of the pines that skirted the prison cemetery. With what appeared to me unseemly haste, they shoveled the red earth into the pit, placing at the head of each dead man a wooden stake bearing a number which corresponded with a similar numbered name on the hospital record.

The trenches, in which thousands had already been buried, were, as I have said, rather shallow. Looking down them, I saw in one place, where the earth had settled and become gullied out

by washing rains, a hand protruding. That uplifted hand, belonging to one who was perhaps prematurely buried, will always haunt my memory.

The principal figure about Andersonville, the one to be most met with—here, there, everywhere—was Captain Wirz, the governor of the prison. I saw him several times that day—in fact, spoke to him—and my recollection of him is very vivid. He was the sort of man to hold one's memory. In person, he was rather small and insignificant-looking, being considerably under the average height and weight. His complexion was dark—hair and eyes were almost black. He wore a full beard. He was wiry, alert, full of energy, quick of speech, easily excited, and often got rattled. He couldn't keep still. He reminded me of a Frenchman, and such I took him to be until informed that he was a Swiss. But for the three bars braided on his collar, his dress gave no indication of his rank. He had on a dark blue flannel shirt and black and white checked trousers that bagged at the knees. He wore a soft felt hat much battered by long usage, and his feet were thrust into a pair of shabby, low-cut shoes. Attached to his belt, in which was stuck a pistol or two, was a cavalry saber much too long for him. It trailed on the ground, and every time he moved it made a clattering noise. In short, his whole dress was slovenly and unsoldierlike; and this, with his overbearing manner, struck me rather unfavorably. To some he may have seemed a fair type of the man "clothed with a little brief authority."

The first time I saw Captain Wirz was near the entrance to the stockade. Some prisoners, seven or eight hundred, had just been brought in by train from the upper part of Georgia; and when they drew near the prison I noticed that Wirz, whom I did not then know, became greatly excited. He acted like one intoxicated or who had completely lost his head. His antics were to me very funny, as they would have been to any boy. He skipped around like a dancing dervish, his sword as it dragged the ground keeping up a rattling accompaniment. He darted hither and thither, gesticulating, shouting at both guards and prisoners, and cursing volubly in broken English. His profanity, while picturesque, was simply awful. It made me shiver. He was very impartial in the distribution of his oaths, flinging them liberally at the

heads of both guards and prisoners; and yet he impressed me with the notion that a blue uniform affected him somewhat as a red rag does a bull.

As the prisoners were filing through the stockade gates, I noticed one brawny six-footer with a log of wood on his shoulder. I don't know what he intended doing with it—probably he thought he would need it for cooking his supper. Captain Wirz also saw him, and rushing toward him shouted: "Drop eet. * * * Hear you me not? Drop eet, drop eet, I say." And the man dropped it on a pile of wood just outside the prison entrance.

That was the nearest approach to cruelty I saw on the part of Wirz, who doubtless had some good reason for ordering the prisoner to drop the wood. As for his profanity, that signified nothing, since there are many excellent men who curse habitually and unconsciously, and apparently for no reason whatever.

My friend, the New Jerseyman, who wanted to enter the stockade, applied to Captain Wirz for permission. He refused in terms more emphatic than polite. He said we were a couple of "d—d fools" for wanting to go among the prisoners, telling us it was dangerous on account of the place being full of contagious diseases, especially smallpox. "Eef," he said, "you get not ze smallpock, you vill be robbed, may be killed. Non; I vill permeet you not among ze preesoners to go."

That was our first and only interview with Captain Wirz. But I have often thought he was right about us, though I didn't think so then. We were two "d—d fools," and I, for one, am glad he thought so, and refused us admission to the stockade.

While at Andersonville, I heard a curious story about Wirz, which seemed to throw some light on what I regarded as his singular behavior at the prison gates. It was told me by a young artillery officer. I do not recall his exact language, but he said substantially that Captain Wirz was imbittered against all Yankees on account of the brutal treatment which certain members of his family, residents of New Orleans, had received at the hands of some Federal soldiers after the capture of that city by General B. F Butler. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. As I have never seen anything in print corroborative of it, I shall always be in doubt as to whether it was fact or fiction. I give it as I heard it and for what it is worth.

Captain Wirz's end was tragical, as all the world knows. It was undeserved. About the time the war closed, the whole country was thrown into a state of overwhelming excitement over the assassination of President Lincoln. In the midst of it Wirz was arrested, and in August, 1865, he was brought to trial before a military commission, specially convened at Washington for the purpose, on the charge of cruel and inhumane treatment of the Andersonville prisoners. In the bill of indictment against him were several counts. He was charged with injuring the health and destroying the lives of his prisoners by subjecting them to torture and great suffering; by confining them in unhealthy and unwholesome quarters; by exposing them to the inclemency of the winter and the dews and burning sun of summer; by compelling the use of impure water; by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food; by establishing the dead line and ordering the guards to shoot down any prisoner attempting to cross it, and by torturing prisoners in the stocks. These charges by *ex-parte* testimony were easily proven, and Captain Wirz was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. But the sentence of the court was not carried into effect until the 10th of November, 1865.

Justice is depicted as a virgin blindfolded, holding in one hand a pair of scales evenly balanced, and in the other an unsheathed sword with which to cut down the guilty. In this trial of Wirz, never was Justice so completely hoodwinked; never were her scales so unevenly balanced! never did she strike out so blindly and vindictively, thus lending herself to the consummation of an act which impartial history will yet pronounce a judicial murder. Why do I say this? Because the bill of indictment under which all these things are charged against Wirz, is also an indictment of every Federal prison throughout the North in which Confederate prisoners were confined during the war; and therein Justice, at this drummed-up court-martial to try Wirz, showed how utterly blind she was, and how in her rage she wounded the North more than the South. There is not a charge against Wirz which cannot be offset by a similar charge against the governors of Northern prisons, as, for instance, the insufficient and unwholesome food in some prisons that made Confederate prisoners esteem rats rare and dainty morsels; the allowance to prisoners at Johnson Island of one thin blanket in zero

weather; the compelled use at Point Lookout of drinking water strongly impregnated with copperas, and the dead line at both Elmira, N. Y., and Point Lookout over which a prisoner might not cross without being shot. So if Wirz, in the light of the charges in the bill of indictment against him, is to be regarded, as he has been represented, a human monster, a fiend incarnate, let it not be forgotten that, under similar charges as easily proven, there are many such fiends from the other side to keep him company in the underworld.

But was Captain Wirz guilty of wanton cruelty and inhumanity to the Andersonville prisoners? Apparently so only. He was the victim of circumstances. The conditions of the prison were bad, as I have said, but he was not responsible for those conditions. He did not select the prison site, nor did he build the prison. The conditions at Andersonville were created before he became its governor, and after his coming they grew worse from overcrowding, which he could not prevent. With the means at his disposal he did the best he could to protect his prisoners from the inclemency of the weather, both winter and summer. Those means were inadequate, to be sure, but that was not his fault. He was obliged to avail himself of what nature had provided and to use the supplies furnished by his government.

I have stated that the water in which the prisoners washed was impure, made so by unavoidable conditions, but Captain Wirz did not compel its use for that purpose. The drinking water, however, was comparatively pure, far more so than that to which Confederate prisoners had access at Point Lookout.

As to the charge that Captain Wirz furnished the prisoners with insufficient and unwholesome food, I can only say that it was the same supplied to the guards at Andersonville, and better and more abundant than that the Confederate soldiers at the front received. I know it was not the kind of food supplied to Northern soldiers, but it was the only kind the Confederate commissariat was able to furnish. If the prisoners by eating this food, to which they were unaccustomed, sickened and died, Captain Wirz was not responsible for their sickness and mortality. He gave them no worse food than the Confederate guards had, no worse, in fact, that he himself ate. But it will be said that it was not fit food for sick men, especially for men suffering from diarrhœa and

scurvy, of which diseases seventy-five hundred died out of a total of nearly thirteen thousand deaths. That is true, and for the very good reason that nourishing food and vegetables, so necessary for the majority of the sick, were unobtainable. There was not a vegetable farm within fifty miles of Andersonville, and nobody anywhere in the South at that time had anything in the way of food likely to tempt the appetites of sick people. In fact, everybody, both in the army and at home, was compelled to live on very short commons, and sometimes they had not even these. It was unfortunate, therefore, that the poor prisoners happened to come South in her time of poverty and straitened circumstances, but they were served with the best obtainable, and if it disagreed with them, nobody in the South should have been blamed, least of all Captain Wirz.

But that awful dead line—what about it? Yes, there was a dead line at Andersonville; and yet the exigencies of the situation demanded its establishment, just, as I suppose, they did at Point Lookout and Elmira, where Confederate prisoners were confined. Andersonville prison was in the open, so to speak, and the utmost precautions had to be taken to prevent surprises. I was told while there that the dead line was not established until attempts had been made by prisoners to storm the stockade gates, with the view of overpowering the guards and so making their escape.

Only one prisoner was ever killed at Andersonville for crossing the dead line. It came about in a peculiar way. The sentinel who killed him told me the story, which I give pretty much in his own words:

"One day a prisoner came up to the dead line, and, calling to me, said, 'Johnnie, I'm going to cross your dead line.'

" 'No, you won't,' I said. 'You know my orders—you know I'll kill you if you come over on this side.'

" 'Yes, I know; and that's why I'm going to cross. You see I ain't got the nerve to commit suicide, even if I had anything to do it with, and so I thought I'd come down here and make you kill me. I'd rather be dead than live another day in this hell on earth. Look out, here I come.'

" 'For God's sake, man, keep back,' I said, 'I don't want to shoot you. * * * You d—d fool, keep back, keep back on your own side.'

"But the prisoner, without another word, crossed over, and I shot him. I hated to do it. But what else could I do? I was under orders. It was me or him."

At his trial Wirz was charged with this killing. It was introduced to establish the fact that he murdered his prisoners. Great stress was laid on it, and the use the prosecution made of it had much to do with securing Wirz's conviction. But it was unjust to make him, who held only a subordinate position at Andersonville, responsible for the establishment of the dead line and the death of a man who virtually committed suicide. General Winder was in command, and doubtless from him emanated the orders to set up the dead line and shoot down any prisoner attempting to cross it.

Captain Wirz did not appear to me as one who would be maliciously cruel to his prisoners. He may have been a martinet, and I think he was, but I believe he was too brave a man to maltreat an unarmed and helpless foe. The charges preferred against him do not warrant the conclusion that he was an inhuman wretch. He was hampered by conditions over which he had no control, compelled by circumstances to do things that were hard, and so it was easy to bring charges against him which he could not possibly disprove. Those conditions were facts, but neither they nor the circumstances in which he was placed were of his making.

It was Wirz's fate to suffer for what he could not help or prevent. When the war ended, the people of the North were incensed against the people of the South, and the cry was insistent for some kind of expiatory sacrifice, not only for what has been called the sin of Andersonville, but for the other supposed sins of the South. Some, at first, wanted all the Southern leaders hung at traitors; but, fortunately, there were others whom the madness of the hour had not swept off their feet. They were level-headed men who, versed in constitutional law and acquainted with the principles of the Federal compact under which the Union was formed, realized the impossibility of establishing before the highest tribunal of the land the charge of treason against any Southerner. But they were unable to withstand the popular clamor for atoning blood. Some victim had to be provided; and so it came to pass that poor Wirz, whose alleged

cruelties to prisoners were on every Northern tongue, was chosen, although another of the most exalted rank and deep in the affections of the South was preferred. Evidence was sought for high and low to connect Mr. Davis with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. It has been said Wirz's life was promised him if he would implicate the President of the Southern Confederacy. Life is sweet to a man, but Wirz did not love it enough to perjure himself. With all his faults, he was too true a man to sacrifice honor for the sake of a few more years. It was not in his nature to incriminate an innocent man. So, friendless and hated, he, not the preferred one, became the victim of expiation. He stood, as it were, in the South's place and suffered for her alleged crimes of treason and inhumanity. For this, if for nothing else, he deserves a monument. Such a monument would be the South's protest against the charge of inhumanity to her prisoners.

But Andersonville, where I saw only dead and dying and suffering men—the memory of which seems like some terrible vision of the night—who was responsible for it? Somebody was. I do not think it was Wirz. It could hardly have been the Richmond government, which, in 1864, faced conditions that meant defeat, showed that the end of Southern hopes was near at hand. The South's resources were about exhausted. It was hard, well-nigh impossible, to negotiate foreign loans to continue the war. Confederate money was worthless. The country had been drained of all its men, from boys of fifteen to old men of seventy. Of the 600,000 that had enlisted in the Confederate armies, over 200,000 were in Northern prisons. The seat of war had been transferred from the border States to almost the heart of the South, and the portion not overrun was hemmed in on all sides by a cordon of hostile forces that was ever contracting like an anaconda around its prey.

Under such conditions the Confederate government found itself burdened with a vast multitude of prisoners. Out of its exhausted means these were to be provided for and fed; and, considering all things, it is remarkable, and speaks well for the South, that of the 270,000 Federal prisoners she held from first to last, only 8½ per cent. of them died; whereas, of the 220,000 Confederate prisoners held in the opulent North 12 per cent. of them died. The excessive sickness and large percentage of deaths at Andersonville

were exceptional, due, partly, to the site of the prison, which was selected on account of its remoteness from the seat of war and its being in the midst of an agricultural section not subject to foraging or raiding parties; partly, to the insufficiency of doctors and medical supplies, especially quinine, which the Washington government had made contraband of war; and, partly, to the bad sanitary condition of the prison, together with its crowded state, neither of which could be remedied. In short, the Confederate authorities were, at the time of which I write, absolutely powerless to take any better care of their prisoners.

Still the "Andersonville horror" might have been prevented. How? In 1864 the Confederate government was anxious to effect an exchange of prisoners with the United States government for two reasons—to replete the Southern armies with Confederate prisoners from Northern prisons and to rid itself of the burden of feeding and otherwise caring for the many thousands of Federal prisoners on its hands. Overtures with the view of bringing about an exchange of prisoners were made to the proper officials at Washington, but they were abortive. Mr. Stanton, President Lincoln's war secretary, upheld by the well-known opposition of General Grant to an exchange, turned a deaf ear to these overtures. It is doubtful if the matter was ever brought to the attention of Mr. Lincoln; for if it had been done it is probable that his big and humane heart would have felt the necessity of relieving in this way the Andersonville prisoners from their miserable situation.

On the 8th of August, 1864, about the time I was at Andersonville, General Grant sent the following telegram to General B. F. Butler regarding the subject of exchange. It is very significant and shows conclusively upon whom the responsibility rests for the protracted sufferings of Federal soldiers in Southern prisons. General Grant said:

"On the subject of exchange, however, I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to release them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. To commence a system of exchange now, which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those already caught, they amount to no more than so many dead men. At this par-

ticular time, to release all rebel prisoners would ensure Sherman's defeat and compromise our safety here."*

Clearly, then, the policy of the Federal authorities was opposed to an exchange of prisoners. Rather than run the risk of turning the tide of war in favor of the South, by returning through exchange Confederate prisoners to its armies, they preferred to let their own men suffer and die in Southern prisons. Having all the world to draw from for reinforcements, they had no need of their imprisoned soldiers. So, according to General Grant's view, it was better policy, a more humane deed, to allow them to stay on and rot at Andersonville than to release them by exchange and thus invite the defeat of the North. As a war measure this was good policy, no doubt, but considered from a humanitarian point of view it was damnable.

Failing in the matter of exchange, the Confederate authorities, moved this time by considerations of humanity, proposed, so I have been informed, that the Federal authorities should send to Andersonville with medical supplies their own physicians to take charge of the sick and wounded there. But this offer was declined, although it must have been known at Washington that the uncertain ways by which the South obtained its medical supplies—through blockade runners and patriotic Southern women who smuggled them concealed underneath their petticoats through the enemy's lines§—accounted for the lack of such medicines as were essential to overcome the diseases that prevailed at Andersonville.

Finally, after being worn out by the obduracy of the Washington government, the Richmond government offered to parole all sick and wounded prisoners, provided transports were sent for them at certain designated ports on the Southern coast.† This was agreed to, and, after many vexations delays, ships were at

*See Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies—Prisoners of War—Series II, Vol. VII, p. 606.

§A Charleston (S. C.) lady told me that she thus brought through the Federal lines packages of quinine.

†Pensacola, Fla., was one of the points, if not the principal point, designated. My old teacher after the war, Captain J. C. Rutherford, was the Confederacy's agent to arrange the matter.

last sent, but not in time to prevent the death of many whose lives by greater diligence might have been saved.

In view of the above facts, the South should not be charged with inhumanity to the Andersonville prisoners. Though poverty-stricken towards the end of the war, she yet did for them the best she could with her limited means. Their condition was dreadful, to be sure, and no one appreciated and deplored the fact more than the people of the South; but they could do nothing to alleviate their situation, and the North would not when given the opportunity. So it would seem that not Wirz, not the South, but the North, which had adopted the policy of Grant's dispatch to Butler, was responsible for their sufferings and long months of agony in which their hearts sickened through hope deferred. Theirs was a sad, a pitiable fate; but it was what comes of war, which is cruel and merciless—a monster that all civilized peoples should unite to condemn and thrust out of the world.

Interesting Comparison

[From the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.*]

One of the most important historical facts in "the great struggle we made for constitutional freedom" (as General Lee always designated the war) is a correct statement of "the overwhelming numbers and resources" against which the Confederates fought.

The disparity of numbers has been frequently brought out, but never more clearly than by Mr. Cazemore G. Lee, of Washington, in the following table, which was published originally in the *Baltimore Sun.*

Mr. Lee's figures show that the total enlistments in the Northern army were 2,778,304 as against 600,000 in the Confederate army. The foreigners and negroes in the Northern army aggregated 680,917, or 80,917 more than the total strength of the

Confederate army. There were 316,424 men of Southern birth in the Northern army. Mr. Lee's figures are as follows:

Northern Army:

Whites from the North	2,272,333
Whites from the South	316,424
Negroes	186,017
Indians	3,530
Total	2,778,304
Southern Army	600,000
North's numerical superiority	2,178,304

In the Northern Army there were:

Germans	176,800
Irish	144,200
British Americans	53,500
English	45,500
Other nationalities	74,900
Negroes	186,017
Total	680,917
Total of Southern soldiers	600,000
Southern men in Northern Army	316,424
Foreigners	494,900
Negroes	186,017
Total	998,613

Armies at the war's end:

Aggregate Federal Army, May 1, 1865	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate Army, May 1, 1865	133,433

Number in battle.	Confederates.	Federals
Seven days' fight	80,835	115,249
Antietam	35,255	87,164
Chancellorsville	57,212	131,661
Fredericksburg	78,110	110,000
Gettysburg	62,000	95,000
Chickamauga	44,000	65,000
Wilderness	63,987	141,160

Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons	270,000
Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons	220,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons	26,436
Federals died in Confederate prisons	22,570

PRISONERS OF WAR NORTH AND SOUTH

[Atlanta Journal.]

[Essay of Miss Ruth Rodgers that won the MacDowell Wolff medal. The writer is not yet fourteen, but has already won two medals for essays on Civil War topics.]

In the consideration of the Civil War, one of the special and most interesting in all its various phases is the capture and treatment of prisoners of war.

In all nations or countries called civilized, when they may be engaged in war, it is customary for the contending parties to accept the surrender of men from the opposite army, when they may be overtaken, and to hold in custody such as surrender. Such as are thus taken are put hors-de-combat by being put in prisons, and held as prisoners of war, under such rules as are commonly regarded by what is termed civilized warfare, if, indeed, any people who engage in a war may be properly called civilized. Instead of being killed after their surrender, prisoners are taken and held in prisons so that they may not further fight until properly returned or exchanged.

The Civil War in the United States was one of the fiercest struggles in history. The subject of prisoners in the Civil War and their treatment furnishes to the student of military history some of the most horrible and pathetic incidents of human suffering ever known in the world. Both sides of the contest, the United States and the Confederate States of America, have much to answer for in the matter of severe and cruel treatment of prisoners. The advocates and partisans of either side have often made charges of inhumanity against the other side.

The responsibility for the harsh and cruel treatment of prisoners is not easy to fix in any specific or definite degree, and must always be considered as general, except in some specific and individual cases.

As to which side was more to blame than the other can only be fairly considered and estimated by taking a comparative view of the means, powers and resources of both sides for the proper treatment of prisoners.

In view of the superior advantages of the United States government, it seems that the fair and just judgment of true and impartial history must be rendered in favor of the Confederate States government. The Confederate government, at best, was but provisional, and was not well established as a permanent and reliable government. Its credit was not well established and could not be counted on for any more than its immediately tangible and visible resources in hand at that time. Its only available asset for credit was the production of cotton, and at this period of war the raising of cotton was curtailed and limited so as to make an increase in substantial supplies for our armies. The property in negroes at this time was uncertain as to its permanent character or of duration, and was not available as security for credit.

Prisoners were simply so many parasites of the enemy on the Confederacy. They were a lot of idle, non-paying, burdensome boarders, who had to be constantly fed and guarded and who did nothing to contribute to their own support. They were an incubus upon a government already too weak to carry its own burden, having a population of slaves who did not go into the armies to help fight the battles for constitutional principles of government wherein they were interested as to the whole number of slaves and counted for three-fifths of their number of representation.

Our women and children had to be supported while our men were engaged in the war. Then to take on an increase of hearty, hungry men of more than a quarter of a million was a great tax and undertaking for a people of limited means and resources.

Such was the condition of the Southern Confederacy when taking so many prisoners.

With the United States government matters were different, a government which the South helped to organize and establish, a government of means, a government of prestige and power, and with unlimited credit and immense resources. The United States could afford to maintain as many prisoners as it would capture of the Confederate armies.

They could draw from the whole world for both men and money to meet their demands in emergency.

They could and did hire foreigners as soldiers for bounty, while native Southern men went to war without hire.

The total number of Federal prisoners captured by the Confederates was 270,000, by the report of Surgeon General Barnes, as quoted by Congressman Hill in his famous reply to Blaine, as shown by the official records in the War Department at Washington.

The whole number of Confederate prisoners captured by the Federals was 220,000. At once it is seen that the Federals were 50,000 more than the Confederates.

The number of Federals who died in Confederate prisons was 22,576, and the number of Confederates who died in Federal prisons was 26,436. So it appears by official records that more than 12 per cent. of the Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons died and less than 9 per cent. of the Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons died, notwithstanding the difference and disparity in means and resources between the North and South, considering the superior advantages of the North over the South for the proper care of prisoners.

PRISON POINTS.

In the North were numerous places for prisoners. They were located at points as follows:

Alleghany, Pa.; Alton, Ill.; Camp Cutler, Ill.; Camp Chase, O.; Camp Douglas, Ill.; Camp Morton, Ind.; Elmira, N. Y.; Fort Columbus, N. Y.; Fort Lafayette, N. Y.; Fort Warren, Md.; Fort Wood, N. Y ; Fort Pickens, Fla.; Point Lookout, Md.; Rock Island, Ill.; Johnson's Island, O.; Louisville, Ky.; Memphis, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn.

In this essay it is unnecessary to specify the number of prisoners in each station, as they were distributed to suit the wishes and conveniences of the government, presumably for their own convenience for supplies, guards, and facility for keeping.

In the South prisons were located at Americus, Ga.; Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Ga.; Cahaba, Ala.; Camp Lawton, Millen, Ga.; Camp Oglethorpe, Macon, Ga.; Charleston, S. C.; Florence, S. C.; Columbia, S. C.; Charlotte, N. C.; Salisbury, N. C.; Raleigh, N. C.; Danville, Va.; Richmond, Va.; Belle Isle, Castle Thunder, Crews, Libby, Pemberton's, Scott's, Smith's Factory.

The supposition is likewise that these places were selected for the convenience of the Confederate government for purposes of

safety from raids for the release of prisoners and for proper care of prisoners.

The prison at Andersonville, called Camp Sumter, was the most noted of all the Confederate prisons. In this prison were more Union prisoners and more suffering than in any other prison in the Confederate States. There Captain Henry Wirz was in command, and to him has been charged the alleged cruelties and crimes at the prison.

It is undoubtedly true that there was much suffering in this prison, but it is hardly true that Captain Wirz was responsible for all of it, if for any.

He was Swiss by birth, a physician by profession, and he came to America long before the war and located in New Orleans, La. He entered the Confederate army and was severely wounded in a battle, so as to bar him from active field service. He was assigned and detailed for duty as commanding officer at Andersonville prison.

After the surrender he was charged by the Federal authorities with various crimes at the prison. He was taken to Washington city, and there held to trial by a military court, which condemned him to be hung, and he was executed on the 10th of November, 1865.

The military court which tried and condemned Confederate Captain Henry Wirz was presided over by General Lewis Wallace, who subsequently became the famous author of the book known as "Ben Hur," which has been published in numerous editions and read by thousands of our people. The work was also dramatized and presented on theatrical stages to the interest of many thousands of people and vast assemblies of spectators. I wonder if any of them ever thought of the author of "Ben Hur" as the same man and officer who ruled in the military court that tried and condemned Confederate Captain Henry Wirz.

The circumstances of the Confederate government rendered it practically impossible to give the prisoners all of their necessities. Captain Wirz was condemned and hung as a cruel felon. His cruel judge lived on and became famous. Does it not really seem like the irony of fate?

The United States was in better condition and with more favorable circumstances for the proper care of prisoners, yet they

allowed our Confederate soldiers to suffer severely, many of them being put to death without cause or reason. Many of them died from starvation and freezing, as occurred at Elmira, N. Y., Fort Delaware, Del., and at Sandusky (Johnson's Island), Ohio.

At Sandusky and Chicago are large cemeteries of our men who died in these prisons. Brave patriots of the Southland, they were true to the last, and they now rest in these cemeteries in view of those who opposed their cause, as though they are to be silent sentinels on guard forever for Southern manhood and courage, fidelity and fortitude, honor and heroism.

Indeed, it seems appropriate and timely that the United States should adopt the suggestion of the lamented President McKinley, that the Federal government "should share with us in the care of Confederate soldiers' graves." He said, "Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate Civil War is a tribute to American valor."

It is simply a tale of horror to read now the official reports of the lives of Confederate soldiers in prison. A significant fact with regard to the records, that in the reports of the superintendents of prisons, under the headings of "conduct" almost invariably show "good" and "very good." Let us contrast these reports of uniform good conduct of Confederates in prison with the severity of the manner in which they were treated by their cruel guards. For men whose behavior was "good" to be treated as they were was simply wanton cruelty without cause.

The South had a double duty imposed upon it, in the case of prisoners in their prisons, and it also contributed to the comfort of Confederate soldiers in Northern prisons.

The Confederate government sent large quantities of cotton to the North to be sold and the proceeds to be applied for the purchase of supplies for the Confederates in prison.

Confederate General William N. R. Beall was in a Yankee prison. He was released on parole of honor and was designated for the purpose of receiving and selling the cotton and buying supplies and distributing them amongst the prisoners at various prisons.

Eight hundred and thirty bales of cotton sent to New York, after being properly prepared for market, sold at public auction February 8th, 1865, at an average price of 82 cents per pound,

netted $331,789.66, which sum was used for the purpose of buying supplies for our prisoners in Northern prisons.

On August 8, 1864, General U. S. Grant sent a telegram to General Butler as follows:

"On the subject of exchange, however, I differ with General Hitchcock. It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to release them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. To commence a system of exchange now which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those already caught they amount to no more than so many dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners would insure Sherman's defeat and compromise our safety here."

After abundant and indubitable proofs, the responsibility for the suffering of prisoners North and South has been laid upon the authorities of the United States government, and there let it abide in history.

REGIMENTAL ROLLS OF OFFICERS

First S. C. Cavalry: Colonel—John L. Black. Captains—Co. A, M. T. Owens; Co. B, N. Nesbitt; Co. C, T. W. Whatley; Co. D, J. S. Wilson; Co. E, J. D. Trezevant; Co. F, Elam Sharpe; Co. G, L. J. Johnson; Co. H. R. C. Jones; Co. I, R. P Fox; Co. K, Lieut. F A. Sitgreaves.

(From Rolls.)

"*First Regiment Cavalry:* Colonel—J. L. Black. Lieutenant-Colonels—J. D. Twiggs, W A. Walker. Major—Niles Nesbitt. Adjutant—C. H. Ragsdale. Sergeant-Major—Ed. Yarborough. Quartermasters—H. L. Mason, James Henderson. Commissary—W A. Peden. Surgeons—Charles Pinckney, Joseph Yates. Assistant Surgeons— ——— Sams, ——— Whaley. Chaplain—Richard Johnson. Hospital Steward— —— Penney. Ordnance Sergeant—Ed. Sharpe. Chief Buglers—John Small, Sr., Charles Franklin. Musician—Jesse Gladden. Captains—Co. A, M. T. Owens, S. H. Jones; Co. B, Miles Nesbit, W J. Leake; Co. C, J. D. Twiggs, Thos. W Whatley; Co. D, W A. Walker, John F Wilson; Co. E, J. D. Trezevant; Co. F, Elam Sharp, A. T. Clayton; Co. G, L. J. Johnson; Co. H, Robert Ap. C. Jones; Co. I, John R. C. Fox, Fred Horsey; Co. K, Angus P Brown."

Second Regiment of Cavalry: Colonel—M. C. Butler. Lieutenant-Colonel—Frank Hampton. Major—Thos. J. Lipscomb. Co. A, from Kershaw, Capt. John Chestnut; Co. B, from Beaufort, Capt. Thos. E. Screven; Co. C, from Richland, Capt. John Meighan; Co. D, from Charleston, Capt. J. C. McKewn; Co. E, from Spartanburg, Capt. A. H. Dean; Co. F, from Pickens, Capt. J. W. Gary; Co. H, from Richland, Capt. Jas. P McFie; Co. I, from Edgefield, Capt. J. H. Clarke; Co. K, from Greenville, Capt. L. Williams.

Adjutant J. W. Moore's memorandum:

"The Second Regiment of Cavalry was composed of 1st, Hampton Legion Cavalry (four troops); 2nd, Easley's Squadron (four troops); 3rd, two independent troops, Boykin Rangers, Capt.

A. H. Boykin; Bonham Light Dragoons, Capt. Thos. J. Lipscomb. Its organization was completed at Urbana, Maryland, 9th September, 1862, while in the field. The last troop (Boykin's) reported that day. M. C. Butler, Colonel; Frank Hampton, Lieutenant-Colonel; Thos. J. Lipscomb, Major; James W Moore, Adjutant; James N. Lipscomb, Quartermaster; Smith B. Blocker, Commissary; B. W Taylor, Surgeon; H. W Moore, Assistant Surgeon. Troop A, Capt. A. B. Boykin (afterwards John A. Chestnut); Troop B, Capt. Thos E. Screven (subsequently promoted lieutenant-colonel); Troop C, Capt. John Meighan; Troop D, Capt. J. C. McKewn; Troop E, Capt. A. H. Dean; Troop F, Capt. John Westfield; Troop G, Capt. J. Wister Gary; Troop H, Capt. Jas. P. McFie; Troop I, Capt. T. H. Clark; Troop K, Capt. Leonard Williams."

"*Fourth S. C. Cavalry:* The Fourth South Carolina Cavalry was organized into a regiment December 16, 1862, by consolidating the battalions of Major William Stokes and Major W P Emanuel, of four companies each, and the Charleston Light Dragoons, Capt. B. H. Rutledge's company, and Capt. Thos. Pinckney's company, aggregating some 1,000 men; with B. H. Rutledge, Colonel; William Stokes, Lieutenant-Colonel; W P Emanuel, Major; G. E. Manigault, Adjutant; I. McP Gregorie, Surgeon; Chas. Dupont, Assistant Surgeon; J. W McCurry, Quartermaster; A. P Lining, Commissary; A. J. Burton, Sergeant Major; Hugo G. Sheridan, Ordnance Sergeant; — Cordes, Commissary Sergeant. Co. A, from Chesterfield, Capt. Henry McIver; Co. B, from Chester and Fairfield, Capt. O. Barber; Co. C, from Pickens, Oconee and Anderson, Capt. J. C. Calhoun; Co. D, from Georgetown (mainly), Capt. Thos. Pinckney; Co. E, from Marlboro (mainly), Capt. P L. Breeden; Co. F, from Marion (mainly), Capt. W C. Hewit; Co. G, from Colleton and Orangeburg, Capt. W P Appleby; Co. H, from Lancaster (mainly), Capt. John C. Foster; Co. I, from Williamsburg (mainly), Capt. S. J. Snowden; Co. K (Charleston Light Dragoons), from Charleston, Capt. R. H. Colcock. The former captains of the companies, and captains who succeeded some of these in command at the organization of the regiment, can be found on the company rolls.

(From Rolls.)

"*Fourth S. C. Cavalry:* Colonel—B. H. Rutledge. Lieutenant-Colonel—William Stokes. Major—W P. Emanuel. Adjutant—Gabriel E. Manigault. Surgeon—Isaac McP Gregorie. Assistant Surgeon—Charles Dupont. Quartermaster—I. W McCurry. Commissary—Arthur P. Lining. Sergeant-Major—Allen J. Benton. Ordnance Sergeant—Hugo G. Sheridan. Commissary Sergeant— ——Cordes. Captains—Co. A, Jas. C. Craig; Co. B, Osborne Barber; Co. C, John C. Calhoun; Co. D, Thos. Pinckney; Co. E, W P. Emanuel, Henry Edens, P L. Breeden; Co. F, D. Monroe, H. Godbold, W C. Hewett, W B. Evans; Co. G, Wm. Stokes, Wm. P. Appleby; Co. H, J. D. McIlwain; W J. McIlwain, J. C. Foster; Co. I, John Watson, G. P Nelson, S. J. Snowden; Co. K, B. H. Rutledge, R. H. Colcock."

The *Fifth S. C. Cavalry* was organized on the 18th January, 1863, by the consolidation of Major Jeffords' and Major Morgan's battalions of four companies each, and Captain Whilden's and Captain Harlan's companies, with an aggregate of 1,200 men. Colonel, S. W Ferguson; Lieutenant-Colonel, R. J. Jeffords; Major, J. H. Morgan. Co. A, from Orangeburg, Capt. J. C. Edwards; Co. B, from Charleston, Capt. A. B. Mulligan; Co. C, from Colleton, Capt. W G. Smith; Co. D, from Charleston, Capt. Zimmerman Davis; Co. E, from Charleston, Capt. L. A. Whilden; Co. F, from Lexington, Capt. A. H. Caughman; Co. G, from Charleston, Capt. B. W McTureous; Co. H, from Sumter, Capt. R. M. Skinner; Co. I, from Barnwell and Orangeburg, Capt. T. W Tyler; Co. K, from Spartanburg and Union, Capt. J. C. Harlan.

Colonel Zimmerman Davis furnishes the following regimental sketch Fifth Regiment South Carolina Cavalry, organized January 18, 1863:

"S. W Ferguson, Colonel; Robert I. Jeffords, Lieutenant-Colonel; Joseph H. Morgan, Major. Composed of Major Jeffords' battalion of four companies, Major Morgan's battalion of four companies, and the two companies of Captain Whilden and Captain Harlan, as follows: Co. A, Capt. J. C. Edwards, Orangeburg; Co. B, Capt. A. B. Mulligan, Charleston; Co. C, Capt. W G. Smith, Colleton; Co. D, Capt. Zimmerman Davis, Charles-

ton; Co. E, Capt. L. A. Whilden, Charleston; Co. F, Capt. A. H. Caughman, Lexington; Co. G, Capt. B. W McTureous, Charleston; Co. H, Capt. R. M. Skinner, Sumter; Co. I, Capt. T. W Tyler, Barnwell and Orangeburg; Co. K, Capt. J. C. Harlan, Spartanburg and Union. The aggregate number on the rolls being about 1,200.

"The respective battalions and companies performed duty, in detached portions, on the coast of South Carolina from November, 1861, to April, 1864, some of them being engaged in the battles of Pocotaligo, May 28, 1862; Yemassee, October 22, 1862, and Secessionville, June 16, 1862.

"About July, 1863, Colonel Ferguson, never having assumed command, having been promoted to be brigadier-general in the Army of the West, John Dunovant was appointed colonel.

"In April, 1864, the regiment was ordered to Virginia to form a part of General M. C. Butler's brigade. Arriving there by rail in advance of the horses, it served as infantry, and performed severe duty for several weeks on the south of the James River, between Richmond and Petersburg, participating in the battles of Chester Station, May 10; Drewry's Bluff, May 16; Atkinson's Farm, May 17; Charles City Court House, May 24, and several skirmishes.

"Being armed with Enfield rifles, this regiment inaugurated the system of fighting cavalry as infantry, which was afterwards almost universally adopted, and which gave the cavalry under Hampton and Butler so much celebrity.

"On the 28th day of May, 1864, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments of South Carolina cavalry were formed near Altee's Station, Va., into a brigade under M. C. Butler, and during the campaign that year in Virginia participated in the following battles: Hawe's Shop, May 28; Cold Harbor, or Matadequin Creek, May 30; Trevillian Station, June 11 and 12; White House, June 20; Samaria Church, June 24; Riddle's Shop, June —; Nance's Shop, July 5; Sappony Church, June 28; Darbytown Road, August 18; Gravelly Run, August 23; Reams' Station, August 25; Wyatt's Farm, September —; Vaughan Road, September 29; Cummin's Farm, October 1; Burgess' Mill, October 27; Hicksford, December 8; besides a great number of skirmishes.

"During this campaign the losses of this regiment were about 50 killed, 300 wounded and 30 captured. Among the killed were Colonel Dunovant, who was promoted to the temporary rank of brigadier-general, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffords.

"In January, 1865, Butler's brigade was ordered to Columbia, S. C., for the purpose of procuring remounts, and had not completed its reorganization when it was placed in Sherman's front, and from the 14th day of February, 1865, until the final surrender of General Jos. E. Johnston's army in North Carolina, scarcely a day passed in which this regiment was not engaged with the enemy. It participated in the brilliant dash into Kilpatrick's camp, near Fayetteville, March 10, and in the battles at Bentonville and Averysboro, March 20 and 21. The casualties on this campaign from Columbia, S. C., to Hillsboro, N. C., were six killed, twenty-three wounded and fourteen captured.

"The regiment never surrendered. On the eve of the surrender of General Johnston's army it was marched all night and the next day to a point near the South Carolina line, and there disbanded, the men returning to their homes, with all their arms and equipments. At this time there were present for duty about 150 mounted men.

"The following were the field, staff and company officers at the close of the war: Zimmerman Davis, Colonel; J. E. Edwards, Lieutenant-Colonel; J. H. Morgan, Major; Lieut. Virgil C. Dibble, Adjutant; Capt. Ellis C. Green, Assistant Quartermaster and Commissary; Capt. H. M. Faust, M. D., Assistant Surgeon; Glenn E. Davis, Sergeant Major; J. A. Quackenbush, Quartermaster Sergeant; A. E. Gadsden, Jr., Commissary Sergeant; Julius P. Browne, Jr., Ordnance Sergeant; W G. Duval, Bugler.

"Company A—Captain, Theo. A. Jeffords; Lieutenants, D. Dantzler, V C. Dibble, John D. Browne.

"Company B—Captain, A. B. Mulligan; Lieutenants, B. F Buckner, J. T. Foster, A. J. Harrison.

"Company C—Captain, G. W Raysor; Lieutenants, J. E. Larrissey, B. Willis.

"Company D—Captain, George Tupper; Lieutenants, J. P DeVeaux, George H. Smith.

"Company E.—Captain Jos. L. Inglesby; Lieutenants, W C. Venning, J. O. Freeman.

"Company F—Captain, A. H. Caughman; Lieutenants, P H. Caughman, T. B. Roberts.

"Company G—Captain, B. W McTureous; Lieutenants, T. W Easterling, J. B. McCants, H. H. Murray.

"Company H—Captain, A. H. Bradham; Lieutenants, J. C. Bethune, F. M. Rhame.

"Company I—Captain, T. W Tyler; Lieutenants, E. Brooker, J. M. Whetstone, M. J. Rice.

"Company K—Lieutenant, F H. Bates."

(From Rolls.)

"*Fifth S. C. Cavalry:* Colonels—John Dunovant, T. P Jeffords, Zimmerman Davis. Lieutenant-Colonel—J. C. Edwards. Adjutant—Theo. A. Jeffords. Quartermaster—Ellis C. Green. Surgeon—Thos. S. Thompson. Assistant Surgeon—Henry M. Faust. Sergeant-Majors—Virgil C. Dibble, Glenn E. Davis. Quartermaster Sergeants—J. A. Quackenbush, Alex. E. Gadsden, Jr. Ordnance Sergeant—Julius P Brown. Farrier—P McInnes. Bugler—W G. Duval. Color Bearer—J. J. Scott. Captains—Co. A, T. A. Jeffords; Co. C, G. W Raysor; Co. D, Robert J. Jeffords, George Tupper; Co. E, Jos. L. Inglesby; Co. F, Wesley F Caughman; Co. G, William Disher; Co. H, William Nettles, E. M. Bradham; Co. I, J. W Reed, P A. Raysor."

The Sixth S. C. Cavalry: Lieutenant Alfred Aldrich furnishes the following statement of this organization:

"Colonel—Hugh K. Aiken. Lieutenant-Colonel—L. P Miller. Major—T. B. Ferguson. Quartermaster—Richard Ward. Commissary—E. H. Frost. Surgeon—Frank Calhoun. Assistant Surgeon—Lewis Grimball. Adjutant—Robert Aldrich.

"Company A—Captain, M. A. Sullivan; First Lieutenant, J. Harvey Woods; Second Lieutenant, J. Mims Sullivan; Third Lieutenant, John M. Sullivan.

"Company B—Captain, Lewis Jones; First Lieutenant, James J. Gregg; Second Lieutenant, John M. Ward; Third Lieutenant, John Bauskett.

"Company C—Captain, Peter W Goodwin; First Lieutenant, Robt. W Kennedy; Second Lieutenant, R. S. Cobb; Third Lieutenant, Walter Bailey.

"Company D—Captain, Wm. M. Hale; First Lieutenant, Robert E. Evans; Second Lieutenant, A. Austin; Third Lieutenant, Wm. H. Rich.

"Company E—Captain, Jas. P. Knight; First Lieutenant, W D. Evans; Second Lieutenant, Joseph W Goodgion; Third Lieutenant, — Lowry (Roll, Chas. B. Brooks).

"Company F—Captain, M. B. Humphrey; First Lieutenant, A. W Dozier; Second Lieutenant, A. (J.) Nettles; Third Lieutenant, Alfred Aldrich.

"Company G—Captain, John Miot; First Lieutenant, E. B. Clinkscales; Second Lieutenant, James Taggart; Third Lieutenant, John Kennerly.

"Company H—Captain, M. Maguire; First Lieutenant, H. M. Rush; Second Lieutenant, J. A. Kellar; Third Lieutenant, J. M. Cantwell.

"Company I—Captain, Joe N. Whitner; First Lieutenant, Robt. W Jenkins; Second Lieutenant, Honorine H. McClenaghan; Third Lieutenant, Edward DeBerry.

"Company K—Captain, M. J. Hough; First Lieutenant, W P Hunt; Second Lieutenant, W B. Hancock (Roll, J. M. Field); Third Lieutenant, J. M. Hough.

"This regiment was organized at Camp Preston, near Columbia; was ordered to duty at Adams Run, S. C., and served in defence of the coast of South Carolina till May, 1863, assisting under General Colquitt in repelling an advance of the enemy on the Charleston and Savannah road via John's Island, in the winter of 1863-64. In May, 1864, it was ordered to Virginia, and took part in the battles and skirmishes of Louisa C. H., Trevillian Station, White House, Samaria Church, Riddle's Shop, Nance's Shop, Sappony Church, Darbytown Road, Gravelly Run, Reams' Station, Wyatts' Farm, Vaughan's Road, Cumming's Farm, Burgess' Mill, Hicks' Ford, and other minor engagements. This regiment was a part of General M. C. Butler's Brigade, Hampton's Division. In January, 1865, Butler's brigade was ordered to Columbia, S. C., and from the middle of February till the close of the war in April, the Sixth regiment of cavalry was in daily and nightly contact with General Sherman's forces, participating in the battles of Lynch's Creek (where Colonel Aiken was killed), Fayetteville, Averysboro and Bentonville. It went into service

1,200 strong, and like most Confederate regiments was fought out to a frazzle."

(From Rolls.)

Sixth S. C. Cavalry: Colonel—Hugh K. Aiken. Lieutenant-Colonel—Lorick P Miller. Major—T. B. Ferguson. Quartermaster—Richard Ward. Commissary—E. Horry Frost. Surgeons—Frank Calhoun, —— McCauley, Lewis Grimball. Adjutant—Robert Aldrich. Sergeant Majors—J. O. Sheppard, Benjamin M. Shipman. Quartermaster Sergeant—Milledge B. Ward. Commissary Sergeant—S. S. Gibbes. Chief Bugler— ——Hoffman. Captains—Co. A, Milton A. Sullivan; Co. B, Lewis Jones, Jas. J. Gregg; Co. C, Peter W Goodwyn; Co. D, Wm. M. Hale; Co. E, James P Knight; Co. F, Moses B. Humphrey; Co. G, Jno. R. Miot; Co. H, J. J. Maguire; Co. I, Joe N. Whitner; Co. K, M. J. Hough."

COLONEL THOMAS J. LIPSCOMB, "C. S. A."

On Wednesday, November the 4th, 1908, the soul of Thomas J. Lipscomb took its flight. For months past he had suffered from a severe illness, enduring with Christian resignation the pain which He, in His wisdom, placed upon him. Colonel Lipscomb was born in Abbeville District, March the 27th, 1833, thus passing the three score years and ten, the age limit almost of a man's life. His student life was spent within the walls of the historic South Carolina College and the far-famed University of Virginia. He contemplated the study and practice of medicine, and to that end entered the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, graduating from the Medical College of Charleston in 1857. Upon his graduation he went for a season abroad. But the quiet of home life was to be denied him, the war cloud had lowered and the State he had been reared to love with all his heart demanded his services and the services of every son within and without her borders. To this demand Thomas J. Lipscomb was quick to respond, and at the commencement of hostilities we find him second lieutenant "B" company, Third Infantry, Colonel James Williams; later (after the battle of Bull Run) he was assigned to the staff of Brigadier-General M. L. Bonham, and when the latter became governor he was transferred to the staff of General Joseph B. Kershaw, and yet again we find him as an aide-de-camp to that sturdy old soldier Jubal A. Early.

Returning to South Carolina he recruited a company of cavalry and was attached to "Hampton's Brigade," and under the eyes of this officer he saw what he desired to see—the most active service in the field—and earned laurels for himself and the gallant Second South Carolina Cavalry second to none when in the face of the enemy. At Stevensburg he behaved with much gallantry—the colonel being fearfully wounded and the lieutenant-colonel killed—and on the field of Gettysburg his dash and daring endeared him to General Hampton, and though a rigid disciplinarian (but that for the good of the service), his men loved him and would have followed him to the death. He was promoted to colonel of the Second Cavalry in September, 1863. In the hottest

engagement he was ever cool, calm and collected, and just here we cite an instance of his courage: At Gettysburg, July 3rd, 1863, in that terrible charge in which General Hampton was so desperately wounded, a Yankee private charged with his squadron directly towards Colonel Lipscomb, yelling as he advanced, "Oh, damn you, I've got you now," the Colonel coolly leveled his Colt's revolver and sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

After the war, he returned to his native State, having rendered his devoir for home and country. Ruin and desolation marked the track of Sherman's horde, yet, with that manhood which was his birthright, he threw himself body and soul into the work of rehabilitation and with the co-operation of others to bring order out of chaos. His work in the exciting period of 1876 can be readily recalled by many. His devotion to Columbia, S. C., during his term as mayor lives fresh in our memory. Loyalty marked his whole career.

As one who knew him well informed those who attended to pay the last tribute to the dead soldier: "I wish that you had been where I was when he died." The fear of death never once disturbed his last moments. As in life he was reckoned among the bravest of the brave, so in death we can imagine the gallant soldier of "The Lost Cause" whispering as the world faded from his vision:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

Resolved, That the memorial herewith submitted be spread upon the minutes of "Camp Hampton, No. 389, U. C. V", and that a copy of the same be handed to the family.

Respectfully submitted:

U. R. BROOKS, Chmn.
Committee: WADE H. MANNING.
JIM RAWLS.

AIKEN'S PARTISAN RANGERS

In the spring of 1862 Hugh K. Aiken obtained permission from President Davis to organize a regiment to be known as Aiken's Partisan Rangers, and ten companies were soon enrolled and reported to him at Columbia, S. C., and before the regiment was fully organized Colonel Aiken was ordered with his command to report to General Johnson Hagood at Adam's Run, S. C., and it was there that the regiment elected officers and was known as the Sixth S. C. C.—Hugh K. Aiken as colonel, L. P Miller as lieutenant-colonel, and Thos. B. Ferguson as major.

Colonel Aiken appointed Bob Aldrich as adjutant and old Dick Ward quartermaster; Milledge Ward succeeded him.

This regiment did a great deal of hard picket duty and had severe skirmishes and were frequently under fire from the Yankee gunboats along the coast from John's Island, in Charleston County, to Bear's Island, below Jacksonboro, in Colleton County.

In December, 1862, Co. B, Capt. Lewis Jones, was sent to Jacksonboro, and Co. F, Capt. Moses B. Humphries, was assigned to duty on John's Island. Colonel Aiken remained at Adam's Run, S. C., with the other eight companies—Co. A, Capt. M. A. Sullivan; Co. C, Capt. Peter C. Goodwyn; Co. D, Capt. Wm. Hale; Co. E, Capt. J. P Knight; Co. G, Capt. J. R. Minot; Co. H, Capt. McGuire; Co. I, Capt. J. N. Whitner; Co. K, Capt. M. J. Hough.

In March, 1864, we left the coast for Virginia. When the regiment reached Columbia the ladies gave us a big dinner on the Asylum grounds, where General Hampton spoke. In the midst of such a display of beauty, and after hearing such a stirring speech, and with such a feast before us, we were confident that the Yankee army would leave Virginia immediately upon our arrival. One-half of the men were furloughed, and upon their return the other half were allowed a short leave of absence. The first half carried the horses through the country, and when they arrived at Winnsboro the ladies gave them another big dinner, and Colonel Aiken was the orator of the day. The last furloughed men went to Richmond in box cars, and arrived just

before the horses crossed the James River. When Colonel Aiken rode at the head of the Sixth Cavalry through Richmond the people would say, "What brigade is that?"

On the 28th May, 1864, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Cavalry were organized as Butler's Brigade.

Colonel Aiken of the Sixth, Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffords of the Fifth, and Colonel Rutledge of the Fourth, were all at Trevillian.

As I remember, on Saturday, the 11th day of June, Colonel Aiken opened the fight, and about 12 o'clock Colonel Aiken was shot through the right lung and left on the field for dead. Major Ferguson took command and then General Hampton rode up and ordered us to mount and follow him. While sitting on his splendid charger "Butler," with his hat in his hand, he looked just as his statue does now on the State House grounds. The men thought it a great honor to be led by General Hampton in a charge. Company B rode just behind him (John Bauskett commanding), and we saved Hart's battery. The Yankee line was broken before the sabre could be used. General Hampton emptied two saddles with his own pistol. In 1901 I asked General Hampton how many he had killed in the war, and he said, "Eleven, two with my sword and nine with my pistol." I said, "How about the two at Trevillian?" "Oh," he said, "I did not count them, they were running."

Colonel Aiken returned to the regiment about the 16th September, when Hampton and Butler took Grant's cattle at City Point. Colonel Aiken took command of the brigade about 4 o'clock 1st October, when General Dunovant was killed, and was in command on 27th October, 1864, at the battle of Burgesse's Mill, where Major Hart lost his leg. Major Barker was wounded at the Big Oak Tree. Preston Hampton was killed. Colonel Aiken was still in command of the brigade up to the time of his death, which occurred below Kellytown, in Darlington.

On the 24th February, 1865, General Butler being at Kellytown, ordered Colonel Aiken to take a regiment and proceed down the east bank of Lynche's Creek and ascertain if any portion of Sherman's army had crossed into Darlington County. Colonel Aiken selected the Fifth S. C. Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Zimmerman Davis. On the road to DuBose's bridge Colonel Aiken met a picked body of men commanded by Lieutenant John

A. McQueen, Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, and led the charge with Colonel Davis by his side, and it being dark the men got into close quarters, and Colonel Aiken was captured, but jerked the reins out of the hands of the Yankee who held them, and escaped, and rode up to Colonel Davis and dismounted, but was hit by one of the parting shots of the enemy and cried out, "Davis, I am dying, catch me." Thus ended the career of one of the bravest and most gallant of the old brigade.

SPEECHES MADE AT UNVEILING OF HAMPTON MONUMENT

SPEECH OF HON. M. A. MORGAN.

Governor Heyward: The Commission you appointed by virtue of an Act of the General Assembly to erect an equestrian statue to the memory of Wade Hampton has discharged that duty, and wishes to make its final report to you.

We are so pleased with the honor of the appointment that we failed for the moment to grasp the extent of the responsibility imposed. As was natural, we hastened to the performance of an agreeable undertaking and procured the Act of the General Assembly to make it our chart in the task set before us. You can imagine our sense of helplessness when we found that the Act contained no hint or suggestion of what the monument should be, save that it must be equestrian.

We realized that the memory of the great chieftain, an illustrious warrior, the hero of an hundred battle-fields, must find expression in that statue; that the Hampton of Reconstruction, the Hampton of '76, the Hampton as Governor, and in the Senate of the United States—citizen, statesman and the leader and the loved of all Carolina's yeomanry—must be crystalized and perpetuated in the monument that we build.

The wide world of the sculptor's art lay before us; myriads of forms and figures, phantom-like, sprang into view, but out of the vastness of it all we carved yonder statue, and in the fulfilment of the duty assigned us, we present it to you and through you to the people of the State.

GOVERNOR HEYWARD'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman and my Fellow-Citizens: This occasion brings together patriotic citizens from every section of South Carolina. Busy men have left all the important affairs which absorb their time and attention—they have left all to come to the capital of their State and to take part in the exercises which will again do honor to the memory of Carolina's greatest son.

This occasion brings together from every college in our State delegations of young men and maidens, the future hope of our country. They have left their duties and have come with college presidents, officers and teachers, not only to have the privilege of sharing in these exercises, but that they may once more gather inspiration from the life and deeds of him whose monument now stands unveiled before us in all its splendor.

Today we have with us many of the soldier boys of South Carolina. They march with bands playing and with hearts beating with soldierly pride, these sons of sires who with Wade Hampton, under the Stars and Bars, fought and bled for the Lost Cause, and whose deeds of heroism gave glory to Southern manhood and Southern patriotism, and "advanced the world in honor."

And gathered here are the noble women of our State, once more to pay their faithful and loving tribute to our great leader, and in so doing to inspire Southern chivalry with the purest and loftiest inspirations ever given to brave men. They have come, these fair daughters of South Carolina, matrons and maids, and by their presence hallow these exercises, while the light of a sacred love shines in their eyes as they turn their gaze from the bronze horse and its bronze rider to yonder oak beneath whose shade lies the old cavalier in the dreamless sleep that knows no waking.

And with us today are many of the men who wore the gray, the unfaltering, self-sacrificing, glory-crowned veterans of the Southern Confederacy. Here are gathered a few of the survivors of the immortal Hampton Legion—that band of cavalrymen, who, in all his battles, in the rushing whirlwind of the charge, amidst the blinding smoke and the flashing sabres, followed the plume of Hampton, more valiantly than ever Frenchmen followed the helmet of Navarre. Pride should be with those old soldiers today, for in honoring Hampton we honor them, and the honor which is his will be shared by those whom he led. Together they fought for home and country, and fame has no greater heritage for any than the halo of glory which belongs to the gray knights of the Hampton Legion.

There are here representatives of all that has made our State great and honored in the past. With these are such memories as can only belong to such a people—memories of peace and of war; memories of hope and of despair; memories, alas! of defeat, but

fadeless memories of glory and honor. And so, in behalf of South Carolina, in behalf of all that we as a people hold dear; by our memories of the past and our hopes for the future; by all that Hampton did for the State he loved so well, Senator Marshall and gentlemen of the Commission, I, as Governor, proudly accept this magnificent bronze statue of our great warrior and statesman, whose cherished memory it will be the pride of South Carolinians to transmit to their children's children through all generations yet to come.

And now, my countrymen, I have only to add words that are unnecessary for a South Carolina audience. It is meet and proper that on this occasion extended tribute should be paid to a life given in service to his State; it is meet and proper that some of the deeds both in peace and war which added lustre to the name of Hampton, even as they added renown to the State, should be recounted today.

And could yonder silent bronze figure speak; could the voice of friendship be heard once more, and the spirit of him who sleeps so quietly in old Trinity churchyard inspire us—all of these would ask that only one who had stood side by side with him in peace and in war, in victory and in defeat, in sunshine and in shadow, should speak to us of Hampton and of his deeds. We have with us one who with Hampton wore the uniform of gray; who rode by his side during the four long years of deadly struggle; who during the trying days of Reconstruction worked with him for the redemption of our State, and who, when redemption came, sat with him for years in the Senate of the United States. Of him Hampton once said to a gentleman now seated upon this platform and a member of this Commission: "Butler was the coolest man in danger and the grandest man in a fight I ever saw."

I now take pleasure in presenting to this great concourse Major-General M. C. Butler, the orator of the day.

GENERAL M. C. BUTLER'S SPEECH.

[The address of General M. C. Butler to the veterans of the Confederacy and the South Carolinians in general gathered at the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of General Wade Hampton is a contribution to the written history as well as

an eloquent tribute to General Hampton and to the Confederate soldiers.]

This splendid pageant, made up of the remnant, the survivors of the incomparable armies of the Confederacy, reinforced by the gallant State National Guard, a later generation of citizen-soldiers, and the great concourse of people from all sections of the State, is a fitting tribute to the illustrious citizen-soldier and statesman whose monument we unveil today. I trust I shall not be charged with exaggeration or undeserved State pride when I say this little State of ours has produced, according to population and geographical area, as many very distinguished men, who have served their country faithfully and well, as any of her sister commonwealths, more than many of them.

No higher encomium can be conferred upon a man than to say he was an illustrious citizen of a great State, that State an integral part of a constitutional republic of limited powers, founded upon the sovereignty of the people, "the consent of the governed," as against the sovereignty of the king.

Such a citizen in such a State is endowed with the "divine right" to rule—and assumes with that right the responsibilities and obligations that attach to all rulers in government.

The object of our profound respect and admiration, General Wade Hampton, impersonated by this beautiful and enduring statue, was an ideal example of that citizenship to which I have adverted.

It has been said, and truly said, that no man can properly and successfully administer the affairs of government as a representative of sovereign people who has not learned to govern himself. It is equally true that there are certain essential qualities of character—among them self-respect, self-control, fidelity in the performance of duty, integrity and genuine courage—that are indispensable in attaining the highest point of true manhood. General Hampton was endowed with all these in an eminent degree. The possession of them, with a superb presence and an unaffected dignity, enabled him to exercise that marvelous control over large bodies of men amid turmoil and excitement for which he was so famous.

I have remarked that this State has produced many very distinguished men.

In the great forum of debate, when the colonies were preparing to secede from the mother country for reasons satisfactory to themselves and organize an independent government, founded, as I have said, on the sovereignty of the people and administered by representatives of the people appointed by them, we find the names of Rutledge, Pinckney, Middleton, Pierce Butler, Lowndes and Heyward taking a conspicuous and commanding part—contributing by their cultivated intellects and patriotic efforts in establishing a government experimental in character, therefore untried in the history of human governments; their distinguished colleagues from the other colonies co-operating zealously and ably towards a common end.

And when the edict of rebellion and insurrection was hurled against them from the British crown, and they took up arms to vindicate their action and fight for the independent government they had proclaimed to the world, we find added to this galaxy of courageous patriots the names of Hampton, Pickens, Laurens, Marion, Sumter and others less conspicuous but none the less entitled to our veneration and respect.

And later, on the eve and during the second war for indepence, 1812, we find the names of Calhoun, that intellectual prodigy, Lowndes, William Butler, Hampton, and some of those before mentioned, representing the State with surpassing ability in the civic and military tribunals—always among the foremost in vindicating the rights of the people, the States and the Federal government. And further on down the course of time, when that intellectual battle between intellectual giants arose and was conducted in the national arena over the powers of the State and Federal governments under their respective written Constitutions and their proper Constitution, we may add the names of Hayne and Poinsett, Legare and Pickens, and McDuffie, Butler, Elmore, Rhett, Barnwell, Thompson, Preston, Hammond, Brooks, Bonham, Chestnut and others who illumine the political history of the times by their ardent patriotism, surpassing talents, irresistible oratory and finished scholarship.

This, of course, is an incomplete roll call of the great men who in the past reflected so much honor and credit on themselves and their State. South Carolinians may well pride themselves on the record made by her distinguished sons in the legislative, execu-

tive and judicial departments of the government, State and Federal, in the diplomatic and military service, in the learned professions, in the ministry and industrial pursuits.

This brings us to the period, 1860, when the political debate ended, and the controversy conducted with so much ability, acrimony and finally bitterness on both sides as to the powers of the Federal and State government was adjourned to the battle-field.

General Hampton did not subscribe to the doctrine of the separate State action by South Carolina to secede from the Union alone on the election of an anti-slavery President, but he did believe that allegiance to his State was paramount to allegiance to the Federal government, and when the issue was fairly joined as to what was the correct interpretation of the respective contentions and it was decided to settle the controversy with the sword, he did not hesitate as to his duty.

Contemporaneous opinion of the right or wrong, the justification or otherwise of secession, is of no great value. We are all on both sides of that question amenable to the influences of environment, pride of opinion, bias or, if you please, prejudice. When the body of the controversy, if I may be permitted such an expression, is placed on the dissecting table, in years to come, in the hands of a cold, dispassionate, political, historical scientist, he will decide upon the evidence, and render a verdict accordingly. For one, I am willing to abide by the finding. If in less than a half century after the event, the trend of political power towards centralization in the Federal government, and in like proportion has minimized the powers and influence of the States and people, it requires no great stretch of prophetic opinion to say what the next half century will bring forth, and how wise and far-seeing the statesman and publicist were who struggled against such a tendency.

My countrymen, if you could have been with me forty-five years ago last June, at a point about three miles north of where we now stand, you could have seen the martial figure of Wade Hampton, about forty-three years of age, in the plenitude of his vigorous manhood, organizing, equipping, preparing for active duty in the field, a body of as fine soldiers—the Hampton Legion—as ever shouldered a musket, drew a saber or handled a sponge-staff.

The legion was composed of eight companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry and two batteries of horse artillery—the very flower and pick of the patriotism and manhood of those who volunteered their services to defend their convictions of right and duty to their State. No better than thousands of their countrymen who adopted the same line of action, all equal to any soldiers of any army, in any time in the world's history. The legions of Cæsar, the grenadiers of Frederick, the old guard of Napoleon, the Queen's Guards, the Scotch Highlanders of Great Britain, were not their superiors. This is a high character for the Confederate soldier, but I make it deliberately with a full knowledge of its purport. Moreover, this claim is being more and more recognized by the military critics of the world.

The field and staff of the Hampton Legion were Wade Hampton, colonel; B. J. Johnson, lieutenant-colonel, and J. B. Griffin, major; adjutant, T. C. Barker; quartermaster, Claude L. Goodwin; commissary, Thomas Beggs; surgeon, John T. Darby; assistant surgeons, Benjamin W Taylor and Henry W Moore.

On the death of Colonel Johnson, killed at the First Manassas, Major Griffin was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, assigned to the command of the infantry. Captain M. C. Butler, promoted to the rank of major, assigned to the command of the cavalry, and Captain James Connor, promoted to the rank of major, and assigned to the infantry.

Stephen D. Lee was captain of one battery of horse artillery and Captain W K. Bachman the other. In the reorganization, or rather the separation of the three branches of the service, Captain M. W Gary was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and assigned to the infantry, which retained the name, was subsequently increased to a regiment with Lieutenant-Colonel Gary as colonel. The four troops by the addition of six troops was increased to a regiment and Major M. C. Butler was chosen colonel of what was afterwards known as the Second South Carolina Cavalry. Captain Stephen D. Lee was promoted, finally reaching the rank of lieutenant-general. Lieutenant James F Hart was made captain of the battery, and known afterwards as Hart's battery, and with Bachman's was assigned to different commands in the Army of Northern Virginia. The Hampton Legion furnished to the Confederate armies two lieutenant-

generals, one major-general and three brigadiers. As a general officer, General Hampton's staff consisted of Major T. G. Barker, Major H. B. McClellan, Colonel Thos. Taylor, Captain Rawlins Lowndes, Dr. B. W Taylor and Major John S. Preston.

Time will not permit me to follow these and the other officers of the original organization of the legion through the different grades and arms of the service. Suffice it to say they all flushed their maiden swords under the splendid leadership of General Hampton, and, leaving the present speaker out of consideration, they all distinguished themselves as gallant, valiant soldiers in their respective spheres of duty.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Hampton Statue Commission, when I did myself the honor to accept your invitation to deliver the address of the occasion, I decided to devote the time allotted to me to a review of General Hampton's military record, and accordingly addressed a note to the accomplished military secretary of the army, Major F. C. Ainsworth, requesting such information as might be preserved in the records of the War Department at Washington. The following is his courteous reply, accompanied by the statement of the military service of Wade Hampton, C. S. A.:

"War Department,
"The Military Secretary's Office.
"Washington, October 18, 1906.

"*General M C. Butler, Woodlawn, S. C.*

"MY DEAR GENERAL: In compliance with the request contained in your letter of the 15th inst., I have the honor to transmit herewith a statement of the military service of Wade Hampton in the Confederate States army. It is proper to remark in this connection that honorable mention of his conduct on several occasions also appears in the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, and can be found by consulting the indexes to Volumes II, XI, XII, XIX, XXI, XXV, XXVII, XXIX, XXXIII, XXXVI, XL, XLVI, and XLVII of said publication under the entry of his name.

"Very respectfully,
"F C. AINSWORTH,
"The Military Secretary."

War Department,
The Military Secretary's Office.

Statement of the military service of Wade Hampton, C. S. A.:

Colonel, Hampton Legion, South Carolina Volunteers, June 12, 1861.

Brigadier-General, Provisional Army, Confederate States, May 23, 1862.

Major-General, Provisional Army, Confederate States, August 3, 1863.

Lieutenant-General, Provisional Army, Confederates States, February 14, 1865.

HAMPTON'S CAREER.

Wade Hampton entered the military service of the Confederate States as colonel of the Hampton Legion, South Carolina Volunteers, June 12, 1861, said legion consisting of eight companies of infantry, four companies of cavalry and two companies of artillery. With the infantry of his command, Colonel Hampton participated in the first battle of Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861, where he was wounded. He bore a part as a brigade commander in the subsequent battle on the peninsula of Virginia, from the beginning of operations at Yorktown until the battle of Seven Pines, where he was again wounded. The composition of his brigade appears to have been as follows: Fourteenth and Nineteenth Georgia, Hampton Legion, Sixteenth North Carolina and Moody's (Louisiana) battery.

During the Seven Days' battles he was in temporary command of a brigade consisting of the Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia infantry and Wooding's (Virginia) battery, but the records fail to show fully the names of the field and staff officers of those organizations at that time.

On July 28, 1862, he was assigned to the command of a brigade of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia, with which he actively served under the command of General J. E. B. Stuart in the operations in Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania, until wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

From September 9, 1863, to August 11, 1864, he was in command of a division of cavalry operating in northern Virginia

and in the campaign from the Wilderness to Richmond and Petersburg.

On August 11, 1864, Major-General Hampton was assigned to the command of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, with which he continued until late in January or early in February, 1865. On February 7, 1865, he was assigned to command Butler's and Young's division of cavalry, in the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, Lieutenant-General Hardee commanding. (For copy of only order bearing on the subject of this assignment that has been found of record, see Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, series 1, volume XLVII, part II, p. 1112.) He was engaged in resisting the advance of the Union army under General Sherman through the Carolinas, and was present in the field at the time of the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army, but no record of his final capture or parole has been found.

F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Military Secretary.

War Department,
The Military Secretary's Office.
Washington, October 18, 1906.

There are two errors in the foregoing; first, in saying on February 7, 1865, General Hampton was assigned to the command of Butler's and Young's division of cavalry. It should be Butler's and Wheeler's division of cavalry. And second, in saying that General Hampton was present in the field at the time of the surrender of General Jos. E. Johnston, as is shown by the following correspondence:

"Chester, 27 April, 1865.

"General York: Forward following dispatch by courier to Breckinridge. (Signed) WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON."

"*Hon. J C. Breckinridge, Company Shops:*

"Some time ago I notified General Johnston not to include me in any surrender. You gave me orders to move on (25th). In return I find army surrendered; think I am free. What is your decision? Answer here at Greensboro.

"WADE HAMPTON,
"Lieutenant-General."

"Love's Ford, Broad River, 28th April, 1865.

"*Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton, Greensboro, Lexington, Salisbury, or any other point on line:*

"Your dispatches of 27th received. The verbal directions to you contemplated your meeting General Johnston and his action before any convention with enemy. If my letter to him of 25th which you carried was not received before completion of terms, the government, with its imperfect knowledge of the facts, cannot interfere as to the body of the troops; but in regard to yourself, if not present nor consenting, it is the opinion of the government that you and others in like condition are free to come out.

"JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
"Secretary of War."

As a matter of fact, both General Hampton and General Wheeler left General Joseph E. Johnston's army before or after it reached Greensboro, N. C., and during the armistice agreed upon between Generals Johnston and Sherman, intending to make their way to the Trans-Mississippi and join Lieutenant-General Kirby Smith in command of the Confederate forces in that department. Proceeding as far as Charlotte, N. C., as I was informed at the time, they abandoned their purpose and returned to their homes.

I speak advisedly on this point because, as the ranking cavalry officer in his army when the final terms of capitulation were agreed upon, General Johnston appointed me one of the commissioners to act with Major-General Hartzoff, appointed by General Sherman, to sign the muster rolls of all the Confederate cavalry present, and those rolls must be on file in the war records office in Washington.

But, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I find it impossible in the time which I can properly occupy to do full justice to the brilliant military record of General Hampton. This would require a volume. I will, therefore, have to limit myself to a few of the incidents of his career, leaving to his biographer a complete history of his great achievements, both military and civil, when time and opportunity will enable him to do full justice.

Permit me, in passing, to congratulate you in securing the services of so accomplished an artist and sculptor, for the design

and completion of this historic picture, and to congratulate him, Mr. Ruckstuhl, on the taste and ability shown by him in his work.

The appearance, the pose, the ornamentation, the artistic proportions, the likeness, the mounted attitude, are as near perfect as it seems to me human efforts and ingenuity can make them. I find the following inscriptions are engraved on the body of the monument:

West Side.

Erected by the State of South Carolina and Her Citizens to Wade Hampton.

South Side.

Governor of South Carolina, 1876-1879. United States Senator, 1879-1891.

Bentonville, Brandy Station, Sappony Church, Cold Harbor, Hawes' Shop.

East Side.

Born March 28, 1818. Died April 11, 1902. Erected A. D. 1906.

North Side.

Commander of Hampton Legion, C. S. A.

Trevillian, Seven Pines, Burgess' Mill, First Manassas, Gettysburg.

The names refer to the battles in which General Hampton took a prominent part.

OTHER GREAT BATTLES.

These inscriptions are historically correct, but limited in the number of events in which General Hampton bore a conspicuous part. Necessarily, from want of space, they convey a very faint idea of his four years' military service. We might appropriately add, without doing violence to the truth of history, Sharpsburg, Barbees' Cross Roads, Martinsburg, night attack on Dahlgreen's column near Richmond, McDowell's Farm, where the gallant

General John Dunovant was killed and his body committed to the care of my gallant courier boy, U. R. Brooks, who frequently acted as one of my staff officers; Armstrong's Mill, Hick's Ford, Reams' Station, night attack on Kilpatrick's camp in North Carolina, Fayetteville, N. C. What an array of fierce cavalry conflicts arise in my mind as I attempt to enumerate the few just mentioned. I have been often asked if General Hampton was a good tactician. If, in a minor technical sense, I answer to the best of my judgment, "No," I doubt if he ever read a technical book on tactics. He had no need to. He was himself master of grand tactics. He knew how to maneuver the units of his command so as to occupy for offensive or defensive action the strongest points on the battlefield, and that is about all there is in tactics. A successful strategist has a broader field for the employment of his military qualities. General Hampton appeared possessed of almost an instinctive topographical talent. He could take in the strong strategic points in the field of his operations with an accuracy of judgment that was surprising to his comrades. It was not necessary for him to study Jomine Napoleon's Campaigns, and other high authorities in the art of war. He was a law unto himself on such matters. According to the rules laid down in the books, he would do the most unmilitary things. He would hunt his antagonist as he would hunt big game in the forest. The celerity and audacity of his movements against the front, sometimes on the flank, then again in the rear, kept his enemies in a constant state of uncertainty and anxiety as to where and when they might expect him. With his wonderful powers of physical endurance, his alert, vigilant mind, his matchless horsemanship, no obstacles seemed to baffle his audacity or thwart his purpose. Again leaving myself out of the question, General Hampton was most fortunate in selecting his lieutenants—Rosser and Young, two of his brigade commanders. Young in years, superb in physical and mental equipment, bold, daring, undismayed by the formidable fighting qualities and forces of their antagonist, they would make a field marshal of any superior officer worthy of that rank as General Hampton was.

General J. E. B. Stuart, the splendid dashing corps commander, was killed in the battle at Yellow Tavern on the 12th of May, 1864.

The cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia consisted of three divisions—Hampton's, Fitz Lee's and Wm. F Lee's. General Hampton was the ranking major-general, and was by right of superior rank, long, faithful and brilliant service, to succeed Stuart in command of the corps. From some inexplicable reason, General Lee did not at once assign him to that command, but required each division commander to report directly to army headquarters. And now comes the crucial point in General Hampton's military career. Early in June, 1864, General Grant had put in operation one of those grand combinations by which he hoped to circumvent and finally destroy his alert and great antagonists. Hunter, at the head of a strong column of infantry, was making his way up the Shenandoah valley, with Lynchburg his objective point. Early was sent to Lynchburg to meet him. Sheridan was dispatched with his cavalry and horse artillery from Grant's right towards Gordonsville, en route, as it was supposed, to form a junction with Hunter and approach Richmond from the rear. Almost simultaneously Wilson was sent from Grant's left with two divisions of cavalry and the usual complement of horse artillery to break General Lee's communications in that direction by tearing up the Southside railroad and other sources of supply for the army.

General Grant was meantime to keep up his hammering process against General Lee's lines with the main body of his army. This was the situation on the 8th of June, 1864, apparently desperate, as it would have been to any other than the marvelous military genius, Robert E. Lee. Let me pause to offer another communication from General Ainsworth, in reply to an inquiry from me as to Sheridan's strength at that time, as follows:

"War Department,
"The Military Secretary's Office.
"Washington, November 8, 1906.

"*General M. C. Butler, Woodlawn, S. C.*

"MY DEAR GENERAL: In response to your letter of the 5th inst., in which you ask to be furnished with a statement of the strength of General Sheridan's command at Trevillian Station, Va., June 11 and 12, 1864. I have the honor to advise as follows:

"Nothing has been found of record to show the actual strength of the Union forces engaged on the occasion mentioned, but the official reports of General Sheridan and his subordinate commanders, containing detailed accounts of the engagement, are printed in the 'Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,' Series 1, Volume XXXVI, Part 1, pp. 787-902.

"A field return of the Army of the Potomac for June 1, 1864, which appears on page 209, *ibid.*, shows an aggregate present for duty in the cavalry corps commanded by General Sheridan of 12,420. As already stated, the number of men carried into action on June 11 and 12, 1864, has not been found of record, nor is there any return of strength on file bearing date between June 1 and June 11, 1864. Very respectfully,

"F. C. AINSWORTH,
"The Military Secretary."

General Hampton was placed in command of two divisions, his own, consisting of Butler's (the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth South Carolina) cavalry, Rosser's and Young's, the latter commanded by Colonel J. G. Wright, colonel of the Cobb legion, and Fitz Lee's division, consisted of the brigades of Lomax and Wickham.

WORK OF THE SCOUTS.

We could probably have mustered 5,000 men, all told, on the morning of the 8th of June, 1864, when we received orders to have prepared "three days' cooked rations" and ready for "extended mounted service." That body of valiant, sleepless, dare-devil cavalry scouts headed by Shadburne, Dick Hogan, Hugh Scott, Wallace Miller, Lieutenant Bob Shiver, Jack Shoolbred, Walker Russell, Phil Hutchinson and others, brought information to headquarters of Sheridan's movements. On the morning of June 9 Hampton's column moved, heading for Gordonsville in following order: Rosser's, Butler's, Young's brigades in front, Fitz Lee with Lomax and Wickham in the rear. On the night of June 10 we bivouacked Hampton's division near Trevillian Station, Fitz Lee's in the neighborhood of Louisa Court House, several miles in the rear. General Hampton's plan was to form a junction with Fitz Lee at Clayton's Store, near the South Anna River. On the morning of the 11th of June, our vigilant scouts

meantime keeping us informed of Sheridan's movements, it turned out that he was moving in strong column against the position occupied by Butler's brigade. We were up, prepared for mounted action at daylight, in obedience to orders of the day before. About a half hour after sunrise, General Hampton directed me to move in and attack vigorously, informing me that he would hold Young's brigade in reserve for emergencies; that Rosser, as I knew, was a short distance to our left on the Gordonsville road, and Fitz Lee's division would join me on the right. This disposition left a feeling of security to the flanks of the brigade. We were in a thickly wooded country unfit for mounted operations, consequently we dismounted everything except one squadron, and opened the attack on foot with our long range Enfield rifles, and drove the enemy a half mile or more, all the time expecting to hear Lee's guns on our right. Our left flank was about to be turned, when Young's brigade was sent in to reinforce it. For some reason which I have never understood or had explained, Lee's division did not take position, as I was assured it would. The result was Custer, of Sheridan's command, cut around my right, by a blind road which he discovered, got into our rear, and captured some of our led horses and ambulances. We were still struggling in the woods with Sheridan's main line, when Rosser came thundering down the road, charged Custer, recaptured what he had taken, and captured a number of prisoners, ambulances, horses, etc., from Custer. The day's fight could not have been satisfactory to either side. There appeared to be a want of co-operation on our side which led to confusion. And Sheridan was no doubt surprised at the stubborn resistance he had encountered in the woods from the splendid soldiers behind Enfield rifles. The next Sunday, June 12, General Hampton directed me to take command of his division, so that he could devote his undivided attention to both divisions, instructing me to take position on the railroad. Accordingly our line was located on the crest of a hill with gradual slope in front, the line stretching to the left, so as to get the advantage of the railroad embankment, where the line made rather a sharp angle. The Sixth South Carolina Cavalry occupied this angle. A letter from General Hampton to Comrade Calhoun is as follows. This letter, dated July 20, 1902, reads:

"MY DEAR CALHOUN: It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, for I should like to meet my old comrades once more. I remember the heroic manner in which the Sixth regiment held the 'Bloody Angle' at Trevillian, and I should like to thank the survivors as well as all of my old command, but I fear I shall not be able to attend the reunion at Greenwood, for I have been quite unwell for some time past; but should I be unable to greet my old comrades, let them be assured that they are held in affectionate remembrance and that their services are recalled with pride. With my best wishes for them and yourself,

"Truly yours,

"WADE HAMPTON.

"C. M. Calhoun, Greenwood, S. C."

Sheridan now moved up to atack us about 2 o'clock P M., and from then until dark made seven determined assaults upon our position. He again felt the force of the stubborn gallantry of the men behind the Enfields and about dark began his retreat back to Grant's lines. Lee's division came in late in the afternoon of the 12th and took position on our extreme left.

I fear, my countrymen, I have fatigued you with details, and the reluctant use I have made of the personal pronoun "I," but our relations, military and civil, were so interwoven it has seemed to me almost inevitable. I justify these details as to Trevillian, and yet I have not told the half, for I know you realize with me the vital importance of General Sheridan's defeat there, the vital importance of the defense of Richmond, and, in fact, the security of General Lee's army, that this link in General Grant's combination should be broken, the vital importance to General Hampton's military career that he should succeed. He did so with great odds against him, almost three to one, odds commanded and handled by one of the most resourceful and ablest cavalry soldiers in the Federal armies. Thenceforward General Hampton was one of General Lee's most trusted and confidential lieutenants. Trevillian, one of the greatest, most fiercely contested, all-around cavalry battles of the Army of Northern Virginia—if not of any army—was an object lesson for General Lee in estimating the high military and personal worth of General Hampton.

CHARLEY CALHOUN

LEE AND HAMPTON ALIKE.

There were many points of resemblance in the characters of these two great men. Both were superb in their physical pose and development. Both were self-respecting and respectful and gracious in their demeanor towards others. Both had their faculties under complete control. Both inspired the confidence and affection of their fellow-man. Both were the highest type of gentlemen, and both will "live in the hearts of their countrymen" as long as great talents and great services to their country and great characters are honored and respected among men. Allow me now to relate an incident at the battle of Burgess' Mill which unfolds another quality of General Hampton's character. General Grant, in the latter part of October, 1864, had dispatched the Second Army Corps, as he always did when there was a movement requiring skill and ability, under Hancock, "the Superb," as he was justly styled by all who knew him, to make a bold and determined effort to turn General Lee's left.

The cavalry was guarding the lines along the Rowanty River. When Hancock pushed out in force, our thin lines were withdrawn and moved up to Burgess' Mill. I took position on the west side of an open field; the left resting at Burgess' mill pond. My orders from General Hampton were that when the guns of Wm. H. F Lee's division were on my right we should move forward and attack a division of Hancock's infantry on the far side of the field. My temporary headquarters were at the corner of a garden and an orchard. We were dismounted behind such breastworks as could be improvised on short notice, and the command "forward" extended all along our line; the gallant boys dashed forward, firing as they advanced, in a heavy, galling fire from the enemy. Shortly afterwards I witnessed a scene that would adorn the canvas of an artist. Some distance to the right I saw Major T G. Barker, adjutant-general of the division, Lieutenant Preston Hampton, aide-de-camp to his father, and Lieutenant O. N. Butler, aide-de-camp to his brother, riding in the line of battle first advanced firing and receiving a terrific fire from the enemy, waving their hats by way of encouragement to the dismounted line. Of course, they had no business in such a perilous position, especially on horseback, but there they were, resolutely and fear-

lessly taking the chances of life under such hazardous circumstances. The roar of battle made it impossible for them to hear a verbal order. Nat Butler, I presume, feeling some anxiety for his brother, looked back. As I waved my hand to him to return, he galloped around in front of the garden, his horse receiving a shot in the neck. Preston turned to the right to join his father, whose headquarters were a few hundred yards to our right rear. As he turned he shouted, "Hurrah, Nat," the last words that escaped his lips, and was shot in the left groin, from which he died almost instantly. Having fallen from his horse, I noticed a group to our right gathered around some object, and as Major Barker had not returned, feared he had received a wound and was disabled. I turned my horse and met General Hampton near the Burgess dam. I inquired who was wounded. I can never forget his expression of anguish and distress as he drew his hand across his forehead, and replied, "Poor Preston!" "Is he dangerously wounded?" I inquired. "Yes, mortally." Near where we were talking he noticed a one-horse wagon under a shed. He turned and said, "Butler, I wish you would have that wagon pulled around and have his body moved out of the range of fire." Wiping away the tears of his pathetic affliction, he returned to his post of duty and remained in command until the battle ended at nightfall with Hancock driven back.

The couriers soon carried out his request. His comrade that day, Nat Butler, survived Preston, having a few months afterwards received a wound in battle that required the amputation of his arm, a wound from which he never recovered until his death many years ago. Here were two boys not out of their teens—handsome, hopeful—bearing themselves with a splendid dash and courage worthy of any age of the best soldier as in any army.

One more incident of that battle I am sure will interest you. The friends and comrades of Major Barker, General Hampton and myself among the number, had decided to have him appointed brigadier-general, a rank he had so worthily earned by his long, brilliant and faithful service on the staff. Shortly after the tragic scene I have just described, Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffords, of the Fifth South Carolina Cavalry, was brought out by the litter-bearers dead from a mortal wound. This left that gallant regiment without a field officer. Major Barker volun-

teered to take command of the regiment. Of course, consent was given, and on his way to join the regiment he was shot down in the open field, and, as we feared, mortally wounded, but here he is in our midst to enjoy the respect and admiration of his friends. In my judgment, this wound defeated his deserved promotion.

Passing from General Hampton's transfer from the Army of Northern Virginia, the latter part of January, 1865, we find him a lieutenant-general, assigned to the command of Wheeler's and Butler's divisions of cavalry, a command which he retained until the surrender.

There have been so many conflicting, untruthful and imaginary accounts published of Columbia, permit me to give, in as few words as possible, the facts relating to the military evacuation of that doomed city and the part played by General Hampton and the troops under his immediate command. For a time it was undetermined where Sherman would cross the Congaree River, whether lower down at a lower ferry and other crossings, or continue his march on the west side to Columbia. Butler was, therefore, ordered with two brigades of Wheeler's division and a part of his own to make a reconnoissance down the old Charleston road and across Congaree Creek. This movement, after a sharp encounter with the head of Sherman's column some distance below Congaree Creek, developed that he was approaching Columbia on the west side. This was on the 14th of February, 1865. The remnants of Hood's army, of which Wheeler's cavalry was a part, had fortified the Lexington hills, and on the information thus obtained moved to the east side of the river across the covered bridge. After the other commands had passed, Butler and the troops under his command crossed the bridge and set fire to it. He was then ordered below Columbia to Granby, and from that position with Wheaton's battery opened fire on Sherman's column and forced it to make a detour to the left through the Lexington hills. A strong detachment of Sherman's infantry was posted along the west banks of the Congaree and a spirited combat was kept up for some time between the contending forces, during which the battery suffered rather severely in horses and men. Being without infantry support, the battery was withdrawn. These were the only instances, comparatively insignificant in themselves, when armed resistance was made to Sherman's approach to Columbia.

SHERMAN BURNED COLUMBIA.

Meantime, that venerable gentleman citizen, Dr. A. D. Goodwin, as mayor of the city, had a conference with Sherman under a flag of truce. On the assurance from the mayor that there would be no resistance to his crossing the river and entrance into the city, General Sherman assured him there would be no hostile act on his part. On these facts being communicated to General Hampton, he placed me in command of the city, with instructions to see that the mayor's agreement was faithfully and rigidly carried out. I appointed Capt. James P McFie, a most accomplished, prudent and experienced officer, provost marshal of the town, with full instructions as to the agreement. It requires no assurance on my part that he carried out his instructions with painstaking care and ability. As is usual on such occasions, such of the Confederate stores as could not be removed were destroyed at the old South Carolina Railroad station, a mile, perhaps, from the residence and business portion of the city. During the day and night of the 16th of February, all the troops had left in the direction of Charlotte, N. C., as that was supposed to be Sherman's objective point, except Butler's division. On the night of the 16th, General Hampton had a conference at the house of General John S. Preston, on Blanding street, at which every precaution was taken to evacuate the city as quietly as possible. Having been charged with the duty of personally superintending the movement, early on the morning of the 17th, General Hampton left with Young's brigade of my division on the Winnsboro road. With the other brigade I passed up Sumter street from near the State House into Main street, and was posted at the crest of the street where the United States Court House now stands, and from that point witnessed Sherman's troops deploying through Cotton Town (having crossed the river in flat boats above) moving down Main street. In Sumter street a large quantity of cotton was piled in bales in the middle of the street for several blocks towards Blanding. This cotton was left intact by the Confederates. After waiting until after Sherman's advance had approached within a few hundred yards of where I was seated on horseback, we moved slowly down Laurel street towards the Charlotte depot. Not a shot was fired. Reaching

the Charlotte depot we moved out into Taylor's lane. There I faced the column about and at the point where the railroad crosses Plain street remained perhaps an hour and witnessed from that point, and a point somewhat in advance of it, the party with United States flag hurry down Main street to the State House. Thence we moved out leisurely by Dent's Mill, through the pine woods to Killians, where we bivouacked the night of the 17th. As I have stated, General Hampton had left the city at least three hours before the rear guard left. No cotton was burning at that hour; in fact, no fire was set except as I have stated, at the South Carolina Railroad depot, and in that case it was applied to the Confederate stores, so anxious were we not to commit any act that might be an excuse for retribution. I rode with the rear guard of the brigade and personally saw to it that nothing was done of a hostile character. And yet General Sherman felt justified afterwards in saying that General Hampton foolishly set fire to his own city. Nothing was further from the truth. It was reported that General Sherman admitted it was not true, and that he had made the charge to discredit General Hampton with his own people. How little General Sherman understood the character of General Hampton's "people," and how unfortunate for General Sherman that he should resort to falsehood to impair the reputation and character of an honorable antagonist. We could have assembled at or near Columbia or above between 30,000 and 40,000 veteran soldiers, early in February, 1865. Hardee, with 14,000, estimated, in Charleston, Bragg, with 10,000 in North Carolina, the remnant of Hood's army, including Wheeler's division of cavalry, and Butler's division. If they had been thus concentrated and Hampton placed in command, my firm conviction is that Sherman would have had to contest every inch of his ground at the point of the bayonet in his march from the sea. As he had to "live on the country," destroying what he could not consume, he would have been compelled to retrace his steps to the sea, and a large scope of country in the Carolinas devastated by his army, leaving in its wake houseless chimneys, starving women and children, might have been spared. I know how easy it is to criticise and I express this opinion without intending reproach to any one, because it is possible that we were wanting in supplies to maintain such an army at such a time, and, therefore, the con-

centration was not made until at Bentonville, when it was too late to expect satisfactory results. And it may be unprofitable to revert to it now except to show my appreciation of General Hampton's military abilities.

The Duke of Alva was a military vandal of the fifteenth century. In his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Motley says of him, "Such an amount of stealth and ferocity of patient vindictiveness and universal blood-thirstiness has never been found in a savage beast of the forest and but rarely in a human being."

History sometimes repeats itself. General Hampton was as incapable of an act of vandalism, cruelty or oppression as he was of falsehood, cowardice or revenge. He did not make war a hell, and his chivalric nature would have revolted at cruelty to the innocent and helpless as he would to turn his back on an enemy with arms in his hands.

The Duke of Alva has come down through five centuries hissed at in history for his bloody atrocities, and scorned at as relentlessly today as during his disgraceful, unsoldierly career. General Hampton will live through the centuries to come and be revered to the last for his humanity in war and his exalted character in peace. With the long list of South Carolina's eminent men, it is worthy of note, in passing, that this is the first time the Legislature of the State has appropriated money out of the treasury to be supplemented by contributions from the public to erect a monument to one of them—an appropriation graciously and properly made with the private contributions.

In my judgment, the Legislature would be justified in taking another step and provide by appropriation a monument to the immortal Calhoun in the "Hall of Fame" in the national capitol, as representing the highest and best type of American statesmanship, and another for Hampton in the same hall, as illustrating the highest and best type of military greatness. In doing this, I believe the representatives of the people would deserve and receive their approval.

I fear, my countrymen, I have already trespassed too long on your time and patience. Allow me to conclude by reading to you an extract from the proceedings of the nominating convention of July 12, 1876. The convention then went into secret session.

That session lasted from 11:30 in the morning till 6:30 in the evening, with a recess of about half an hour for dinner.

At the close of the discussion the doors were thrown open and it was announced that the following had been adopted by a vote of 82 to 65:

"*Resolved*, That this convention do now proceed to nominate candidates for Governor and other State officers."

HAMPTON, THE STATESMAN.

General Butler nominated General Wade Hampton for Governor. Mr. Robert Aldrich seconded the nomination. General Hampton ascended the speaker's stand and said:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen: I need not tell you that the words of kindly allusion to myself which I have heard spoken have deeply touched my heart. But I desire to say a few words in personal explanation. I have all along refrained from expressing my opinion in one way or another, except when called upon to do so as a delegate. I have not tried to influence this convention in word or deed. I came here only to pour oil on the troubled waters if necessary and to promote unity and harmony, if I could. In the card I published in the *Columbia Register*, the other day, I expressed my opinions fully and earnestly When the war was raging I was asked to come here and allow my name to be used as a candidate for Governor, but I preferred to stay where I thought I could do the most good for my State and my country; and since the war I have never offered one word of advice unless it was asked of me. I felt that my day was passed, and that in returning to my native State I was like him who said: 'An old man whose heart is broken is come to lay his weary bones among you. Give me a little earth for charity.' I have claimed nothing from South Carolina but a grave in yonder churchyard. But I have always said that if I could ever serve her by word or deed, her men had only to call me and I would devote all my time, my energy and my life to her service.

"I will now be perfectly unreserved with you on another point. Men whose patriotism is beyond question and in whose wisdom I have great confidence, think that my nomination would injure the Democratic party of the United States. If it were left with

me to decide between that party and the interests of South Carolina, I would not hesitate in my choice. But I believe the success of the Democratic party of the United States will bring success to South Carolina, and that if Tilden is elected we can call South Carolina our own. Now, I do not wish to embarrass the gentlemen of the convention, nor to jeopardize the general Democratic party. I would, indeed, gladly decline the nomination. Besides this, there are men in South Carolina who think I possess a disqualification of which I cannot divest myself, and would not if I could. I mean what they call my war record. That is the record of 50,000 South Carolina soldiers, and if I am to forfeit that and say that I am ashamed to have been one of them, all the offices in the world might perish before I would accept them.

"These are grave topics, gentlemen, and I implore you to look over the whole field and not let any kindness for me lead you astray. I will now retire, so that you may discuss them freely. If you decide to nominate some other as true and sincere as I, and I know there are thousands of them, I will devote myself to secure his election. Come weal or come woe, I am with you to the last."

The following were then chosen by acclamation:

For Secretary of State—R. M. Sims, of York.

For Attorney-General—James Conner, of Charleston.

For Superintendent of Education—Hugh S. Thompson, of Richland.

For Comptroller-General—General Johnson Hagood, of Barnwell.

For Treasurer—S. L. Leaphart, of Richland.

For Adjutant-General—E. W. Moise, of Sumter.

Of all who entered the State House with General Hampton on April 11th, 1877, only three survive, General Hampton's orderly in war and trusted private secretary in '76-'79, Colonel Wade H. Manning; Mr. McBride C. Robertson, clerk to Secretary of State R. M. Sims, and the venerable Mr. J. I. Laval, of the State Treasurer's office.

At 3 o'clock P. M. on the 14th of December, 1876, the Speaker of the House and its officers with the Senators present, proceeded to the platform in front of Carolina Hall, in the city of Columbia, when Wade Hampton, the Governor-elect, delivered the address

and the constitutional oath of office was administered by the Hon. Thos. J. Mackey, one of the Judges of the State of South Carolina, and J. Q. Marshall, Esq., to Wade Hampton, Esq., as Governor of the State of South Carolina, and W D. Simpson, Esq., as Lieutenant-Governor of the State of South Carolina.

This is what may be properly termed as the beginning of General Hampton's great civic career. That career is too familiar to you all to require any detailed reference on my part, if time and my strength and my powers permitted. His speech of acceptance of the nomination for the high office of Governor contains sentiments and pledges which he need not have made, we all know how faithfully, courageously and ably he fulfilled them.

A word to the young men of the present and future generations: If you will read the military orders, letters, messages as Governor, speeches to the people, and in the United States Senate of General Hampton, you will find them filled with exalted sentiments couched in expression singularly replete with simple and classic language, and adorned with unerring judgment.

Speaking for myself, having passed the limit in human life of three score years and ten, and for these sturdy veterans, lingering in the lap of time after duty to country, and I trust duty to God, well performed, we can ask no higher place in the hearts of our countrymen than to be remembered as the comrades in war and associates in peace of Wade Hampton, the honored and revered soldier and statesman of our times.

TO THE DEPARTING CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

BY SMITH JOHNSON, TYLER, TEXAS.

One by one they pass away,
  Cross the river one by one;
And the shadows of to-day
  Darken the departing sun.
'Tis a hero falling, seeking
  In eternity sweet rest,
While his country's tears are reeking
  Sorrow's passion rends the breast
Of the chivalry and beauty
  South of Dixie's magic line.

One by one the ranks are thinning,
  And a comrade falls to sleep.
Death invades our sanctum, winning
  Jewels rare we fain would keep;
Jewels from the Southern cross,
  Tried by fires of deadly war,
Who shall recompense our loss?
  Will their spirits from afar
Whisper us some consolation,
  Minister at freedom's shrine?

THE END

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